MRS CARLYLE'S LETTERS

VOL. II.

LETTERS AND MEMORIALS

OF

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

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LETTERS AND MEMORIALS

OF

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 151.

RETURNING (middle of October, 1852), 'half dead,' out of thos German horrors of indigestion, insomnia, and continual chaot wretchedness, I fly upstairs to my poor Heroic Helper; am met l her dear warning, 'Take care of the paint!' and find that she tc is still fighting—has not conquered—that beast of a task, unde taken voluntarily for love of one unworthy. Alas, alas! it pai me to the heart, as it may well do, to think of all that. Was ev any noble, delicate, and tender woman plunged into such an aby of base miseries by her own nobleness of heart and of talent, an the black stupidities of others? She was engaged out to dinne and, as it was already night, constrained me to go with her. Hai Place. Senior, Frederick Elliot, &c.—not a charming thing in tl circumstances.

We hereupon took refuge for a week or ten days (it seems) at tl Grange—nothing recollected by me there—and by November wei at last settled in our own clean house. Frederick had been upo my mind since 1851, and much reading and considering going or but even yet, after my German investments of toil and pain, I fe uncertain, disinclined, and in the end engaged in it merely on th principle *Tantus labor non sit cassus* (as the 'Dies Iræ' has it My heart was not in it: other such shoreless and bottomless chao with traces of a hero imprisoned there, I did never behold, nor wi another soon in this world. *Stupiditas stupiditatum, omnia stup ditas.*

Beginning of March 1853 I must have been again at the Grang

for about a month. Portuguese Ambassador and other lofty insignificances I can vaguely recollect, but their date not at all. *She* from some wise choice of her own, wise and kind it was sure to be, had remained at home.—T. C.

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row: Friday, Dec. 31, 1852.

My dear Mrs. Russell,—Here is another year; God help us all! I hope it finds you better than when I last heard of you from my friends at Auchtertool. I have often been meaning to write to you without waiting for a New Year's Day; but in all my life I never have been so driven off all letter-writing as since the repairs began in this house. There were four months of that confusion, which ended quite romantically, in my having to sleep with loaded pistols at my bedside! the smell of paint making it as much as my life was worth to sleep with closed windows, and the thieves having become aware of the state of the premises. Once they got in and stole some six pounds' worth of things, before they were frightened away by a candlestick falling and making what my Irish maid called 'a devil of a row;' it was rather to be called 'an angel of a row,' as it saved further depredation. Another time they climbed up to the drawing-room windows, and found them fastened, for a wonder! Another night I was alarmed by a sound as of a pane of glass cut, and leapt out of bed, and struck a light, and listened, and heard the same sound repeated, and then a great bang, like breaking in some panel. I took one of my loaded pistols, and went downstairs, and then another bang which I perceived was at the front door. 'What do you want?' I asked; 'who are you?' 'It's the policeman, if you please; do you know that your parlour windows are both open?' It was true! I had forgotten to close them, and the policeman had first tried the bell, which made the shivering sound, the

wire being detached from the bell, and when he found he could not ring it he had beaten on the door with his stick, the knocker also being off while it was getting painted. I could not help laughing at what the man's feelings would have been had he known of the cocked pistol within a few inches of him. All that sort of thing, and much else more disagreeable, and less amusing, quite took away all my spirit for writing; then, when Mr. C—— returned from Germany, we went to the Grange for some weeks; then when I came home, and the workmen were actually out of the house, there was everything to look for, and be put in its place, and really things are hardly in their places up to this hour. Heaven defend me from ever again having any house I live in 'made habitable!'

What beautiful weather! I was walking in the garden by moonlight last night without bonnet or shawl! A difference from being shut up for four months, as I used to be in the winter.

All is quiet in London now that we have got that weary Duke's funeral over; for a while it made our neighbourhood perfectly intolerable. I never saw streets so jammed with human beings in all my life. I saw the lying-in-state, at the cost of being crushed for four hours, and it was much like scenes I have seen in the Lyceum Theatre, only not so well got up as Vestris would have had it. I also saw the procession from Bath House, and that too displeased me; however, when the funeral car happened to stop exactly opposite to the window I was sitting at for some eight minutes, and I saw Lord Ashburton, and several others of the Duke's personal friends standing on the terrace underneath, with their hats off, looking on the ground very sorrowful, and remembered that the last time I had seen the old Duke alive was in that very room, I could not help feeling as if he were pausing there to take eternal leave of us all, and fell to crying, and couldn't stop till it was all over.

I send you some pictures of the thing which are quite accurate. It may amuse you to see what you must have read so much of in the newspapers.

And now will you give Mary and Margaret some tea or something, with my blessing, and dispose of the rest of the sovereign as you see fit?

With kindest regards to your husband and father, believe me Ever, dear Mrs. Russell,

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 152.

Sir James Stephen used to frequent us on an evening now and then—a volunteer, and much welcome always. Son is the now notable James Fitzjames. Fat Boy is Senior the younger; had been at Malvern with us for the reason below, 'too much 'ealth,' according to the Gullies.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at the Grange.

Chelsea: Thursday, March 31, 1853.

Several letters for you; but nothing to tell, except that we have had a—what shall I say?—second fright with the cat! He or she (whichever be its honour-worthy sex) disappeared this time for a whole day and night together, and having gone away over the garden wall, returned by the front area. A clever cat this one, evidently, but of an unsettled turn of mind. The weather is beautiful now; the wind in the east, I fancy, from the roughness of my general skin; but the sun cannot be shining more brightly even at the Grange.

Sir James Stephen and his inseparable long son left a card yesterday. I saw them from the top of the street, and slackened my steps, till they were clear off. 'The Fat Boy' also made an ineffectual call one day, surely in a moment of 'too much *'elth!*' I was in the house, but 'engaged,' reading the last pages of 'Jeanne de Vaudreuil,' which, if Lady A. felt down to reading a pretty

religious book, you may safely recommend to her; it is worth a dozen 'Preciosas.'

When I was paying a bill at Wain's on Monday, he asked, with an attempted solemnity, 'had I heard the news?' 'No, I had heard nothing; what was it?' 'The Queen!' 'Well?' 'Premature labour.' 'Well! what of that?' 'But—accompanied with death!' 'The child you mean?' 'No, the Queen!—very distressing isn't it, ma'am—so young a woman! Is there anything I can have the pleasure of sending you to-day?' I hardly believed the thing, and by going a little further satisfied myself it was 'a false report.' But was not that way of looking at it, 'so young a woman,' noteworthy? Mr. Wain being a model of respectable shopkeepers. What a difference since the time of the Princess Charlotte!

Tell Lady A. that I think there is no great harm in oranges in the forenoon; the rubbish at dessert is what you need to be withheld from.

I should be glad if you would ask for a bouquet for me when you are coming away. Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 153.

'Moffat House,' where brother John was now established with his wife, is the Raehills' (Hope Johnstone) town house; a big, old-fashioned, red ashlar edifice, stands gaunt and high in the central part of Moffat; which the Hope Johnstones now never use, and which, some time ago, brother John had rented as a dwelling-place, handy for Scotsbrig, &c., being one of various advantages. 'Beattock' (ancient Roman, it is thought) is now the railway station about a mile from Moffat.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Moffat House: Friday, July 8, 1853.

And my letter must be in the Post-Office before one o'clock! 'Very absurd!'[1] And I have had to go to

[1] 'Very absurd' is a phrase of John's.

Beattock in the omnibus with my cousin Helen to see her off for Glasgow, and am so tired! Don't wonder then if you get a 'John's letter'[1] from me also.

The most important thing I have to tell you is, that you could not know me here, as I sit, from a Red-Indian! That I was kept awake the first night after my arrival by a—hyæna! (Yes, upon my honour; and you complain of a simple cock!) And that yesterday I was as near as possible to giving occasion for the most romantic paragraph, of the 'melancholy accident' nature, that has appeared in any newspaper for some years!

But, first, of the hyæna. On my arrival I found an immense caravan of wild beasts, pitched exactly in front of this house; and they went on their way during the night, and the animal in question made a devil of a row. I thought it was the lion roaring; but John said 'No, it was only the hyæna!' I rather enjoyed the oddness of having fled into the country for 'quiet,' and being kept awake by wild beasts!

Well, having got no sleep the first night, owing to these beasts, and my faceache, I felt very bothered all Wednesday, and gladly accepted John's offer to tell you of my safe arrival, meaning to write myself yesterday. But it was settled that we should go yesterday to see St. Mary's Loch, and the Grey-Mare's Tail.[2] We started at nine of the morning in an open carriage, 'the Doctor,' and Phœbe —a tall, red-haired young woman, with a hoarse voice, who is here on a visit ('the bridesmaid' she was); my cousin Helen, one little boy, and myself: the other two boys preceding us on horseback. It was the loveliest of days; and beautifuller scenery I never beheld. Besides that, it was full of tender interest for me as the birthplace

[1] Too brief generally.

[2] Lofty cataract in the green wilderness left altogether to itself—the most impressive I ever looked on. (See Sir Walter Scott, &c.)

of my mother. No pursuit of the picturesque had ever gone better with me till on the way back, when we stopped to take a nearer inspection of the Tail. The boys had been left fishing in the Loch of the Lows. John and Miss Hutchison had gone over the hills by another road to look at Loch Skene, and were to meet us at the Tail; so there were only Phœbe, Helen, and I as we went up to the Tail from underneath.

We went on together to the customary point of view, and then I scrambled on by myself (that is, with Nero), from my habitual tendency to go a little further always than the rest. Nero grew quite frightened, and pressed against my legs; and when we came close in front of the waterfall, he stretched his neck out at it from under my petticoats, and then barked furiously. Just then, I saw John waving his hat to me from the top of the hill; and, excited by the grandeur of the scene, I quite forgot how old I was, how out of the practice of 'speeling rocks;' and quite forgot, too, that John had made me take the night before a double dose of morphia, which was still in my head, making it very light; and I began to climb up the precipice! For a little way I got on well enough; but when I discovered that I was climbing up a ridge (!), that the precipice was not only behind but on both sides of me, I grew, for the first time in my life that I remember of, frightened, physically frightened; I was not only afraid of falling down, but of losing my head to the extent of throwing myself down. To go back on my hands and knees as I had come up was impossible; my only chance was to look at the grass under my face, and toil on till John should see me. I tried to call to him, but my tongue stuck fast and dry to the roof of my mouth; Nero barking with terror, and keeping close to my head, still further confused me. John had meanwhile been descending the hill; and, holding by the grass, we reached one

another. He said, 'Hold on; don't give way to panic; I will stand between you and everything short of death.' We had now got off the ridge, on to the slope of the hill; but it was so steep that, in the panic I had taken, my danger was extreme for the next quarter of an hour. The bed of a torrent, visible up there, had been for a long time the object of my desire; I thought I should stick faster there, than on the grassy slope with the precipice at the bottom of it: but John called to me that 'if I got among those stones I should roll to perdition.' He was very kind, encouraging me all he could, but no other assistance was possible. In my life I was never so thankful as when I found myself at the bottom of that hill with a glass of water to drink. None of them knew the horrors I had suffered, for I made no screaming or crying; but my face, they said, was purple all over, with a large black spot under each eye. And to-day I still retain something of the same complexion, and I am all of a tremble, as if I had been on the rack.[1]

It is a lovely place this, and a charming old-fashioned house, with 'grounds' at the back. It is comfortably but plainly and old-fashionedly furnished, looks as if it had been stripped of all its ornamental details, and just the necessaries left. There is a cook, housemaid, and lady's-maid, and everything goes on very nicely. The three boys are as clever, well-behaved boys as I ever saw, and seem excessively fond of 'the Doctor.' John is as kind as kind can be, and seems to have an excellent gift of making his guests comfortable. Phœbe's manner is so different from mine, so formal and cold, that I don't feel at ease with her yet. She looks to me like a woman who had been all her life made the first person with those she lived beside, and to feel herself in a false position when she doubts her

[1] Terrible to me was the first reading of this, with memory of the horror and peril of the actual locality.

superiority being recognised. She seems very content with John, however, and to suit him entirely.

My hand shakes so, you must excuse illegibility.

I don't know yet when I am to go to Scotsbrig.

[No room to sign.]

LETTER 154.

Mrs. Braid is the excellent, much loving, and much loved old servant Betty. Her husband Braid, an honest enough East-Lothian man, is by trade and employment a journeyman mason in Edinburgh, his wife keeping a little shop in Adam Street there by way of supplement. They have one child, 'George,' an innocent, good lad, who has learned the watchmaking business, and promises modestly in all ways to do well; but had, about this time, fallen into a kind of languid illness, from which, growing ever worse, and gradually deepening into utter paralysis, he never could recover, but was for eight or nine years the one continual care of poor Betty till he died.

Mrs. Braid, Adam Street, Edinburgh.

Moffat House, Moffat: July 13, 1853.

My dearest Betty,—I am afraid almost to tell you that I am here, without being able to say positively that I am coming to see you. When I left London, to see you was one of the chief pleasures I expected from my travels. I intended to be in Scotland some six weeks at least, and to go to Haddington and Fife. But now it seems likely I shall have to return to London, almost immediately, without having seen anyone but my husband's relations in Dumfriesshire. Mr. Carlyle remained behind at Chelsea, having never recovered (he says) from the knocking about he had last year in Scotland and Germany, while the house was repairing. He is very melancholy and helpless left alone at the best of times; and now I am afraid he is going to have a great sorrow in the death of his old mother. She has been in a frail way for years back; but within the last few days her weakness has increased so much that Dr. Carlyle thinks it

probable enough she may not rally again, in which case I shall go home at once, to be some help to Mr. Carlyle. I am staying now with Dr. Carlyle's wife, while he himself is gone to see his mother; and his report to-night will decide me what to do. So in case I do not see you, dear Betty —and I fear I shall not see you—here is a ribbon, in remembrance of my birthday, with a kiss and my blessing.

Mr. Erskine writes that he saw you, and liked you very much. I am sure you would like him too.

The little view at the top of this sheet is where I live in London.

Bishop Terrot told me George was poorly when he saw you last. I hope he is recovered. If I do not write within a week, address to me, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 155.

Her visit to my mother I perfectly remember, and how my dear old mother insisted to rise from bed to be dressed, and go downstairs to receive her daughter-in-law out of doors, and punctually did so. I suppose the last time she was in holiday clothes in this world! It touched me much. My Jane she had always honoured as queen of us all. Never was a more perfect politeness of heart, beautifully shining through its naïve bits of embarrassments and simple peasant forms. A pious mother, if there ever was one: pious to God the Maker and to all He had made. Intellect, humour, softest pity, love, and, before all, perfect veracity in thought, in word, mind, and action; these were her characteristics, and had been now for above eighty-three years, in a humbly diligent, beneficent, and often toilsome and suffering life, which right surely had not been in vain for herself or others. The end was now evidently nigh, nor could we even wish, on those terms, much longer. Her state of utter feebleness and totally ruined health last year (1852) had been tragically plain to me on leaving for Germany. For the first time even my presence could give no pleasure, her head now so heavy.

These by my Jeannie are the last clear views I had of this nobly human mother. It is pity any such letters should be lost.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Scotsbrig: July 20, 1853.

I daresay you have thought me very neglectful, dear, in not writing yesterday, to give you news of your mother; but there was nothing comfortable, or even positive, to be said yesterday; and to torture you at a distance with miserable uncertainties seemed a cruel attention. Through Saturday and Sunday your mother continued much the same as I found her on my last coming. Too weak and frail to be out of bed, but without pain or sickness; for the rest, perfectly clear in her mind, and liking us to be in the room talking to her. During the Sunday night she became very restless, and about seven on Monday morning she fell into a state which was considered by all here, the minister included, to be the beginning of the end. There was no pain, no struggle. She lay without sense or motion, cold and deathlike, hardly breathing at all. The minister prayed without her hearing him. John and Mary were sent for, with scarce a hope that they could arrive in time, and all of us sat in solemn silence awaiting the end. Had it come thus, you would have had no cause to lament, dear; a more merciful termination there could not have been to a good life. But after lying in this state from seven in the morning till a quarter after two in the day, she rallied as by miracle. Jane was wiping her lips with a wet sponge, when she (your mother) suddenly took the sponge out of Jane's hand and sponged her face all over with her own hand; then she opened her eyes, and spoke quite collectedly, as if nothing had happened; nor has she ever shown the least consciousness of having come through that fearful crisis.

When John and Mary arrived together, at a quarter after four, not expecting to find her alive, they found her a little weaker perhaps, but not otherwise worse than when

they left her. She talked a good deal to me during the afternoon; said you had been as good a son to her as ever woman had; 'but indeed they had been all good bairns; and Isabella, puir bodie, was gaiy[1] distressed hersell, and it was just to say that Isabella had been often kind to her, extraordinar kind, and was ay kindest when they were alane thegither, and she had none else to depend on.' That I can well believe; and very glad I was to have those kind words to carry to Jamie and Isabella. Isabella had been crying all morning, for since Jane came your mother had hardly spoken to her. When I left your mother that night, she said in a clear, loud voice, 'I thank ye most kindly for all your attentions.' 'Oh, if I could but do you any good!' I said. 'Ye have done me good, mony a time,' she answered. I went to bed to lie awake all night, listening for noises. John slept in the mid-room. But the light of a new day found your mother better, rather than worse. It was more the recollection of the state in which she had been than her actual state that kept us in agitation all yesterday. One thing that leads me to believe her life will be prolonged is, that she recovered out of that crisis by the natural strength that was still in her; she must have been much stronger than anyone thought, to have rallied after so many hours of such deathlike prostration, entirely of herself.

She had been in the habit of getting what seems to me perfectly extraordinary quantities of wine, whisky, and porter, exciting a false strength, not to be depended on for an hour. Of late days this system has been discontinued, and she takes now only little drops of wine and water, two or three times a day, and about the third of a tumbler of Guinness' porter at night. The day that John was sent for last week, he told me himself she had 'a bottle of wine (strong Greek wine), a quarter of a bottle of whisky (25

[1] Gaiy, pretty much.

over proof), besides a tumbler of porter.' A life kept up in that way was neither to be depended on, nor I should say to be desired. Now she is living on her own strength, such as it is; and you may conceive what irritation is removed. I don't know whether it is to be considered lucky or unlucky that I came at this time. Of course I give as little trouble as possible, and make myself as useful as possible, and I feel sure that Jamie and Isabella like me to be here, even under these sad circumstances, and that the sight of me coming and going in her room does your mother good rather than harm; and then I shall be able to answer all your questions about her when I come back, better than the others could do by letter. As for Mary, she is the same kindly soul as I knew her at Craigenputtock. Jamie was to have driven me over to the Gill on Monday, and instead the empty gig was sent to bring Mary here. She ran out of the house to meet me, and was told her mother was at the point of death. She is still here—but goes home to-morrow, I believe; and John goes back to Moffat to-day. He will probably be down again to-morrow. It is a comfort to himself to come, but he can do nothing; no doctor can do anything against old age, which is your mother's whole disease.

I shall be home one of these days. Any little spirits for visiting and travelling that I had left are completely worn out by what I have found here. I only wait till things are re-established in a state in which I can leave with comfort.

I have just been to see if your mother had awoke; she has slept two hours. I asked her if she had any message for you, and she said, 'None, I am afraid, that he will like to hear, for he'll be sorry that I'm so frail.' She has had some chicken broth. I will write again to-morrow, and I beseech you not to be fancying her ill off in any way. She has no pain, no anxiety of mind, is more comfortable, really, lying in bed there 'so frail,' than we have often

seen her going about after her work. She is attended to every moment of the day, gets everything she is able to take. No one can predict as to the length of her life, after what we saw on Monday; but there is nothing in her actual state or appearance to make it impossible, or even improbable, that she should live a long time yet. I would much rather not have written to-day, but I judged that my silence might alarm you even more than the truth told you. I like few things worse than writing ill news.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. W. CARLYLE.

I had a very kind letter from Jeannie Chrystal,[1] pressing me to go there for a week or two; but, as I have said, I am quite out of heart. I have had no sleep the last two nights, and shall get none now, probably, till I am in my own bed at Chelsea. It is quite affecting, James's devoted attention to me. If I am but out half an hour for a walk, he will follow me to my bedroom, no matter how early in the day, carrying (very awkwardly, you may be sure) a little tray with a decanter of wine (not the Greek wine, but wine bought for me by himself) and a plateful of shortbread. Nor can anybody be more heartily and politely kind than Isabella has been to me.

My remembrances to Fanny.

LETTER 156.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Scotsbrig: Thursday, July 21, 1853.

It is a pleasure to write to-day, dear; your mother is so well. She went to sleep last night about eight o'clock, and slept a fine natural '*pluffing*' sleep till one in the morning, when she awoke and asked for some porridge, which having taken, she went to sleep again, and slept till six in the

[1] Cousin Jeannie, of Liverpool, now wedded in Glasgow.

morning. Then she opened her eyes and said, 'write a line to the doctor' by the train to tell him 'no to come back the-day; for 'atwell' she wasna needing him.' Then off to sleep again till half after nine. I was sitting at her bedside when she woke up then quite fresh, and her first word was, 'Did they send a bit line to the doctor to bid him no come?' Her going on hitherto is all confirmatory of my first impression, that it could not be for nothing that she had come out of that death-like trance through her own unassisted strength; but that she was going to have a new lease of life with better health than before. I have not seen her so well as she is to-day since I came to the country; and Jane says she has not seen her so well since Candlemas; and Mr. Tait[2] told me an hour ago he had not seen her so well for eight weeks. And she has not had a drop of wine or whisky, or any of those horrible stimulants to-day, so that one is sure the wellness is real.

It was put in my power, 'quite promiscuously,' to give her a little pleasure this morning. I 'do all the walking of the family' at present; carry all the letters backwards and forwards, like a regular post-woman, of my own free will of course, for Jamie would send to Middlebie or Ecclefechan at any time for me; but I can be best spared to go, and I like it. Since I came here, I 'have been known' to walk to Ecclefechan and back again twice in one day! And most times I get an old man for company; different old men attach themselves to me, like lovers; and I find their innocent talk very refreshing.

This morning I went to Middlebie as usual on the chance of a letter from you, and the post, as usual, not being come (I always go far too soon), I walked on, as usual, and met the postman halfway to Ecclefechan. Coming back, reading your notes, I met three or four women, one of whom stopped me to inquire for your mother. Then

[1] That well; very certainly. [2] The clergyman.

she left her companions and turned back with me, telling me about her mother, how ill she had been last week, and that she would 'like weel to ken what I thocht o' her looks compared wi' Mrs. Cairl's.'[1] And when we arrived at a farmhouse on the Ecclefechan side of the mill she begged me, as a great favour, 'just to step in and take a look o' her mother, and say what I thocht.' I did not refuse, of course; but went in, and sat awhile beside a good patient-looking old woman in the bed, who asked many questions about your mother, and told me much about herself. When I came in and described where I had been, it turned out I had brought your mother the very information she had been asking of all the rest yesterday with no result; and she had left off, saying, 'naebody cared for auld-folks nowadays, or some o' them would hae gaen an' asket for puir Mrs. Corrie.' And there had I come home with the most particular intelligence of Mrs. Corrie.

I must write to Thomas Erskine to-day; and to Liverpool to tell them they may look for me any day. With John hovering about 'not like one crow, but a whole flight of crows,' and Jane rubbing everything up the wrong way of the hair, my position is not so tenable as it would have been alone with your mother and Jamie and Isabella. But I could not have gone with comfort to myself, while your mother was in so critical a state. I shall probably go to Liverpool to-morrow or next day; at all events, you had best write there.

I am decidedly of opinion that one should make oneself independent of Ronca[2] and all contingencies by building

[1] Low Annandale for 'Carlyle's.'

[2] Ronca, inhabitant of the then dilapidated No. 6 next door, who nearly killed us with poultry and other noises! The 'sound-proof room' was a flattering delusion of an ingenious needy builder, for which we afterwards paid dear. Being now fairly in for 'Frederick,' and the poultry, parrots, Cochin China, and vermin like to drive one mad, I at last gave in to the seducer, set him to work on the top of the house story as floor, and got a room, large, well ventilated, but by far the noisiest in the house, and in point of bad building,

the 'sound-proof' room, since so much money has already been spent on that house.

Yours ever affectionately,

JANE W. C.

LETTER 157.

A letter, perhaps two letters, seem to be lost here, which contained painful and yet beautiful and honestly pathetic details of her quitting Scotsbrig before the time looked for, and on grounds which had not appeared to her, nor to anybody except my brother John, to be really necessary in such a fashion. It is certain all the rest at Scotsbrig (Jamie and Isabella especially, her hosts there) were vexed to the heart, as she could herself notice; and her own feeling of the matter was sorrowful and painful, and continued so in a degree, ever after, when it rose to memory. My dear little heavy-laden, tender-hearted, 'worn and weary,' fellow pilgrim, feet bleeding by the way over the thorns of this bewildered earth. Of this weeping all the way to Carlisle, on quitting one's fatherland, I surely remember another letter to have said (in the words of a foolish song then current)—

> And I left my youth behind
> For somebody else to find,

which gave the last sad touch to the picture. In one of her letters to me it indubitably was. 'Sophy,' an orphan half-cousin, to whom and to her mother Uncle John's munificence had been fatherly and princely, was now, and still continues, Alick Welsh's good and amiable wife.

T. C.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Liverpool: Monday, July 25, 1853.

Sophy's letter yesterday would be better than nothing, would at least satisfy you I had come to hand, though in *assez mauvais état.* I got your last letter, addressed to Scotsbrig, at Middlebie on my way to the station; and it

scamping, and enormity of new expense and of unexpected bad behaviour in hand and heart by his man and him, a kind of infernal 'miracle' to me then and ever since; my first view of the Satan's invisible world that prevails in that department as in others.

cheered me up a little for 'taking the road.' God knows I needed some cheering. In spite of your letter I cried all the way to Carlisle pretty well; I felt to love my poor old country so much in leaving it that morning, privately minded never to return. After an hour-and-half of waiting at Carlisle I was whirled to Liverpool so fast, oh so fast! My brains somehow couldn't subside after. The warmest welcome awaited me at Maryland Street. My uncle looked especially pleased; Nero ran up to him alone in the drawing-room, as if to tell we were come; and when I went in, it was standing at his knees, my uncle's hand on his head, as if receiving his blessing.

But the front door and windows were being painted at Maryland Street; and they were afraid of the smell annoying me, and had settled I was to sleep at Alick's. Alick and Sophy were there to take me home with them. I was better pleased to sleep here; it is a much larger, better-aired house. A more comfortable, quieter bedroom never was slept in; but I couldn't close my eyes; took two morphia pills at three in the morning, and they produced that horrible sickness which morphia produces in some people.

All yesterday I was in bed alternating between retching and fainting. Sophy 'came out very strong' as a nurse, and even as a doctor; reminding me so much of her mother. I wish you would write two lines of answer to her note; she was really uncommonly kind to me. To-day I am recovered, having slept pretty well last night, only 'too weak for anything.' I shall probably be home on Thursday, hardly sooner I think; but I will write again before I come. I told Sophy to tell you that your mother had slept twelve hours the night before I came away. She does not read herself at present, but Jane was reading the books you sent aloud to her. And Margaret Austin read aloud some of Chalmers's letters.

As Jamie and I were driving to the station on Saturday, we met Jessie Austin going to Scotsbrig to stay a little while in room of Margaret, who had gone home when Jean came.

I thought Jessie a remarkably nice-looking young woman, sweet-tempered, intelligent, and affectionate-looking, and well-bred withal. I only spoke with her five minutes in passing, but she made the most decided impression on me.

'No more at present.'

Affectionately yours
J. W. C.

Your letter to Maryland Street was brought up in the morning; but I could not read it till after noon. Thanks for never neglecting.

[Contains inclosure from Kate Sterling (dated 'Petersburg'!); do. from sister Mary, last part of letter is written on that.]

LETTER 158.

'Uncle John,' at Liverpool, died shortly after Mrs. Carlyle returned to London. 'Helen,' to whom this letter is written, died a few weeks after.

To Miss Helen Welsh, Auchtertool Manse.

Chelsea: Wednesday, Oct. 12, 1853.

Dearest Helen,—I know not what I am going to say. I am quite stupefied. I had somehow never taken alarm at my uncle's last illness. I had fixed my apprehensions on the journey home, and was kept from present anxiety by that far off one. My beloved uncle, all that remained to me of my mother. A braver, more upright, more generous-hearted man never lived. When I took leave of him in Liverpool, and he said 'God bless you, dear' (he had never called me dear before), I felt it was the last time we should be together, felt that distinctly for a few hours;

and then the impression wore off, and I thought I would go back soon, would go by the cheapest train (God help me), since it gave him pleasure to see me. That we have him no longer is all the grief! It was well he should die thus, gently and beautifully, with all his loving kindness fresh as a young man's; his enjoyment of life not wearied out; all our love for him as warm as ever; and well he should die in his own dear Scotland, amid quiet kindly things. We cannot, ought not to wish it had been otherwise, to wish he had lived on till his loss should have been less felt.

But what a change for you all, and for me too, little as I saw of him. To know that kind, good uncle was in the world for me, to care about me, however long absent, as nobody but one of one's own blood can, was a sweetness in my lonely life, which can be ill-spared.

Poor dear little Maggie, I know how she will grieve about these two days, and think of them more than of all the years of patient, loving nursing, which should be now her best comfort. Kiss her for me. God support you all. Write to me when you can what you are going to do. Alas! that I should be so far away from your councils. I need to know precisely about your future in an economical sense; through all the dull grief that is weighing on me, comes a sharp anxiety lest you should be less independent than heretofore; to be relieved of that will be the best comfort you could give me at present. I never knew what money you had to live on, nor thought about it; now, it is the first question I ask. I am dreary and stupid, and can write no more just now.

Your affectionate

J. C.

When I saw your handwriting again last night, my only thought was 'how good of her to write another letter soon.' I was long before I could understand it.

LETTER 159.

After her return, 'Friedrich' still going on in continual painful underground condition, the 'sound-proof' operation was set about, poor Charley zealously but ineffectually presiding; Irish labourers fetching and carrying, tearing and rending, our house once more a mere dust-cloud, and chaos come again. One Irish artist, I remember, had been ignorant that lath and plaster was not a floor; he, from above, accordingly came plunging down into my bedroom, catching himself by the arm-pits, fast swinging, astonished in the vortex of old laths, lime, and dust! Perhaps it was with him that Irish Fanny, some time after, ran away into matrimony of a kind. Run or walk away she did, in the course of these dismal tumults, she too having gradually forgotten old things; and was never more heard of here. We decided for Addiscombe, beautifullest cottage in the world; the noble owners glad we would occupy a room or two of it in their absence. I liked it much, and kept busy reading, writing, riding; she not so much, having none of these resources, no society at all, and except to put *me* right, no interest at all. I remember her coming and going; nay, I myself came and went. Off and on we stayed there for several weeks till the hurly-burly here was over or become tolerable. Miserable hurly-burly; the result of it, zero, and 'Satan's Invisible World Displayed' (in the building trade, as never dreamt of before!).

For the Christmas month, we were at the Grange, company brilliant, &c., &c.; but sad both of us, I by the evident sinking of my mother (though the accounts affected always to show the hopeful side); she, among other griefs, by the eminently practical one of Ronca's 'Demon Fowls,' as we now named them, and the totally futile issue of that 'sound-proof room.' 'My dear,' said she, one day to me, 'let us do as you have sometimes been saying, fairly rent that Ronca's house, turn Ronca with his vermin out of it, and let it stand empty—empty and noiseless. What is 40*l.* or 45*l.* a year, to saving one's life and sanity? Neighbour Chalmers will help me; the owner people are willing; say you "yes," and I will go at once and have the whole bedlam swept away against your return!' I looked at her with admiration; with grateful assent, 'Yes, if you can' (which I could only half believe). She is off accordingly, my saving champion (beautiful *Dea ex machinâ*), and on the day following, writes to me [T. C.]:—

To T. Carlyle, Esq., The Grange.

Chelsea: Monday, Dec. 19, 1853.

I cannot write till to-morrow, but just a line that you may not be fancying horrors about me. I did get home, and did do what was to be done, but now I must go to bed. It is nothing whatever but a nervous headache, which was sure to have come after so many nights without sleep; and perhaps it was as easy to transact it on the railway as in a bed in a strange house. I shall be better to-morrow, and will then tell you how the business proceeds.

Greetings to Lady B——.[1]

Yours ever,
J. W. C.

LETTER 160.

No. 6 Cheyne Row was, if I recollect, the joint property of two brothers, 'Martin' their name, one of whom had fallen imbecile, and could, or at least did give no authority for outlay on the house, which had in consequence fallen quite into disrepair, and been let to this Ronca with his washing tubs, poultries, and mechanic sons-in-law, and become intolerable as a neighbourhood. Poor Ronca was not a bad man, though a misguided ('Irish Fanny,' a Catholic like the rest of them, was thought to have done mischief in the matter); but clear it was, at any rate that on him (alone of all London specimens), soft treatment, never so skilful, so graceful, or gentle, could produce no effect whatever. But now wise appliance of the hard, soon brought him to new insight; and he had to knuckle and comply in all points. In a few days, my guardian genius saw herself completely victorious; the Ronca annoyances, Ronca himself in three months, &c., &c. Neighbour Chalmers, great in parochialities, did his best. The very house-agent was touched to the heart by such words (one Owlton, whom I never saw, but have ever since thanked), and this tragic *canaillerie* too had an end. As all here has—all—but not the meaning and first of all! Thou blessed

[1] Dowager Lady Bath, perhaps.

one, no. Farther letters on this tragic contemptibility I find none; indeed, perhaps hardly any came till my own sad re-appearance in Chelsea, as will be seen.—T. C.

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Friday night, Dec. 31, 1853.

My dear Mrs. Russell,—Ever since I received your note by Mrs. Pringle, I have been meaning to write to you, yet always waited for a more cheerful season, and now here is New Year's day at hand, and my regular letter due, and the season is not more cheerful; and besides I am full of business, owing to the sudden movements of the last two weeks, and Mr. C——'s absence, leaving me his affairs to look after, as well as my own. We went to the Grange, (Lord Ashburton's) in the beginning of December to stay till after Christmas. I was very glad to get into the country for a while, and had nothing to do but dress dolls for a Christmas-tree. For the last months had quite worn me out; I had had nothing but building and painting for so long, varied with Mr. C——'s outbursts against the 'infernal cocks' next door, which made our last addition of a 'silent apartment' necessary. Alas! and the silent apartment had turned out the noisiest apartment in the house, and the cocks still crowed, and the macaw still shrieked, and Mr. C—— still stormed. At the Grange I should at least escape all that for the time being, I thought. The first two days I felt in Paradise, and so well; the third day I smashed my head against a marble slab, raised a bump the size of a hen's egg on it, and gave a shock to my nerves that quite unfitted me for company. But I struggled on amidst the eighteen other visitors, better or worse, till at the end of a fortnight I was recovered, except for a slight lump still visible, when Mr. C—— came to me one morning, all of a sudden, and told me I must go up to London myself, and take charge of some business—nothing

less than trying to take the adjoining house ourselves, on the chance of letting it, and get our disobliging neighbours turned out; and, there being but six days till Christmas (the time for giving them notice to quit), of course despatch was required, especially as the owner of the house lived away in Devonshire. I thought it a most wild-goose enterprise I was sent on, and when Lady Ashburton, and the others asked him why he sent poor me instead of going himself, and when he coolly answererd, 'Oh I should only spoil the thing, she is sure to manage it;' it provoked me the more, I was so sure I could not manage it. But he was quite right—before the week was out I had done better than take a house we did not need, for I had got the people bound down legally 'under a penalty of ten pounds, and of immediate notice to quit, never to keep, or allow to be kept, fowls, or macaw, or other nuisance on their premises,' in consideration of five pounds given to them by Mr. Carlyle. I had the lease of the house, and the notice to quit lying at my disposal; but the threat having served the end, I had no wish to turn the people out. You may fancy what I had suffered, through the effects of these nuisances on Mr. C——, when I tell you that, on having this agreement put in my hand by their house-agent, I burst into tears, and should have kissed the man, if he had not been so ugly. Independently of the success of my diplomacy about the cocks, I was very thankful I happened to be sent home just then, otherwise I should have got the news of my cousin Helen's death in a houseful of company. It was shock enough to get it here. I had received a long letter from herself a day or two before leaving the Grange, in which she told me she was unusually well; and the night after my return I had sat till after midnight answering it. Two hours after it had gone to the post-office came Mary's letter, announcing her death. And the same day came Mr. C——, who had suddenly taken the resolution to go to

Scotsbrig, and see his mother once more, John's letter indicating that she was dying fast. I hurried him off all I could, for I was terrified he would arrive to find her dead, and he was just in time. He writes he will probably be home to-morrow night. It has been a continuous miracle for me, Mrs. C——'s living till now, after the state I saw her in last July. But poor Helen Welsh! One has to think hard, that she had a deadly disease with much suffering before her, painful operations before her, had she lived, to reconcile oneself to losing her so suddenly.

Tell me, when you write, if poor Mary got her comforter. Mrs. Aitken forgot it for a long time; but on my telling her you had not received it, she sent it, she said, at once. I send the money order for the usual purposes—Mary, Margaret, who else you like.

I hope Dr. Russell is quite strong now. Kind regards to him and your father. Tell Mrs Pringle,[1] when you see her, that I regretted being from home when she called, and that I really think my own full second cousin might have come to see me without a recommendation, and at first, instead of at last. As she left word she was going next door, there was nothing to be said or done.

If you should not receive the usual donation from my cousins for old Mary, be sure to tell me; she must not be worse off at this advanced age. But I daresay Maggie will be very desirous to continue her father's good deeds. Poor little Maggie, I am like to cry whenever I think of her, kind, patient, active, little nurse, and now transplanted to another country, her occupation gone.

Your affectionate
J. W. Carlyle.

I send for New Year's luck a book, which I hope you have not read already.

[1] A cousin of the Welsh family—one of the Hunters.

LETTER 161.

From the Grange I must have followed in three days. The Scotsbrig letters on my mother's situation were becoming more and more questionable, indistinct too (for they tried to flatter me); evident it was the end must be drawing nigh, and it would be better for me to go at once. Mournful leave given me by the Lady Ashburton; mournful encouragement to be speedy, not dilatory. After not many hours here I was on the road. Friday morning, December 23, 1853, got to the Kirtlebridge Station; a grey dreary element, cold, dim, and sorrowful to eye and to soul. Earth spotted with frozen snow on the thaw as I walked solitary the two miles to Scotsbrig; my own thought and question, will the departing still be there? Vivid are my recollections there; painful still and mournful exceedingly; but I need not record them. My poor old mother still knew me (or at times only half knew me); had no disease, but much misery; was sunk in weakness, weariness, and pain. She resembled her old self, thought I, as the last departing moon-sickle does the moon itself, about to vanish in the dark waters. Sad, infinitely sad, if also sublime. Sister Jean was there. Mary and she had faithfully alteruated there for long months. It was now, as we all saw, ending; and Jean's look unforgetably sad and grand. Saturday night breath was nearly impossible; teaspoons of weak whisky punch alone giving some relief. Intellect intrinsically still clear as the sun, or as the stars, though pain occasionally overclouded it. About 10 P.M. she evidently did not know me till I explained. At midnight were her last words to me, tone almost kinder than usual, and, as if to make amends, 'Good night, and thank ye!' John had given her some drops of laudanum. In about an hour after she fell asleep, and spoke or awoke no more. All Sunday she lay sleeping, strongly breathing, face grand and statue-like; about 4 P.M. the breath, without a struggle, scarcely with abatement for some seconds, fled away whence it had come. Sunday, Christmas Day, 1853. My age 58; hers 83.

T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Tuesday, Dec. 27, 1853.

Oh, my dear! never does one feel oneself so utterly helpless as in trying to speak comfort for great bereavement.

I will not try it. Time is the only comforter for the loss of a mother. One does not believe in time while the grief is quite new. One feels as if it could never, never be less. And yet all griefs, when there is no bitterness in them, are soothed down by time. And your grief for your mother must be altogether sweet and soft. You must feel that you have always been a good son to her; that you have always appreciated her as she deserved, and that she knew this, and loved you to the last moment. How thankful you may be that you went when you did, in time to have the assurance of her love surviving all bodily weakness, made doubly sure to you by her last look and words. Oh! what I would have given for last words, to keep in my innermost heart all the rest of my life: but the words that awaited me were, 'Your mother is dead!' And I deserved it should so end. I was not the dutiful child to my mother that you have been to yours. Strange that I should have passed that Sunday in such utter seclusion here as if in sympathy with what was going on there.

It is a great mercy you have had some sleep. It will surely be a comfortable reflection for you in coming home this time, that you will look out over a perfectly empty hencourt; part of it even already pulled down, as all the rest, I daresay, soon will be. There are cocks enough in all directions, as poor Shuttleworth remarked; but none will plague you like those, which had become a fixed idea, and a question, Shall I, a man of genius, or you, 'a sooty washerwoman,' be master here? If you would like to know the ultimate fate of the poultry, it was sold away to a postman, who has 'a hobby for fowls,' in Milman's Row. I let them make what profit they could of their fowls, for we had no right to deprive them of them, only the right of humanity to have the people forced to do us a favour voluntarily for a suitable compensation. I am on terms of good neighbourhood now with all the Roncas, except the old laundress

herself, who 'took to her bed nearly mad,' the married daughter told me, 'at lying under a penalty.' 'She must leave the place,' she said, 'her husband would sooner have died than broken his word, when he had passed it—and to be bound under a penalty!' I felt quite sorry for the people as soon as I had got them in my power, and have done what I could to soothe them down.

Ever yours,
J. W. C.

LETTER 162.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: July 13, 1854.

Isn't it frightful, dear Mrs. Russell, what a rate the years fly at? Another birthday come round to me! and it looks but a week or two ago since I was writing to you from Moffat![1] The days look often long and weary enough in passing, but when all 'bunched up' (as my maid expresses it) into a year, it is no time at all to look back on.

We are still in London with no present thought of leaving it. The Ashburtons have again offered us Addiscombe to rusticate at, while they are in the Highlands. But, in spite of the beauty and magnificence of that place, and all its belongings, I hate being there in the family's absence—am always afraid of my dog's making foot-marks on the sofas or carpet; of asking the fine housemaid to do something 'not in her work,' &c., &c.; and so would, for my part, much rather stay in my own house all the year round. When Mr. C—— gets ill with the heat, however—if this year there is to be any—he may choose to go there for a few weeks, and will need me to order his dinners.

I am hoping for a considerable acquisition before long: Miss Jewsbury, the authoress of 'The Half Sisters,' &c.,

[1] Letter lost.

the most intimate friend I have in the world, and who has lived generally at Manchester since we first knew each other, has decided to come and live near me for good. Her brother married eighteen months ago, and has realised a baby, and a wife's mother in the house besides. So Geraldine felt it getting too hot for her there. It will be a real gain to have a woman I like, so near as the street in which I have decided on an apartment for her. All my acquaintances live so far off, that it is mechanically impossible to be intimate with them.

You would be sorry to hear of poor Elizabeth Welsh's[1] accident. Ann has written me two nice long letters since, and added as few printed documents[2] as could be expected from her. From my cousins I hear very little now. Jeannie in Glasgow never was a good correspondent; I mean, always wrote remarkably bad letters, considering her faculty in some other directions. Now there is a little tone of married woman, and much made of married woman, added to the dulness and long-windedness, that irritates me into—silence. As for the others, they all seem to think I have nothing to do at my age, but send them two or three letters for one! When my dear uncle was alive, my anxiety to hear of him overcame all other considerations; and I humoured this negligence more than was reasonable. Besides, Helen wrote pretty often, poor dear, and good letters, telling me something. Now, as they are all healthy, and 'at ease in Zion,' I mean to bear in mind, more than heretofore, that I am not healthy, and have many demands on my time and thought, and am besides, sufficiently their elder to have my letters answered.

I began to make a cap for old Mary; but it is impossible to get on with sewing at this season; so you must

[1] Her eldest aunt; fell and dislocated the thigh-bone; lame ever since. Youngest aunt, Grace, is now dead (since 1867).

[2] Given to inclose tracts, &c. Poor, good Ann!

give her a pound of tea from me instead. Do you know I am not sure to this moment that she ever got the woollen thing I sent her through Mrs. Aitken. Mrs. Aitken forgot it, I know, and it was long after she said she had sent it to you by the carrier.

God bless you, dear Mrs. Russell. I am in a great hurry, visitors having kept me up all the forenoon. Love to your father and husband.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

I inclose a cheque (!) for five shillings.

EXTRACTS.

To Mrs. Russell.

November 7, 1854.—Oh, aren't you miserable about this war?[1] I am haunted day and night with the thought of all the women of England, Scotland, and Ireland, who must be in agonies of suspense about their nearest and dearest. Thank God I have no husband, or father, or son, in that horrible war. I have some few acquaintances, however, and one intimate friend—Colonel Sterling; and I read the list of killed and wounded always with a sick dread of finding his name.

To the same.

December 30.—I have been shut up in the house almost entirely for six weeks with one of my long colds; but for that I should have been now at the Grange, where I had engaged myself to go on the 19th. The month of country, of pure air and green fields, might have done me good; but I felt quite cowardly before the prospect of so much dressing for dinner and talking for effect, especially

[1] Thrice stupid, hideous blotch of a 'Crimean War,' so called.

as I was to have gone this time on my own basis, Mr. C—— being too busy with his book to waste a month at present, besides having a sacred horror of two several lots of children who were to be there, and the bother about whom drove him out of all patience last year.

For me no letter in 1854. We did not shift at all from home that year, but were constantly together. Addiscombe at Easter was intended (at least for her) but it misgave. Ditto the Grange with me through December with a day or two of January—not executable either when the time came. She was in poor fluctuating health; I in dismal continual wrestle with 'Friedrich,' the *unexecutable* book, the second of my twelve years' 'wrestle' in that element! My days were black and spiritually muddy; hers, too, very weak and dreamy, though *un*complaining; never did complain once of *her* unchosen sufferings and miserable eclipse under the writing of that sad book.

One day last year (November 8, 1854) I had run out to Windsor (introduced by Lady Ashburton and her high people) in quest of Prussian prints and portraits—saw some—saw Prince Albert, my one interview, for about an hour, till Majesty summoned him out to walk. The Prince was very good and human. Next autumn (1855) I was persuaded out to a Suffolk week, under Edward Fitzgerald's keeping, who had been a familiar of mine ever since the old battle of Naseby inquiries. Father, a blundering Irishman, once proprietor of vast estates there and in Suffolk, &c. Foolish Naseby monument, his. Edward still lives in Woodbridge, or oftenest in his coasting boat, a solitary, shy, kindhearted man. Farlingay was a rough, roomy farm and house, which had once been papa's, and where Edward still had a rough and kind home when he chose. I did not fare intolerably there at all; kind people, rather interesting to me. Snatch of country welcome on the terms. The good Fitz gave me a long day's driving, and, indeed, several others shorter, which are partly in my recollection, too. I had seen Aldborough, had bathed there, and thought as a *quasi*-deserted, but not the least dilapidated, place it might suit us for a lodging.

Ugly home voyage in Ipswich steamer, &c, stuffy railway having grown so horrible to me. At Addiscombe some time after, I had three weeks, mostly of utter solitude, strange and sombre. She only going and coming as need was.—T. C.

LETTER 163.

T. Carlyle, Farlingay Hall.[1]

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Aug. 14, 1855.

No, dear, I don't take your sea-bathing place, because I have a place of my own in view! Positively I fancy I have found the coming cottage.[2] I am just going off to consult Tait about it. And at all events you must go and look at it with me next Monday, before we incur any lodging expenses, which would be best laid out on a place 'all to oneself.'

I took such an amount of air and exercise yesterday as would have done for most nineteenth century 'females.' Started at eight by the boat,[3] with a good tide, and was at the station a quarter before nine. Was quite well situated in my open carriage, and reached Brighton without the least fatigue. Bathed, the first thing; and then walked along the shore to a little inn I had been told of by Neuberg and Ballantyne, as a charming, quiet place 'for even Mrs. Carlyle' to stop at;—found it, of course, noisy, dirty, not to be even dined at by Mrs. Carlyle, and walked on still further along the cliffs to a village I had seen on the map, and was sure must be very retired. The name of it is Rottingdean. It is four miles at least from the Brighton station. I walked there and back again! and in the last two miles along the cliffs I met just one man! in a white smock! Thus you perceive the travelling expenses to one of the quietest sea villages in England is just, per boat and third class train, 3*s.* 10*d.*!—a convenient locality for one's cottage at all rates. The place itself is an old

[1] On visit there to Mr. Fitzgerald.

[2] A poor old vacant hut at Rottingdean, which was to be furnished, to be sure! Dear soul, what trouble she took, what hopes she had, about that! *Sunt lachrymæ rerum.*

[3] Chelsea steamboat, for London Bridge.

sleepy-looking little village close on the sea, with simple poor inhabitants; not a trace of a lady or gentleman bather to be seen! In fact, except at the inn, there were no lodgings visible. I asked the maid at the inn, 'was it always as quiet as this?' 'Always,' she said in a half whisper, with a half sigh, 'a'most too quiet!' Near the inn, and so near the sea you could throw a stone into it, are three houses in a row; the centre one old, quaint, and empty, small rooms, but enough of them; and capable of being made very liveable in, at small cost; and there are two 'decent women' I saw, who might, either of them, be trusted to keep it. But I should fill sheets with details without giving you a right impression. You must just go and look. I returned to Brighton again, after having dined at the Rottingdean inn on two fresh eggs, a plateful of homebaked bread and butter, and a pint bottle of Guinness's (cha-arge 1*s.* 6*d.*). I walked miles up and down Brighton to find the agent for that cottage—did finally get him by miracle; name and street being both different from what I set out to seek; and almost committed myself to take the cottage for a year at 12*l.* (no rates or taxes whatever) or to take it for three months at 6*l.* However, I took fright about your not liking it; and the expenses of furnishing, &c., &c., on the road up; and wrote him a note from Alsop's shop that he might not refuse any other offer and hold me engaged, till you had seen and approved of it. If Tait shared this cottage, and went halves in the furnishing, it would cost very little indeed. My only objection to it, this morning, is that one might not be able to get it another year; and then what would be done with the furniture? But, oh, what a beautiful sea! blue as the Firth of Forth it was last night! I lay on the cliffs in the stillness, and looked at the 'beautiful Nature' for an hour and more; which was such a doing of the picturesque as I have not been up to for years. The most curious thing is

the sudden solitude beginning without gradation just where Kemp Town ends. It is as if the Brighton people were all enchanted not to pass beyond their pier.

One can get any sort of lodgings in Brighton. I brought away the card of one—very beautiful, and clean as a pin, where the lady 'received no dogs nor children; dogs she did not dislike, but she dreaded their fleas!' An excellent sitting-room and bed-room 30*s.*; sitting-room and two bed-rooms 2*l.*; but then they are such rooms as one has at home, not like Eastbourne! But Brighton is Brighton. Rottingdean is like a place in a novel.

I am stiff to-day. I had to walk to St. Paul's last night, after all my walking, before I got an omnibus, and then from Alsop's home.

And last night the results of Cremorne in the King's Road were—what shall I say? strange, upon my honour! First I heard a measured tread; and then, out of the darkness, advanced on me eight soldiers carrying, high over their heads, a bier! on which lay a figure covered with a black cloth, all but the white, white face! And before I had recovered from the shock of that, some twenty yards further on, behold, precisely the same thing over again! I asked a working man what had happened. 'It was a great night at Cremorne, storming of Sebastopol; thirty or forty soldiers were storming,[1] when the scaffolding broke, and they all fell in on their own bayonets! The two who had passed were killed, they said, and all the others hurt.' But a sergeant, whom I accosted after, told me there were none killed and only three hurt badly.

Lord Goodrich had your 'Zouaves,'[2] and it is come back with a farewell note to me from the lady. And Lady Sandwich brought on Sunday 'Anecdotes Germaniques.' Is

[1] Populace, soldiers, officers: was there ever seen such a transaction among men before?

[2] Some French booklet on the subject.

that one of the books you had last? Your silent room is swept and the books dusted.

I am making shocking writing; but my pen is horrid; my mind in a frightful hurry; and my hand very unsteady with yesterday's fatigues.

A letter from you was eagerly asked for last night, but it came this morning.

Those cows[1] must have been Philistines in some previous state of existence.

Ever yours,
J. W. C

Extracts from Mrs. Carlyle's Journal.

A part only of the following extracts was selected by Mr. Carlyle, and a part, sufficient merely to leave a painful impression, without explaining the origin of his wife's discomfort. There ought to be no mystery about Carlyle, and there is no occasion for mystery. The diaries and other papers were placed in my hands, that I might add whatever I might think necessary in the way of elucidation, and in this instance I have thought it right to avail myself of the permission. It has been already seen that among the acquaintances in the great world to whom Carlyle's reputation early introduced him, were Mr. and Lady Harriet Baring, afterwards Lord and Lady Ashburton. Mr. Baring, one of the best and wisest men in the high circle of English public life, was among the first to recognise Carlyle's extraordinary qualities. He soon became, and he remained to his death, the most intimate and attached of Carlyle's friends. Lady Harriet was a gifted and brilliant woman, who cared nothing for the frivolous occupations of fashion. She sought out and surrounded herself with the most distinguished persons in politics and literature, and was the centre of a planetary system, in which statesmen, poets, artists, every man who had raised himself into notice by genuine intellectual worth, revolved, while she lived, as satellites. By Lady Harriet, Carlyle was ardently welcomed. In the society which gathered about herself and her husband, he found himself among persons whom he could more nearly regard as his equals than any whom he had met with elsewhere.

[1] Lowing by night!

He was thrown into connection with the men who were carrying on the business of the world, in a sphere where he could make his influence felt among them. He was perhaps, at one time, ambitious of taking an active part in such affairs himself, and of 'doing something more for the world,' as Lord Byron said, 'than writing books for it.' At any rate his visits to Bath House and the Grange, Lord Ashburton's house in Hampshire, gave him great enjoyment, and for many years as much of his leisure as he could spare was spent in the Ashburton society.

The acquaintance which was so agreeable to himself was less pleasant to Mrs. Carlyle. She was intensely proud of her husband, and wished to be the first with him. She had married him against the advice of her friends, to be the companion of a person whom she, and she alone, at that time, believed to be destined for something extraordinary. She had worked for him like a servant, she had borne poverty and suffering. She had put up with his humours, which were often extremely trying. As long as she felt that he was really attached to her, she had taken the harder parts of her lot lightly and jestingly, and by her incessant watchfulness had made it possible for him to accomplish his work. And now his fame was established. He had risen beyond her highest expectations; she saw him feared, admired, reverenced, the acknowledged sovereign, at least in many eyes, of English literature; and she found, or thought she found, that, as he had risen she had become, what in an early letter she had said she dreaded that she might be, a 'mere accident of his lot.' When he was absorbed in his work, she saw but little of him. The work was a sufficient explanation as long as others were no better off than she was. But when she found that he had leisure for Bath House, though none for her, she became jealous and irritable. She was herself of course invited there; but the wives of men of genius, like the wives of bishops, do not take the social rank of their husbands. Women understand how to make one another uncomfortable in little ways invisible to others, and Mrs. Carlyle soon perceived that she was admitted into those high regions for her husband's sake and not for her own. She had a fiery temper, and a strong Scotch republican spirit, and she would have preferred to see Carlyle reigning alone in his own kingdom. Her anger was wrong in itself, and exaggerated in the form which it assumed. But Carlyle too was to blame. He ought to have managed his friendships better. He ought to have considered whether she had not causes of

complaint; and to have remembered how much he owed to her care for him. But Carlyle was wilful, and impatient of contradiction. When his will was crossed or resisted, his displeasure rushed into expressions not easily forgotten, and thus there grew up between these two, who at heart each admired and esteemed the other more than any other person in the world, a condition of things of which the trace is visible in this diary. The shadow slanted backwards over their whole lives together; and as she brooded over her wrongs, she came to think with bitterness of many recollections which she had laughed away or forgotten. Carlyle's letters during all this period are uniformly tender and affectionate, and in them was his true self, if she could but have allowed herself to see it. 'Oh,' he often said to me after she was gone, 'if I could but see her for five minutes to assure her that I had really cared for her throughout all that! But she never knew it, she never knew it.'—J. A. F.

October 21, 1855.—I remember Charles Buller saying of the Duchess de Praslin's murder, 'What could a poor fellow do with a wife who kept a journal but murder her?' There was a certain truth hidden in this light remark. Your journal all about feelings aggravates whatever is factitious and morbid in you; that I have made experience of. And now the only sort of journal I would keep should have to do with what Mr. Carlyle calls 'the fact of things.' It is very bleak and barren, this fact of things, as I now see it—very; and what good is to result from writing of it in a paper book is more than I can tell. But I have taken a notion to, and perhaps I shall blacken more paper this time, when I begin quite promiscuously without any moral end in view; but just as the Scotch professor drank whisky, because I like it, and because it's cheap.

October 22.—I was cut short in my introduction last night by Mr. C.'s return from Bath House. That eternal Bath House. I wonder how many thousand miles Mr. C. has walked between there and here, putting it all together; setting up always another milestone and another betwixt him-

self and me. Oh, good gracious! when I first noticed that heavy yellow house without knowing, or caring to know, who it belonged to, how far I was from dreaming that through years and years I should carry every stone's weight of it on my heart. About feelings already! Well, I will not proceed, though the thoughts I had in my bed about all that were tragical enough to fill a page of thrilling interest for myself, and though, as George Sand has shrewdly remarked, 'rien ne soulage comme la rhétorique.'

October 23.—A stormy day within doors, so I walked out early, and walked, walked, walked. If peace and quietness be not in one's own power, one can always give oneself at least bodily fatigue—no such bad succedaneum after all. Life gets to look for me like a sort of kaleidoscope—a few things of different colours—black predominating, which fate shakes into new and ever new combinations, but always the same things over again. To-day has been so like a day I still remember out of ten years ago; the same still dreamy October weather, the same tumult of mind contrasting with the outer stillness; the same causes for that tumult. Then, as now, I had walked, walked, walked with no aim but to tire myself.

October 25.—Oh, good gracious alive; what a whirlwind —or rather whirlpool—of a day! Breakfast had 'passed off' better or worse, and I was at work on a picture-frame, my own invention, and pretending to be a little work of art, when Mr. C.'s bell rang like mad, and was followed by cries of 'Come, come! are you coming?' Arrived at the second landing, three steps at a time, I saw Mr. C. and Ann in the spare bedroom hazily through a waterfall! The great cistern had overflowed, and was raining and pouring down through the new ceiling, and plashing up on the new carpet. All the baths and basins in the house were quickly assembled on the floor, and I, on my knees, mopping up with towels and sponges, &c.

In spite of this disaster, and the shocking bad temper induced by it, I have had to put on my company face to-night and receive. —— and —— were the party. Decidedly I must have a little of 'that damned thing called the milk of human kindness' after all, for the assurance that poor —— was being amused kept me from feeling bored.

My heart is very sore to-night, but I have promised myself not to make this journal a 'miserere,' so I will take a dose of morphia and do the impossible to sleep.

October 31.—Rain! rain! rain! 'Oh, Lord! this is too ridiculous,' as the Annandale farmer exclaimed, starting to his feet when it began pouring, in the midst of his prayer for a dry hay time. I have no hay to be got in, or anything else that I know of, to be got in; but I have a plentiful crop of thorns to be got out, and that, too, requires good weather. To-day's post brought the kindest of letters from Geraldine, inclosing a note from Lady de Capel Broke she is staying with, inviting me to Oakley Hall. This lady's 'faith in things unseen' excited similar faith on my part, and I would go, had I nothing to consider but how I should like it when there. I had to write a refusal, however. Mr. C. is 'neither to hold nor bind' when I make new visiting acquaintances on my own basis, however unexceptionable the person may be. The evening devoted to mending Mr. C.'s trowsers among other things! 'Being an only child,' I never 'wished' to sew men's trowsers—no, never!

November 1.—At last a fair morning to rise to, thanks God! Mazzini never says 'thank God' by any chance, but always 'thanks God;' and I find it sound more grateful. Fine weather outside in fact, but indoors blowing a devil of a gale. Off into space, then, to get the green mould that has been gathering upon me of late days brushed off by human contact.

November 5.—Alone this evening. Lady A. in town again; and Mr. C. of course at Bath House.

When I think of what I is
And what I used to was,
I gin to think I've sold myself
For very little cas.

November 6.—Mended Mr. C.'s dressing-gown. Much movement under the free sky is needful for me to keep my heart from throbbing up into my head and maddening it. They must be comfortable people who have leisure to think about going to Heaven! My most constant and pressing anxiety is to keep out of Bedlam! that's all . Ach! If there were no feelings 'what steady sailing craft we should be,' as the nautical gentleman of some novel says.

November 7.—Dear, dear! What a sick day this has been with me. Oh, my mother! nobody sees when I am suffering now; and I have learnt to suffer 'all to myself.' From 'only childless' to that, is a far and a rough road to travel.

Oh, little did my mother think,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
The death I was to dee.

November.—'S'exagérer ses droits, oublier ceux des autres, cela peut être fort commode; mais cela n'est pas toujours profitable et on a lieu souvent de s'en repentir. Il vaudrait mieux souvent avoir des vices qu'un caractère difficile. Pour que les femmes perdent les familles, il faut qu'elles aillent jusqu'à l'inconduite, jusqu'au désordre. Pour les y pousser, il suffit souvent qu'un homme gâte toutes ses bonnes qualités et les leurs par des procédés injustes, de la dureté et du dédain.'

It is not always, however, that unjust treatment, harsh-

ness, and disdain in her husband drives a woman *jusqu'au désordre*, but it drives her to something, and something not to his advantage, any more than to hers.

To-day has been like other days outwardly. I have done this and that, and people have come and gone, but all as in a bad dream.

November 13.—Taken by —— to Lord John's lecture at Exeter Hall. The crowd was immense, and the applause terrific; the lecture 'water bewitched.' One thing rather puzzled me: at every mention of the name Christ (and there was far too much of it) the clapping and stamping rose to such a pitch that one expected always it must end in 'hip, hip, hurrah.' Did the Young Men's Christian Association take his Lordship's recognition of Christ as a personal compliment, or did it strike them with admiration that a Lord should know about Christ?

November 20.—I have been fretting inwardly all this day at the prospect of having to go and appeal before the Tax Commissioners at Kensington to-morrow morning. Still, it must be done. If Mr. C. should go himself he would run his head against some post in his impatience; and besides, for me, when it is over it will be over, whereas he would not get the better of it for twelve months—if ever at all.

November 21.—*O me miseram!* not one wink of sleep the whole night through! so great the 'rale mental agony in my own inside' at the thought of that horrid appealing. It was with feeling like the ghost of a dead dog, that I rose and dressed and drank my coffee, and then started for Kensington. Mr. C. said 'the voice of honour seemed to call on him to go himself.' But either it did not call loud enough, or he would not listen to that charmer. I went in a cab, to save all my breath for appealing. Set down at 30 Hornton Street, I found a dirty private-like house, only with Tax Office painted on the

door. A dirty woman-servant opened the door, and told me the Commissioners would not be there for half-an-hour, but I might walk up. There were already some half-score of men assembled in the waiting-room, among whom I saw the man who cleans our clocks, and a young apothecary of Cheyne Walk. All the others, to look at them, could not have been suspected for an instant, I should have said, of making a hundred a year. Feeling in a false position, I stood by myself at a window and 'thought shame' (as children say). Men trooped in by twos and threes, till the small room was pretty well filled; at last a woman showed herself. O my! did I ever know the full value of any sort of woman—as woman—before! By this time some benches had been brought in, and I was sitting nearest the door. The woman sat down on the same bench with me, and, misery acquainting one with strange bedfellows, we entered into conversation without having been introduced, and I had 'the happiness,' as Allan termed it, 'of seeing a woman more miserable than myself.' Two more women arrived at intervals, one a young girl of Dundee, 'sent by my uncle that's ill;' who looked to be always recapitulating inwardly what she had been told to say to the Commissioners. The other, a widow, and such a goose, poor thing; she was bringing an appeal against no overcharge in her individual paper, but against the doubling of the Income Tax. She had paid the double tax once, she said, because she was told they would take her goods for it if she didn't—and it was so disgraceful for one in a small business to have her goods taken; besides it was very disadvantageous; but now that it was come round again she would give up. She seemed to attach an irresistible pathos to the title of *widow*, this woman. 'And me a widow, ma'm,' was the winding up of her every paragraph. The men seemed as worried as the women, though they put a better face on it, even car-

rying on a sort of sickly laughing and bantering with one another. 'First-come lady,' called the clerk, opening a small side-door, and I stept forward into a *grand peut-être*. There was an instant of darkness while the one door was shut behind and the other opened in front; and there I stood in a dim room where three men sat round a large table spread with papers. One held a pen ready over an open ledger; another was taking snuff, and had taken still worse in his time, to judge by his shaky, clayed appearance. The third, who was plainly the cock of that dung-heap, was sitting for Rhadamanthus—a Rhadamanthus without the justice. 'Name,' said the horned-owl-looking individual holding the pen. 'Carlyle.' 'What?' 'Carlyle.' Seeing he still looked dubious, I spelt it for him. 'Ha!' cried Rhadamanthus, a big, bloodless-faced, insolent-looking fellow. 'What is this? why is Mr. Carlyle not come himself? Didn't he get a letter ordering him to appear? Mr. Carlyle wrote some nonsense about being exempted from coming, and I desired an answer to be sent that he must come, must do as other people.' 'Then, sir,' I said, 'your desire has been neglected, it would seem, my husband having received no such letter; and I was told by one of your fellow Commissioners that Mr. Carlyle's personal appearance was not indispensable.' 'Huffgh! Huffgh! what does Mr. Carlyle mean by saying he has no income from his writings, when he himself fixed it in the beginning at a hundred and fifty?' 'It means, sir, that, in ceasing to write, one ceases to be paid for writing, and Mr. Carlyle has published nothing for several years.' 'Huffgh! Huffgh! I understand nothing about that.' 'I do,' whispered the snuff-taking Commissioner at my ear. 'I can quite understand a literary man does not always make money. I would take it off, for my share, but (sinking his voice still lower) I am only one voice here, and not the most important.' 'There,' said I, handing to Rhadaman-

thus Chapman and Hall's account; 'that will prove Mr. Carlyle's statement.' 'What am I to make of that? Huffgh! we should have Mr. Carlyle here to swear to this before we believe it.' 'If a gentleman's word of honour written at the bottom of that paper is not enough, you can put me on my oath: I am ready to swear to it.' 'You! you, indeed! No, no! we can do nothing with your oath.' 'But, sir, I understand my husband's affairs fully, better than he does himself.' 'That I can well believe; but we can make nothing of this,' flinging my document contemptuously on the table. The horned owl picked it up, glanced over it while Rhadamanthus was tossing papers about, and grumbling about 'people that wouldn't conform to rules;' then handed it back to him, saying deprecatingly: 'But, sir, this is a very plain statement.' 'Then what has Mr. Carlyle to live upon? You don't mean to tell me he lives on that?' pointing to the document. 'Heaven forbid, sir! but I am not here to explain what Mr. Carlyle has to live on, only to declare his income from literature during the last three years.' 'True! true!' mumbled the not-most-important voice at my elbow. 'Mr. Carlyle, I believe, has landed income.' 'Of which,' said I haughtily, for my spirit was up, 'I have fortunately no account to render in this kingdom and to this board.' 'Take off fifty pounds, say a hundred—take off a hundred pounds,' said Rhadamanthus to the horned owl. 'If we write Mr. Carlyle down a hundred and fifty he has no reason to complain, I think. There, you may go. Mr. Carlyle has no reason to complain.' Second-come woman was already introduced, and I was motioned to the door; but I could not depart without saying that 'at all events there was no use in complaining, since they had the power to enforce their decision.' On stepping out, my first thought was, what a mercy Carlyle didn't come himself! For the rest, though it might have gone better, I was

thankful that it had not gone worse. When one has been threatened with a great injustice, one accepts a smaller as a favour.

Went back to spend the evening with Geraldine when Mr. C. set forth for Bath House. Her ladyship in town for two days.

November 28.—Took the black silk —— presented me with last Christmas to Catchpool, that it might be made up. 'Did you buy this yourself, ma'am?' said Catchpool, rubbing it between her finger and thumb. 'No, it was a present; but why do you ask?' 'Because, ma'am, I was thinking, if you bought it yourself, you had been taken in. It is so poor; very trashy indeed. I don't think I ever saw so trashy a moire.'

December 4.—I hardly ever begin to write here that I am not tempted to break out into Jobisms about my bad nights. How I keep on my legs and in my senses with such little snatches of sleep is a wonder to myself. Oh, to cure anyone of a terror of annihilation, just put him on my allowance of sleep, and see if he don't get to long for sleep, sleep, unfathomable and everlasting sleep as the only conceivable heaven.

December 11.—Oh dear! I wish this Grange business were well over. It occupies me (the mere preparation for it) to the exclusion of all quiet thought and placid occupation. To have to care for my dress at this time of day more than I ever did when young and pretty and happy (God bless me, to think that I was once all that!) on penalty of being regarded as a blot on the Grange gold and azure, is really too bad. *Ach Gott!* if we had been left in the sphere of life we belong to, how much better it would have been for us in many ways!

March 24, 1856.—We are now at the 24th of March, 1856, and from this point of time, my journal, let us renew our daily intercourse without looking back. Looking

back was not intended by nature, evidently, from the fact that our eyes are in our faces and not in our hind heads. Look straight before you, then, Jane Carlyle, and, if possible, not over the heads of things either, away into the distant vague. Look, above all, at the duty nearest hand, and what's more, do it. Ah, the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak, and four weeks of illness have made mine weak as water. No galloping over London as in seven-leagued boots for me at present. To-day I walked with effort one little mile, and thought it a great feat; but if the strength has gone out of me, so also has the unrest. I can sit and lie even very patiently doing nothing. To be sure, I am always going on with the story in my head, as poor Paulet expressed it; but even that has taken a dreamy contemplative character, and excites no emotions 'to speak of.' In fact, sleep has come to look to me the highest virtue and the greatest happiness; that is, good sleep, untroubled, beautiful, like a child's. Ah me!

March 26.—To-day it has blown knives and files; a cold, rasping, savage day; excruciating for sick nerves. Dear Geraldine, as if she would contend with the very elements on my behalf, brought me a bunch of violets and a bouquet of the loveliest most fragrant flowers. Talking with her all I have done or could do. 'Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak: O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed. My soul also is sore vexed: but thou, O Lord, how long? Return, O Lord, deliver my soul: O save me for thy mercies' sake.'

March 27.—Mr. C. took Nero out with him to-night, and half an hour after he opened the door with his latch-key and called in, 'Is that vermin come back?' Having received my horrified 'No!' he hurried off again, and for twenty minutes I was in the agonies of one's dog lost, my heart beating up into my ears. At last I heard Mr. C.'s feet in the street; and, oh joy! heard him gollaring at

something, and one knew what the little bad something was. Ach! we could have better spared a better dog.

March 30.—Plattnauer told me how the 'grande passion' between —— and —— had gone to the dogs utterly —the general recipients of 'grandes passions.'

> **Oh, waly, waly, love is bonnie**
> **A little while when it is new;**
> **But when it's auld**
> **It waxeth cauld,**
> **And melts away like morning dew.**

Beautiful verse, sweet and sad, like barley sugar dissolved in tears. About the morning dew, however! I should rather say, 'Goes out like candle snuff' would be a truer simile; only that would not suit the rhyme.

April 11.—To-day I called on 'my lady' come to town for the season. She was perfectly civil, for a wonder. To-day also I lighted upon an interesting man. It was in our baker's shop. While the baker was making out my bill he addressed some counsel to a dark little man with a wooden leg and a basket of small wares. That made me look at the man to watch its effect upon him. 'I'll tell you what to do,' said this Jesuit of a baker; 'Go and join some Methodists' chapel for six months; make yourself agreeable to them, and you'll soon have friends that will help you in your object.' The man of the wooden leg said not a word, but looked hard in the baker's face with a half-perplexed, half-amused, and wholly disagreeing expression. 'Nothing like religion,' went on the tempter, 'for gaining a man friends. Don't you think so, ma'am?' (catching my eye on him). 'I think,' said I, 'that whatever this man's object may be, he is not likely to be benefited in the long run by constituting himself a hypocrite.' The man's black eye flashed on me a look of thanks and approbation. 'Oh,' said the baker, 'I don't mean him to be a hypocrite, but truly religious, you know.' 'If this

man will be advised by me,' I said, 'he will keep himself clear of the *true religion* that is purposely put on some morning to make himself friends.' 'Yes,' said the poor man pithily, 'not that at *no* price!' In my enthusiasm at his answer, and the manner of it, I gave him—sixpence! and inquired into his case. He had been a baker for some time, met with an accident, and 'had to let his leg be taken,' after trying over eight years to keep it. Meanwhile his grandfather died, leaving him a small property worth 40*l.* a year, which he was still kept out of for want of a small sum of money to prove his right to it. I did not understand the law part of the story, but undertook to get some honest lawyer to look at his papers and give him advice for nothing.

April 21.—I feel weaklier every day, and my soul also is sore vexed—Oh how long! I put myself in an omnibus, being unable to walk, and was carried to Islington and back again. What a good shilling's-worth of exercise! The Angel at Islington! It was there I was set down on my first arrival in London, and Mr. C. with Edward Irving was waiting to receive me.

The past is past, and gone is gone.

May 29.—Old Mrs. D. said to me the other day when I encountered her after two years, 'Yes, ma'am, my daughter is dead: only child, house, and everything gone from me; and I assure you I stand up in the world as if it was not the world at all any more.'

Mr. B. says nine-tenths of the misery of human life proceeds according to his observation from the institution of marriage. He should say from the demoralisation, the desecration, of the institution of marriage, and then I should cordially agree with him.

June 27.—Went with Geraldine to Hampstead.

Various passages in this journal seemed to require explanation. Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, who was Mrs. Carlyle's most intimate friend, was the only person living who could give it. I sent her the book. She returned it to me with a letter, from which I extract the following passages :—

'The reading has been like the calling up ghosts. It was a very bad time with her just then. No one but herself or one constantly with her knows what she suffered physically as well as morally.

'She was miserable: more abidingly and intensely miserable than words can utter. The misery was a reality, no matter whether her imagination made it or not. . Mr. C. once said to me of her that she had the deepest and tenderest feelings, but narrow. Any other wife would have laughed at Mr. C.'s bewitchment with Lady A. ; but to her there was a complicated aggravation which made it very hard to endure. Lady A. was admired for sayings and doings for which she was snubbed. She saw through Lady A.'s little ways and *grande-dame* manners, and knew what they were worth. She contrasted them with the daily, hourly endeavours she was making that *his* life should be as free from hindrances as possible. He put her aside for his work, but lingered in the "Primrose path of dalliance" for the sake of a great lady, who liked to have a philosopher in chains. Lady A. was excessively capricious towards her, and made her feel they cared more about *him* than about *her*.

'She was never allowed to visit anywhere but at the Grange; and the mortifications and vexations she felt, though they were often and often self-made, were none the less intolerable to her. At first she was charmed with Lady A., but soon found she had no real hold on her, nor ever could or would have. The sufferings were real, intense, and at times too grievous to be borne. C. did not understand all this, and only felt her to be unreasonable.

'The lines on which her character was laid down were very grand, but the result was blurred and distorted and confused.

'In marrying she undertook what she felt to be a grand and noble life task : a task which, as set forth by himself, touched all that was noble and heroic. and inspired her imagination from its difficulty. She believed in him, and her faith was unique. No one else did. Well, but she was to be the companion, friend, helpmate—her own gifts were to be cultivated and recognised by him. She was bright and beautiful, with a certain star-like radiance and grace. She had devoted to him her life, which so many

other men had desired to share. She had gone off into the desert with him. She had taken up poverty, obscurity, hardship even, cheerfully, willingly, and with an enthusiasm of self-sacrifice, on asking to be allowed to minister to him. The offering was accepted, but, like the precious things flung by Benvenuto into the furnace when his statue was molten, they were all consumed in the flames; and he was so intent and occupied by what he was bringing forth that he could take no heed of her individual treasures. They were all swallowed up in the great whole. In her case it was the living creature in the midst of the fire which felt and suffered. He gave her no human help nor tenderness.

'Bear in mind that her inmost life was solitary—no tenderness, no caresses, no loving words; nothing out of which one's heart can make the wine of life. A glacier on a mountain would have been as human a companionship. He suffered too; but he put it all into his work. She had only the desolation and barrenness of having all her love and her life laid waste. Six years she lived at Craigenputtock, and she held out. She had undertaken a task, and she knew that, whether recognised or not, she *did* help him. Her strong persistent will kept her up to the task of pain. Then they came back to the world, and the strain told on her. She did not falter from her purpose of helping and shielding him, but she became warped.—GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY.'

LETTER 164.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday, July 3, 1856.

Dearest Mrs. Russell,—Your letter quite warmed my heart, and gave me a pull towards Scotland, stronger than I had yet felt. I think it in the highest degree unlikely, and certainly it will not be my own fault if I am there without seeing you. But we have no programme positively laid out yet for the summer, or rather the autumn. Mr. C. always hithers and thithers in a weary interminable way, before he can make up his mind what he would like most to do. And so, as I don't like wandering in uncertainties, with a net of 'ifs,' and 'buts,' and 'per-

hapses,' and 'possibles,' and 'probables' about my feet, I have got into the way of standing aside, and postponing my own plans, till he has finally got to some conclusion. His present 'most probably' is that he will go to his sister's, at a farm within a few miles of Annan, and 'enjoy perfect solitude for a time.' I mean, in that case, to stream off after 'my own sweet will;' as he would not need me with him at the Gill, and indeed there would be no room for me there, and I should only complicate his case. When he has settled to go there, or anywhere else where I am not needed, I shall proceed to scheme out a programme for myself, and I want to go to Scotland too, and I want to see you, and to see my cousins in Fife, and my old people at Haddington. But I do not take up all that practically at the present stage of the business, in case he take some new thought, with which my wishes could not so easily combine. I don't see any hope of his quitting London anyhow till the beginning of August, at soonest, which is a pity; the present month would be passed so much more pleasantly in the green country than here, where everything seems working up to spontaneous combustion. I was thinking the other night, at 'the most magnificent ball of the season,' how much better I should like to see people making hay, than all these ladies in laces and diamonds, waltzing! One grows so sick of diamonds, and bare shoulders, and all that sort of thing, after a while. It is the old story of the Irishman put into a Sedan chair without a bottom: 'If it weren't for the honour of the thing, I might as well have walked!'

I shall write, dear Mrs. Russell, whenever I know for certain what we are going to do. And, as I have great faith in the magnetic power of wishes, I pray you to wish in the meantime that I may come; as I, on my side, shall not fail to wish it strongly.

I am just going off this burning day to—sit for my pic-

ture! rather late! But I have a friend, who has constituted herself a portrait-painter, and she has a real genius for the business; and Ruskin told her she must paint a portrait with no end of pains, must give it 'twenty sittings at the least.' And I suppose she thinks I am the most patient woman she knows, and may give her these twenty sittings, out of desire for her improvement. As she is a clever, charming creature, I don't feel all the horror that might be expected of my prospect.

My kind regards to your husband and father.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 165.

After Addiscombe and three months more of deadly wrestling with Friedrich and the mud elements, we went to the Grange for Christmas; stayed for several weeks. Company at first aristocratic and select (Lord Lansdowne and Robert Lowe); then miscellaneous, shifting, chiefly of the scientific kind (Jowett, and an Oxonian or two among them), some of whom have left more than the shadow of an impression on me. Our last Grange Christmas, such as it proved, under presidency of that great lady. We returned in January, both of us. I at least much broken by this long course of gaieties, resumed work for 1856, and with dreary obstinacy kept pushing, pushing. The intolerable heats of July forced us north again. Ride to Edinburgh in the Lady Ashburton's royal carriage, which took fire, and at Newcastle had to be abandoned, dustiest and painfullest of rides, regardless of expense, and yet actually taking fire and falling flat like Dagon of the Philistines. Nothing good in it but the admirable bearing of that great lady under its badness. The Ashburtons off towards Ross-shire next morning. I under promise to follow thither by-and-by. Towards Auchtertool Manse we two, where after some days I left my dear woman and took refuge with my sister Mary at the Gill, near Annan, seeking and finding perfect solitude, kindness, and silence (the first time there) for a good few weeks.

Scotsbrig ten miles off, but that was now shut to me. Poor brother John had tragically lost his wife; was much cast down,

and had now, most unwisely as I thought, filled Scotsbrig with his orphaned step-sons—three mischievous boys, whom to this day none of us could ever get to like. Scotsbrig accessible only on a riding call at this time.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, The Gill.

Auchtertool: July 29, 1856.

I am glad that all has gone so well with you hitherto. 'A good beginning makes a good ending,' and we have both begun more prosperously than could have been anticipated. Even the lost clogs are quite well supplied, I find, by the things I bought, and which must have been made for the wife of Goliath of Gath; and they have got me a new box of Seidlitz powders, and new chloroform from Kirkcaldy. I have needed to take neither, 'thanks God.' For the rest all goes well with me also; only no sea-bathing has been practicable yet, nor does it look as if it would ever be practicable here; the dog-cart having many other more important demands on it, as well as old John and Walter himself. There are preachings going on just now, at which Walter has to assist. Last Sunday his place was supplied at his own church by a grey-headed preacher called Douglas, who flattered himself he had been at school with you; but the Thomas Carlyle he had been school-fellow to 'had reddish hair, and a sharp face.' I am never done thanking heaven for the freshness, and cleanness, and quietness into which I have plumped down; and for my astonishingly comfortable bed, and the astonishing kindness and good humour that wraps me about like an eider-down quilt! It is next thing to being at Templand! I could almost imitate old 'Kelty,'[1] and fall to writing 'A Visit to my Relations in the Country,' followed up by 'Waters of Comfort' in verse! Of course I am sad at times, at all times sad as death, but that I am used to, and don't mind. And for the sickness, it is quite gone since the morning I

[1] Old scribbling governess person.

left Chelsea; and I am as content, for the time being, as it were possible for me to be anywhere on the face of this changeful earth.

Of course I will never be 'within wind' of Scotsbrig without going to see Jamie and Isabella, who have treated me always with the utmost kindness. If I had been their own sister they could not have made me feel more at home than I have always done under their roof. I never forget kindness, nor, alas! unkindness either!

My plans are still in the vague; I feel no haste to 'see my way.' My cousins seem to expect and wish me to make a long visit, and I am not at all likely to take to feeling dull nowadays beside people who really care for me, and have true hearts, and plenty of natural sense. Besides I have two invitations to dinner for next week! and have made acquaintance with several intelligent people. Meanwhile I have written to my aunt Elizabeth, who I believe is alone just now at Morningside, and also to Miss Donaldson, to announce my proximity; and it will depend on their answers whether I pay them a few hours' visit from here, or a longer one when I leave here altogether.

Give my kind regards to Mary and the rest. I am sure you will want for no attention she can show you, or she must be greatly changed from the kind soul I knew her at Craig o' Putta.

Faithfully yours,

JANE W. C.

LETTER 166.

My Jeannie has come across to Craigenvilla (fond reminiscences of Craigenputtock!), her aunts' new garden residence of their own in Edinburgh, Morningside quarter, same neat little place where the surviving two yet live (1869). They had all gone deep into conscious 'devotion,' religious philanthropy, prayer meetings, &c. &c., but were felt to be intrinsically honest-minded women, with a true affection for their niece, however pagan!

Old Betty's [1] one child, a promising young man, who had grown to be a journeyman watchmaker, was struck with paralysis; powerless absolutely, all but the head, in which sad state his unwearyable, unconquerable mother watched over him night and day till he died.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, The Gill.

Craigenvilla, Morningside, Edinburgh: Thursday, Aug. 7, 1856.

Heaven and earth! I have been watching these three days for an hour's quiet to write in, but one would say there had been a conspiracy of things in general to prevent me. The day before yesterday I bathed at Kirkcaldy, and walked to Auchtertool after, and the fatigue was too much, and I was up to nothing but lying on the sofa all the evening, which delayed my packing till yesterday morning; and I got up at half after six, to leave time for a letter, and it was not till 'prayers' were over, and the breakfast ready, that I was ready to sit down. Immediately after breakfast the dog-cart came round to take me to the half after eleven boat. I tried writing again at Betty's; I could do nothing effectually except cry. She was so glad over me, so motherlike—and that poor dying lad, and her white worn face, and compressed lips; and the smile far more touching than any tears! Oh, it was so dreadfully sad, and yet her kisses, and the loving words about my father and mother, made me so happy! Then, when I got here to tea, my aunts were so unexpectedly tender and glad over me. I tried writing again in my bedroom, but it was lighted with gas, and I found I could not put the light out too soon to save my life. This morning, again, I got up at half-past six to write to you; but I had paper and ink, and no pen! so went to bed again, and lay till half-past seven, amidst a tearing rumble of carts, that seemed to drive over my brain.

[1] Old Haddington nurse.

I go home [1] to-night; and shall be there till Monday or Tuesday (address Sunny Bank till Monday, if you write), then back here, and I fear I cannot avoid staying a few days next time, in spite of the sleeping difficulties; but they are so kind, my aunts. By the end of the next week, anyhow, I hope to get to Auchtertool again. I will write from Haddington—this steel pen is too dreadful.

Yours
J. W. C.

LETTER 167.

T. Carlyle, The Gill.

Sunny Bank, Haddington: Friday, Aug. 9, 1856.

I got here last night about seven. The carriage was waiting for me at the station, but this time empty; no kind Miss Kate in it. We came in at the back gate; and when we turned round the house I saw Miss Jess, or rather I saw a face, or rather eyes straining at the dining-room window with a look I shall remember while I live. The next moment I was in her arms; and then my 'godmother' tottered blindly forward, and took me in hers; and the two dear old women clasped and kissed and wept over me both together, and called out 'Jeannie, Jeannie!' 'Oh, my own bairn!' 'My angel' (! !) and ever so many beautiful names. Mrs. Donaldson and Miss Eliza [2] had kindly retired to their own room, that the meeting might transact itself in peace. A beautiful tea was waiting on the table—all so pretty and calm and good! It looked like one of those entertainments spread for the good boys that 'went out to *poos* their fortunes' in my godmother's fairy tales; and my godmother herself, like the good fairy, so little, oh, so little, she has grown! and her face so little and round, and so sweet!

[1] To Haddington, to Misses Donaldson (eldest of them her 'godmother,' as was always remembered).

[2] The famed Cantab. doctor's (Dr. Donaldson) mother and sister.

And Miss Jess has been transformed by Kate's death into an active, self-forgetting providence for the older and blinder sister. She waits upon her, cuts her bread into mouthfuls, is gentle and thoughtful for her, reads aloud to her (Miss Donaldson tells me), she herself being about eighty; and instead of complaints about her own ailments, it is all now 'Poor Jean!' and the loss she had in Kate. The hearts of these two old women are as fresh as gowans. It is like being pretty well up towards heaven, being here. And what a house! so quiet and clean, and so perfectly the same as I knew it thirty years ago! The same papers, the same carpets, the same everything that I made acquaintance with when I was a child, in perfect condition still. I expect to sleep in my great comfortable four-posted bed now that the first exciting night is over, and shall stay till the middle of next week, I think. My aunts were extremely kind, and expect me to make them a long visit on my return; but that is not possible, on account of the gas in my bedroom (at Morningside) and the public road passing the window, where carts grind from three in the morning. Besides that I like being at Auchtertool, and they want me there for all the time I can stay. Everybody is so kind to me—oh, so kind! that I often burst out crying with pure thankfulness to them all.

Betty said yesterday, speaking of the photograph I had sent her, the one with the bonnet and the dog, and which, together with yours, she has got handsomely framed and keeps in a pocket-handkerchief in a drawer! 'It has a look o' ye, but I dinna ken what that white thing is aboot the face!' 'That is the white roses of my bonnet, Betty.' 'A weel! a weel! May be sae! but as ye wur kindly sending me yer pictur, dear, I wud hae liket better ye had gotten 't dune wi' yer bare pow!' I promised her one with the bare pow, but said, 'You know, it is a shame for me to be without a cap or a bonnet at this age.' 'Ay, ay, I

dar' say, it's no very richt; but ye ken, bairn, ye wasne brocht up to dae just like ither folk; at a' rates I'll hae the bare pow if ye please; though I wudna be thocht ower greedy!' Dear, darling old Betty! She gets no rest night or day for that poor spectre of a son; and it looks to me he may live for years in this suffering, hopeless state. And the husband, though a good enough man in his way—sober and laborious, and all that—has not the refinement or the spirituality of Betty, and can be but a sorry comforter to her in her sore trouble. She called me back as I was coming away yesterday to say, 'Dear, wull ye tell Miss Donal'son, for I am sure it 'ill please her to hear it, that the Bish'p[1] is rale gude to us, puir auld manny!'

I had two bathes in the sea; neither did me any good—the first a great deal of harm, by ill luck. Just the day after I wrote—I had had no bathing—Walter took me to Aberdour; and I was to partly undress, and get a bathing gown at Aberdour House, where Mrs. Major Liddle lives. She gave me the key of the park, that Maggie and I might walk through it to the shore; but the key proved a wrong one, and, as there was no time to return for the right key, I proposed to Maggie to leap from the top of the wall, which was only high on the off-side. She positively declined; and we were at a fix, when a working man passing, I called to him, and asked him to catch us in leaping. He took me between his big thumbs, one on my left side, and the other, alas! on my right breast—that unlucky breast I am always hurting! There! I thought to myself, as I found my feet, 'There is something to serve me for six weeks again!'

I suffered a good deal for the first two or three days, and lost my just-recovered sleep. It (the pain) is going off, however, though still a nuisance, especially when I use

[1] Terrot; the Donaldsons were Episcopal.

my right arm. Remember that in estimating the virtue of this very long letter.

I inclose a note from Lady A., which was forwarded to me here this morning.

I am not sure where to address; but, as one letter was sent to Scotsbrig, I had best send this one to the Gill.

Yours faithfully,

J. W. C.

LETTER 168.

T. Carlyle, The Gill.

Craigenvilla, Morningside: Tuesday, August 19, 1856.

Oh, dear me! I am back from Haddington; and a sad day yesterday was. The people at Haddington seem all to grow so good and kind as they grow old. That isn't the way with us in the south. It wasn't the Miss Donaldsons only that made much of me, and cried over me at parting, as if I were 'their own bairn.' Mr. Howden, Mrs. Howden, and all of them still alive, that knew my father and mother, were in tears; and poor old Mr. Lea,[1] who has otherwise lost his wits, said, 'Oh, Jeannie, Jeannie, when you come again you won't find me here!' and then he said angrily to Miss Brown, 'Are you going to let that lassie go away by herself? send the Man with her.' (The Man, meaning *his keeper*.) It would have touched you to the heart to see poor Jess Donaldson daundering about, opening drawers and presses to find something to give me. It was her chief employment all the time I was there. One day it was an Indian shawl; the next a real lace veil; the next a diamond ring, and so on, till the last hour, when after my boxes were all packed, she suddenly bethought her that I used to like old china, and took me privately to the press that contained her long-prized Indian china, and

[1] A kind of ex-military *haberdasher* (I think)—shop near the entrance to her father's house.

bade me take as much of it as I cared to carry; and then, when I told her my boxes were full, she said, 'Take my work-basket, dear, to pack it in; I shall never need it any more.' But inanimate objects were not all that I brought from home with me. I brought two live plants in flower-pots, one out of our own garden, and two live—oh, gracious! I picture your dismay!—'whatever' will you say or sing?—two live—ca-ca-naries! They were born in our own house, the darlings; and poor Mrs. Howden made with her own hands a black silk bag to draw over the cage, and trimmed it with braid. You may still hope that they shall get eaten by my aunt's cat, or my cousin's terrier, or, at least, by the cat or Nero at home. 'But I hope better things, though I thus speak.'[1] At all events, they shan't plague you the least in the world; and it was a luck for me yesterday in coming away that I had these live things to look after.

Aren't you a spoiled child, without the childness and the spoiling, to go and write in that plaintive, solemn way about 'help of some connexions of Jane's in Glasgow,' as if you were a desolate orphan 'thrown out *sang froid*[2] to charity.' If you weren't satisfied with the *duffle* you got, why couldn't you have said so straightforwardly, and told me you wished me to choose another? But I was to do it only 'if I wanted a lark,' or 'if it didn't satisfy me,' &c. &c. You know very well that if you had told me to go fifty miles to buy your dressing-gown, and that you were 'depending on me for doing it,' I shouldn't have hesitated a minute, and it could have been done now when I am on the spot without the least trouble, had you so chosen. But if it was merely to 'please my own taste' that I was to go into Edinburgh from Haddington and back again, or to give myself 'a lark,' I was right to decline. You have no notion what a disagreeable train that

[1] Scotch preaching phrase. [2] Not '*de sang*,' &c. (*supra.*)

is; both in going and coming you have to wait at Long Niddry from half an hour to an hour, in consequence of the irregularity of the London trains, which stop there. The express don't stop. Yesterday I had to wait an hour all but three minutes. You will be glad to hear as a symptom that an enterprising man is starting anew the old Haddington stage, to go twice a week at the same price as the railway, for the comfort of passengers who have not temper to stand this irregular waiting.

My aunts received me back with the heartiest welcome; and I don't think it will be possible for me to get back to Auchtertool this week without offending them. But I have changed my room for one to the back, left vacant by Ann, who is in Dumfriesshire, and it is as quiet as Cheyne Row, except for a very singular water-cistern that runs without a minute's interruption day and night.

> 'Men shall come, and men shall go,
> But thou go'st on for ever!'

It is only a gentle sound, however, like the flow of a brook; and it rather helped me to sleep last night than otherwise.

By the way, the trash of things that bit you so must have been the new insect called 'harvest bugs,' or 'gooseberry lice,' imported, they say, in some American plants about twenty years ago; they last for six weeks, and are most tormenting. Mrs. Donaldson was covered, as with chicken-pox, from them; and I finally was dreadfully bitten, but got off easier as I resolutely refused to scratch the places; they took me chiefly on the legs, of all places.

Yours faithfully.

LETTER 169.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Craigenvilla: Saturday, August 23, 1856.

Your letter of yesterday arriving at the same time with one from my aunt Ann (away in Dumfriesshire) to Grace, just as we were going to breakfast, threw us into such a little flutter of excitement that we all fell quite unconsciously into sin. I was reading my letter, and had taken a sip or two of tea and bitten into my soda-scone, and the others had done the same, when Grace suddenly shrieked out like 'a mad,'[1] 'Mercy! we have forgotten the blessing!' I started on my chair, and (to such a pitch of compliance with 'coostom in part' have I already reached) dropped instinctively the morsel out of my mouth into my hand, till I should see what steps were to be taken for making our peace. But the case was judged past remedy, and the breakfast allowed to proceed unblessed.

I was regretting to Betty that my aunts should live in such a fuss of religion. 'My dear!' said she, 'they were idle—plenty to live on, and nocht to do for 't; they might hae ta'en to waur; so we maun just thole them, an no compleen.'[2] For the rest, they are more affectionate to myself than I ever found them before—really kind, almost to tenderness, especially Elizabeth, who seems much softened by her sad accident. I am glad I stayed, for henceforth I shall feel to have aunts, which is a gain to one who has no brothers or sisters, and whose 'many friends' are something like the hare's. At the same time I shall be well pleased to return to Auchtertool on Monday, where also

[1] 'A mad,' Mazzini's.

[2] 'They might have taken to waur,' wise Betty! This was never forgotten.

they are adorably kind to me, and where I have more room to turn in, in all ways.

I have no friends in the north except Mr. Gillespie of Ardachy, who I dare say would give me a welcome. But it would be a deal too far to travel for any satisfaction I should get out of him, even were there no unknown wife in the case. I should prefer being 'well let alone' in Fife, till the time of our return to Chelsea, with just a week or so taken for Dumfriesshire. There they won't weary of me either, which is a main ingredient in my contentment. If I want to 'vaary the schane'[1] a little, I may go a few days to Miss Fergus, who has returned to Kirkcaldy, and sent me a kindly expressed invitation for 'a long visit.' She does not mention your name, as indeed was natural—considering. Thomas Erskine also invites us both to Linlathen, and understands you to have written that you would come.

I went to call at poor Captain Paterson's (the house is close by here), and saw the Patersons[2] and Mrs. Stirling, who went home yesterday, and 'would write to me.' I should not much dislike going with you to Linlathen, if you take it on the way to the Highlands; but I would rather stay quietly with my own people. —— ——, too, has sent me an affectionate letter about coming to —— Castle; but, though in an affectionate mood when she asked me to come, her mood might change by the time I went. And, on the whole, I am not drawn towards —— Castle, but 'quite the contrary.' 'The honour of the thing' looks too mean, and scraggy, and icy a motive, to make me go a foot length, or trouble myself the least in the world, with all those tears and kisses I brought away

[1] 'Vaary the schane,' imitation of grandfather Walter — *supra Reminiscences*, vol. ii. p. 101.

[2] 'Captain Paterson,' Erskine's brother-in-law. Mrs. Stirling is Erskine's widow sister and lady house-manager.

from Haddington, still moist and warm on my heart, tears and kisses bestowed on me for the sake of my dead father and mother.

I have just been interrupted by a touching visit from Mrs. Anderson (Miss Grove),[1] who has been invalided with her spine for ten years. She was carried in by her husband, and laid on the sofa; a sad, grey, resigned-looking, suffering woman. But the husband so gentle and attentive to her, that there was a certain comfort in looking at them. I have an engagement to Betty, who will have curds and cream waiting for me, and I must go now. I am to dine out to-day, for the first time, with Miss Hamilton (of Gladsmuir), who asked Grace, too.

I always forgot to tell you that I met at the Liddells, in Fife, Mr. William Swan, and that I made him a pretty little speech about 'your enduring remembrance of his father's and mother's kindness to you,' on which account I begged to shake hands with him, which had the greatest success. He was so pleased that Walter followed up my advances by inviting him to a dinner-party at the Manse, and there I presented him with your photograph, which he called 'a treasure.' So fat a man one rarely sees, but he looks kind, and has the character of being 'most benevolent,' and he evidently had a deep affection for his parents.

Also I have a strange story to tell you about Samuel Brown's[2] illness; but that must lie over, or I shall miss the omnibus.

Good luck to the new clothes.

Yours ever faithfully,
JANE W. CARLYLE.

[1] 'Miss Grove,' once a young Haddington friend and loved *protégée*, being English, and a stranger.

[2] 'Samuel Brown,' doctor of great promise once; poor young man killed in Edinburgh by too much kindness! (far worse than none, if blind both).

LETTER 170.

'Infants weeping in the porch.'

'Vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.'

Inclosures in this letter from poor Nero and servant Anne. This Anne, who had continued and did still for several years, was an elderly cockney specimen (mother still in Holborn), punctual, rational, useful, though a little selfish and discontented.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Auchtertool, Bedroom: Friday, August 29, 1856.

There! I have put my foot in it! I was well to a wonder; hadn't had one hour of my sickness, nor one wholly sleepless night since I left Chelsea; and the idea must needs take me, that Sunday I was in Edinburgh, to have out my humour to hear Dr. Guthrie. And so for two hours I was slowly simmered, as in one of Soyer's patent stewpans (the crush to hear him being quite as great in Edinburgh as in London). And then I had to walk to Morningside in a cutting east wind; and then, at the far end, a miserable refection of weak tea and tough toast by way of dinner, when I needed to have stimulants 'thrown into the system' (my aunts always dining on tea on Sundays, that the servant may attend both morning and afternoon 'services'). The consequence of all this bad management was a cold on my nerves, which the crossing[1] next day, and the blowy drive in the dog-cart, brought to a height. And I have been two whole days in bed 'suffering martyrs' (as poor Paulet used to say); and am still very poorly, though to-day I can sit up and write, as you see. Indeed, last night I never once closed my eyes. Nothing could be more ill-timed than this illness, two dinner-parties

[1] Of the Frith.

having gone off here in the meantime to my honour and glory; and 'gone off without effect,' so far as I was concerned. Mr. Peter Swan (the other brother) was at the yesterday dinner; Walter thinking, after my speech to the younger Swan, that he could not be too hospitable to that family. Poor Walter! his poor little stipend must be dreadfully perplexed to meet all the demands his munificent spirit makes on it.

Besides these dinner-parties, we have a house choke full. Jeannie and her husband come over to see me chiefly; and Sophy from Liverpool, with 'Jackie,' a remarkably stirring little gentleman of three and a half years; and another human mite, that rejoices as yet in the name of 'Baby.' And in the dead watches of the night there will arise a sound of 'infants weeping in the porch;' and on the whole it is not now like Paradise here, as it was in my first two weeks. I should have stayed still here while the coast was clear, and only been going on my Haddington visit now. But, above all, I should not have gone and got myself all stewed into mush, hearing a popular preacher: though out of all sight the very most eloquent preacher I ever heard, or wish to hear. Never was there such exquisite artistic simplicity! never such gushing affluence of imagery! It reminded me of those god-daughters of good fairies in my nursery tales, who every time they opened their blessed mouths 'pearls and rubies rolled out.' But, alas! they were the pearls and rubies of a dream! One brought away none of them in one's pocket to buy a meal of meat with, if one happened to need one.[1]

So long as it is in my head, please send me three or four autographs for my aunt Ann, to give to some friend of hers, who has applied to her to beg them of you for some philanthropic purpose or other. I have had a knot in my pocket handkerchief to remind me of this for some time.

[1] Never looked at eloquent Guthrie again.

As to Samuel Brown—'the history of Samuel Brown' is this:' For seven years he has, as you know, been afflicted with some derangement of the bowels, which was always expected to terminate fatally in iliac passion. Some weeks ago he seemed beyond recovery, and, indeed, they were watching him for death. At last his bowels being moved by some very strong medicine, there was passed a little bone; a bone of some sort of game—grouse they think—about half an inch long only, and this having fixed its sharp end into the bowel had caused (the doctors are positive) his whole illness. He has no recollection of ever swallowing the bone. As it left an open hole in the bowel, and he was already so weak, they did not think he would be able to struggle through the cure, but it is now a good many weeks and he is still alive (I believe), and if he escapes the danger of having the bowel closed up in the course of healing the hole in it, he will be restored to perfect health, the doctors think.[2] All this, which I was told by Susan Hunter in Edinburgh, was corroborated for me by the poor man's sister at Haddington. Isn't it a strange story? such a poor, little, little cause producing so much torment and misery.

I have written till the perspiration is running down my face—not wisely but too well.

Yours faithfully,
JANE W. C.

LETTER 171.

T. Carlyle, Kinloch Luichart, Dingwall.

Scotsbrig: Thursday, Sept. 18, 1856.

Well, I am safe here, though not without a struggle for it.

Your letter this morning is a degree more legible than

[1] See note, p. 64.

[2] He died, poor fellow.

the first one! But, dear me! what galloping and spluttering over the paper; as if you were writing in a house on fire, and bent on making a little look as much as possible! I have measured the distance between your lines in the letter just come, and it is precisely one inch. In the first letter, it must have been an inch and half! I call that a foolish waste of writing-paper! If you have an excellent bedroom, could you not retire into it for, say, one hour, in the course of a whole week, and write composedly and leisurely? Why write in the midst of four people?

For the rest, in spite of all objections, 'for the occasion got up,' I daresay you are pretty comfortable. Why not? When you go to any house, one knows it is because you choose to go; and when you stay, it is because you choose to stay. You don't, as weakly amiable people do, sacrifice yourself for the pleasure of 'others.' So pray do not think it necessary to be wishing yourself at home, and 'all that sort of thing,' on paper. 'I don't believe thee!'[1] If I were inclined to, I should only have to call to mind the beautiful letters you wrote to me during your former visit to the Ashburtons in the Highlands, and which you afterwards disavowed and trampled into the fire!!

As to Tom Gillespie, if you could have got into his hands, I am sure he would have been useful to you, and been delighted to be so. But the poor man is quite laid up, has been for long in a dangerous state. His sister, Mrs. Binnie, lives near the Caledonian Railway; and I spent the hours I had to wait for the train on Tuesday at her house, and she was speaking quite despondingly about him. So that is no go!

Five pounds is as easily sent as two one-pound notes; more easily indeed, for I have no one-pound notes. So I send a five-pound note to put you out of all danger of run-

[1] 'I don't believe thee,' my father's phrase.

ning short. It is a very unnecessary grievance that to incur! so long as one has money.

I write to Mrs. Russell to-day that I shall be at Thornhill on Monday, D.V. Isabella says I had best go from here to Annan; it will make the gig-journey shorter. I haven't the least objection to the gig-journey, 'quite the contrary.' But I daresay Jamie's time is very precious just now, so I accepted that route at once. Whether I return to Scotsbrig or not will depend on your arrangements.

Lady Ashburton is very kind to offer to take me back. Pray make her my thanks for the offer. But though a very little herring, I have a born liking to 'hang by my own head.' And when it is a question simply of paying my own way, or having it paid for me, I prefer 'lashing down'[1] my four or five sovereigns on the table all at once! If there were any companionship in the matter it would be different; and if you go back with the Ashburtons it would be different, as then I should be going merely as part of your luggage, without self-responsibility. Settle it as you like, it will be all one to me; meeting you at Scotsbrig, or in Edinburgh, or going home by myself from Thornhill.

This is September 19th, the day of my father's death.

Jamie is going to take me a little drive at one o'clock. He is such a dear good Jamie for me always!

Walter wrote me a long letter, to meet me at Scotsbrig, which I received in bed yesterday, and it gave me 'a good comforting cry;' it is so kind—oh, so kind and brotherly!

Yours faithfully,

JANE W. C.

[1] 'Lashing down my four or five sovereigns.' 'They tould me he was 'listed. I sought high and low; at last I found him in an upstairs room at breakfast among them, with an ounce of tay and a quarter of sugar, all lashed down on the table at one time! Says I, "Pat, you're going on at a great rate here, but," &c. &c.' Speech of an Irish peasant's father on his lost son, to Edward Irving long ago.

LETTER 172.

T. Carlyle, Kinloch Luichart, Dingwall.

Scotsbrig: Monday, Sept. 22, 1856.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! To be thrown into a quandary like this, just when I am getting ready to start for Thornhill! You are so wrong in your dates that I don't know what to make of it. '22nd' you have written at the top of your note, and it arrives here on the 22nd!

It may be all right, but also it may very probably be all wrong, and the five-pound note I sent you from Ecclefechan on Thursday, the 18th, and the long letter that accompanied it, gone to nobody knows where! Pleasant! Why can't you take money enough with you? If I had not been told to inclose notes I would have sent a post-office order on Dingwall.

Till I hear for certain that the letter and money are lost, I don't know what to write! There is no pleasure in telling you the same things over again.

I took the letter to Ecclefechan in the gig, and Jamie posted it while I bought envelopes. There was no visibility of the note in it even when held between you and the light.

Please to write immediately on receiving this, to Mrs. Russell's, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, to say you have got the money.

Jamie is going to drive me to Annan, and it is a day of heavy showers. But I am to be met at Thornhill station, and must go.

Yours faithfully,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 173.

Alas! my poor, much suffering, ever toiling, and endeavouring woman. No doubt I was very bad company, sunk overhead in the Frederick mud element.

Anne did not go at this time; but a sad, sick winter was awaiting my dear one: confined to the house for five months and utterly weak, says a note of the time! Her patience in such cases always was unsurpassable—patience, silent goodness, anxiety only for one unworthy.—T. C.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Friday, Oct. 10, 1856.

Oh, my dear! my dear! my dear!—To keep myself from going stark mad I must give myself something pleasant to do for this one hour! And nothing so pleasant suggests itself as just writing to you, to tell you how miserable and aggravated I am! Geraldine says, 'Why on earth, when I was beside a doctor I had confidence in, didn't I consult him about my health?' Why? Because when I was beside Dr. Russell, and indeed (except for a common cold) all the time I was in Scotland, nothing ailed my health! A London doctor's prescription for me long ago (the only sensible man I ever knew in the profession here—a pity he is dead), that I 'should be kept always happy and tranquil' (!!!), had finally got itself carried into effect for ten whole weeks, and was found an efficacy! But from the day I left Scotland quite other things than happiness and tranquillity have been 'thrown into my system'! I arrived here with a furious faceache, Mr. C. having insisted on my sitting in a violent draught all the journey; that kept me perfectly sleepless all night, in spite of my extreme fatigue, and so I began to be ill at once, and have gone on *crescendo* in the same ratio that my worries have increased. Figure this: [Scene—a room where everything is enveloped in dark-yellow London fog! For air to breathe, a

sort of liquid soot! Breakfast on the table—'adulterated coffee,' 'adulterated bread,' 'adulterated cream,' and 'adulterated water'!] Mr. C. at one end of the table, looking remarkably bilious; Mrs. C. at the other, looking half dead! Mr. C.: 'My dear, I have to inform you that my bed is full of bugs, or fleas, or some sort of animals that crawl over me all night!' Now, I must tell you, Mr. C. had written to me, at Auchtertool, to 'write emphatically to Anne about keeping all the windows open; for, with her horror of fresh air, she was quite capable of having the house full of bugs when we returned;' and so I imputed this announcement to one of these fixed ideas men, and especially husbands, are apt to take up, just out of sheer love of worrying! Living in a universe of bugs outside, I had entirely ceased to fear them in my own house, having kept it so many years perfectly clean from all such abominations. So I answered with merely a sarcastic shrug, that was no doubt very ill-timed under the circumstances, and which drew on me no end of what the Germans call *Kraftsprüche!* But clearly the practical thing to be done was to go and examine his bed—and I am practical, *moi!* So, instead of getting into a controversy that had no basis, I proceeded to toss over his blankets and pillows, with a certain sense of injury! But, on a sudden, I paused in my operations; I stooped to look at something the size of a pin-point; a cold shudder ran over me; as sure as I lived it was an infant bug! And, oh, heaven, that bug, little as it was, must have parents—grandfathers and grandmothers, perhaps! I went on looking then with frenzied minuteness, and saw enough to make me put on my bonnet and rush out wildly, in the black rain, to hunt up a certain trustworthy carpenter to come and take down the bed. The next three days I seemed to be in the thick of a domestic Balaklava, which is now even only subsiding—not subsided. Anne, though I have reproached her with

carelessness (decidedly there was not the vestige of a bug in the whole house when we went away), is so indignant that the house should be turned up after she had 'settled it,' and that 'such a fuss should be made about bugs, which are inevitable in London,' that she flared up on me, while I was doing her work, and declared 'it was to be hoped I would get a person to keep my house cleaner than she had done; as she meant to leave that day month!' To which I answered, 'Very good,' and nothing more. And now you see, instead of coming back to anything like a home, I have come back to a house full of bugs and evil passions! I shall have to be training a new servant into the ways of the house (when I have got her) at a season of the year when it will be the most uphill work for both her and me. As to this woman, I kept her these three years because she was a clever servant, and carried on the house without any bother to me; but I never liked her as a woman; from the first week I perceived her to be what she has since on all occasions proved herself, cunning, untrue, and intensely selfish. The atmosphere of such a character was not good, and nothing but moral cowardice could have made me go on with her. But I did so dread always the bothers and risks of 'a change'! Now, however, that it is forced on me, I console myself by thinking, with that 'hope which springs eternal in the human mind,' that I may find a servant, after all, whom it may be possible to, not only train into my ways, but attach to me! What a fool I am! Oh, I should so like a Scotchwoman, if I could get any feasible Scotchwoman. These Londoners are all of the cut of this woman. I have written to Haddington, where the servants used to be very good, to know if they can do anything for me. I suppose it is needless asking you; of course, if there had been any 'treasure' procurable you would have engaged her yourself. But do you really know nobody I could get from Nithsdale? How stupid it was of Mar-

garet not to come when I wanted her. I am sure it is harder work she must have at the Castle. Oh, my darling, I wish you were here to give me a kiss, and cheer me up a bit with your soft voice! In cases of this sort, Geraldine with the best intentions is no help. She is unpractical, like all women of genius! She was so pleased with your letter! 'My dear,' she said to me, 'how is it that women who don't write books write always so much nicer letters than those who do?' I told her it was, I supposed, because they did not write in the 'Valley of the shadow' of their future biographer, but wrote what they had to say frankly and naturally.

Your father (a kiss to him) should write me a word about 'Providence.' Oh, be pleased all of you, Dr. Russell too, for all so busy as he is, to think of me, and love me! I have great faith in the magnetic influence of kind thoughts. And, upon my honour, I need to be soothed—magnetically, and in any possible way!

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 174.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Jan. 2, 1857.

My dear Mary,—The box came yesterday, all safe—not so much as one egg cracked, and just in time to have one of the fowls boiled for Mr. C.'s dinner. Mr. C. dines all by himself at present, I merely looking on, as he doesn't participate in my dislike to eating in presence of one's fellow-creatures not similarly occupied.

Since my illness, that is to say, pretty nearly ever since I returned from Scotland, I have used my privilege of invalid (and no doubt about it) to dine at the hour when nature and reason prompt me to dine, viz. two o'clock, instead of at Mr. C.'s fashionable hour of six. So my go at

the fowl comes off to-day. They look famous ones; and as for the goose—heaven and earth! what a goose! Even Anne, who is so difficult to warm up to bare satisfaction point with anything of an eatable sort, stood amazed before that goose, 'as in presence of the infinite!' and, when she had found her tongue, broke forth with, 'Lord! ain't it fat, ma'm?' Thank you very much, dear Mary. Your box reminds me of the time when you came to me at some dreadful inn at Annan, where I happened to be, I don't remember why, and was doing I don't remember what, except that I was horridly sick and uncomfortable, and you came tripping in with a reticule-basket, and gave me little cakes and sweeties out of it; and that comforted my mind, if not exactly good for my stomach. Dear Mary, how kind you used to be in those old times, when we were thrown so much on one another's company! That is the only feature of my existence at Craig-o'-puttа that I recall with pleasure; the rest of it was most dreary and uncongenial.

The meal is welcome, for I brought but little from Scotsbrig, not thinking to need more. When I dine in the middle of the day, however, I can take my old supper of porridge, provided I feel up to the bother of making it myself. So I have my porridge, while Mr. C. takes his more unsubstantial breadberry—so I call it—Anne calls it 'Master's pap'!

We have beautiful weather again, and I get out for a drive in an omnibus. The Scotsbrig gig would be nicer, but anything is better than walking, when one feels like an eel in the matter of backbone. I go in an omnibus from the bottom of our street to the end of its line, and just come back again; thus realising some fourteen miles of shaking at the modest cost of one shilling. Mr. C.'s horse gives him the highest satisfaction; he says it is a quite remarkable combination of courage and sensibility. The Secretary, too, would do well enough if he could only

give over 'sniffing through his nose.' The canaries are the happiest creatures in the house; the dog next.

Kind regards to your husband and Margaret.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 175.

Monday, May 4, 1857.—At Paris, on her way home from Nice, Lady Ashburton (born Lady Harriet Montague) suddenly died: suddenly to the doctors and those who believed them; in which number, fondly hoping against hope, was I. A sad and greatly interesting event to me and to many! The most queen-like woman I had ever known or seen. The honour of her constant regard had for ten years back been among my proudest and most valued possessions—lost now; gone—for ever gone! This was our first visit to Addiscombe after. I rode much about with Lord A. in intimate talk, and well recollect this visit of perhaps a week or ten days, and of the weeks that preceded and followed. How well I still remember the evening Richard Milnes brought down the news; the moonlit streets, and dirge-like tone of everything, as I walked up to Lady Sandwich's door and asked for the weak, devoted, aged mother. In no society, English or other, had I seen the equal or the second of this great lady that was gone; by nature and by culture *facile princeps* she, I think, of all great ladies I have ever seen.

My Jane's miserable illness now over, a visit to Haddington was steadily in view all summer. July 7.—Craik from Belfast, with his daughters, was here holidaying; had decided on flying to Edinburgh by some unrivalled and cheap excursion train, and persuaded her to go with them. I accompanied to Euston Square; had dismal omens of the 'unrivalled,' which were fully realised through the night.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank, Haddington: Wednesday, July 8, 1857.

Oh, mercy! Lord be thanked! 'Good times, and bad times, and all times pass over.' Last night is passed over, like an excessively bad dream; and I am sitting here in cleanness and quiet, announcing my safety so far. But it

is a wonder that somebody else has not rather to announce my death by 'bad air.' Oh, my dear! you saw all those people in one box, sixteen of them! Well, imagine that they closed every window and slit, except the fourth window, commanded by Georgina[1] and me. Not one breath of air to be had all night except in holding one's head out of the window. Craik and his offsprings[2] were very attentive and kind, and I ate my cold fowl wing, and drank a little brandy and water; and the large Scotchman offered me 'his shoulder to rest on, if it would be of any service;' but what availed all that against 'a polluted atmosphere'? How it happened that everybody got through the night alive I can't explain; nay, everybody but Craik, one of his girls, and myself, slept the sleep of the just! By the way, you may tell Mr. Larkin 'snoring' is not audible in a railway train. My chief torment proceeded from the tendency to sleep produced by the atmosphere getting itself overcome by the upright position, with no rest for the head. It 'was cheap,' but I did not 'like it,'[3] and have seldom been thankfuller than when I found myself the only living creature visible at the Dunbar station, after the Craiks had streamed away. I washed my face with Eau-de-Cologne, and combed my dishevelled hair in a little, cold, tidy waiting-room; and in about an hour my train came and picked me up, and set me down at Haddington station soon after nine, where the carriage was duly waiting.

I never saw the country about here look so lovely, but I viewed it all with a calm about as morbid as was my excitement last year. Dear Miss Jess received me with open arms in a room with a bright fire, and the prettiest breakfast-table set out. Miss Donaldson does not come down till eleven. They are the same heavenly kind crea-

[1] Craik. [2] Both (*supra.*)
[3] Famous Dr Reid on whisky punch.

tures, and there is no falling off even in looks since last year. I am not going out of the house again to-day, but I cannot write, I am so wearied! oh, so dreadfully wearied! Being hindered from sleeping is quite another thing from not being able to sleep.

I hope you found a fire when you got home, and some reasonable good tea. If you could fancy me in some part of the house out of sight, my absence would make little difference, considering how little I see of you, and how preoccupied you are when I do see you.

Do you know I had yester-even a presentiment I should die before I got back? Those things Lord Ashburton brought had shivered me all through, and the first thing we met was a coffin. I was so nervous that I wanted to scream, but the physical weariness had quashed down that nonsense.

Oh! be kind to Nero, and slightly attentive to the canaries, and my poor little nettle and gooseberry bush. Moreover, tell Anne she will find Mrs. Cook's bill in my blot-book; I forgot to give it to her. I also forgot to bring my boa; tell Anne, please, to shake it every two or three days, and to leave the fur jacket exposed to the air where I placed it, and shake it and the great fur coat downstairs frequently. She let the moths get into my fur last year. A kiss to Nero.

I wonder how you are getting along.

God keep you.

Affectionately yours,
JANE W. CARLYLE.

I wish you would thank Lord Ashburton for me. I couldn't say anything about his kindness in giving me those things, which she had been in the habit of wearing. I felt so sick and so like to cry, that I am afraid I seemed quite stupid and ungrateful to him.

LETTER 176.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Haddington: July 14, 1857.

Good morning, dear! I wonder if you are 'quite happy and comfortable' this morning? or—what shall I say—'contrairy'? Perhaps I may have a letter by the midday post; your last came by it. But it is best, in my own writing, to take time 'by the forelock;' his pigtail is so apt to come away in one's hand! Indeed, I have less time for letter-writing here than might be thought, considering the quiet monotony of the life I lead. I am 'called' at eight by their clock; but in reality at half-past seven; and at a quarter after eight (in reality) Miss Jess and I sit down to breakfast: tea, eggs, brown bread and honey-comb. This is Miss Jess's best talking time, and we sit till ten or so. From that till eleven I may write, or darn my stockings, or meditate on things in general, without being missed.

At eleven the carriage comes round, and both ladies go a drive of two miles along the Dunbar Road! I accompany them; and, having set them down at their own door again, I go a long drive by myself. That is my chief entertainment during the day. Nowhere in the world that I know of are there such beautiful drives; and I recognise places that I had seen in my dreams, the recollection of them having been preserved in my sleep long after it had passed out of my waking mind.

I come in just in time to change my dress and rest before dinner at three; a dinner always 'very good to eat' (as you say) and of patriarchal simplicity. Alway strawberries and cream *ad libitum!* Between dinner and tea (at six) I talk to Miss Donaldson, and I take a little walk, to the churchyard or some place that I care for. After tea talking again, or I read aloud—excessively loud (I read

them your Nigger Question, much to Miss Donaldson's approval and delight); and before supper (of arrowroot milk) at half-past nine, I have run down every evening to speak a few words of encouragement to my poor unlawful cousin in her sick bed. I think she would recover if she could overcome the effects of the frightful quantity of mercury Mr. Howden has given her. My heavens, what my father would have said to him! At ten, bed!!

I am so grieved to find the fair, which used to be held to-day, has turned into a mere cattle-fair; no booths with toys and sweeties![1] and I had set my heart on buying a pair of waxen babes of the wood covered with moss (by imaginary robins), in a little oval spale-box,[2] which used to be my favourite fairing. Last night, however, I bought a —hedgehog from a wee boy. I thought I might take it home in my carpet-bag to eat the cockroaches. Perhaps I will think better of it!

I imagine Miss Jess was so inspirited by my presence that last Sunday she 'took a notion' of going to church. She had not been there for years. Of course I had to go with her. As it was to 'the chapel' I didn't so much mind. I should not have liked to sit in a strange seat in our own church. I found the poor little whitewashed bare-boarded chapel transformed into a little blossom of Puseyite taste! Painted glass windows! Magnificent organ! Airs from the opera of 'Acis and Galatea'! the most snow-white and ethereal of surplices! and David Roughead (he of the 'fertile imagination') chanting his responses behind us, and singing 'a deep bass,' and tossing off his A—mĕns! in a jaunty style, that gave me a strong desire to box his ears.

Give my compliments to Anne; the usual kiss to my 'blessed' dog. Your affectionate

J. W. C.

[1] Anglican comfits. [2] 'Spale' is joiner's shaving, *spill.*

LETTER 177.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank: Thursday, July 23, 1857.

The pens you made me, dear, are all ground down on this lime-paper, and I am obliged to write now with the backs, which has a perverse effect on my ideas, and my ideas are rather awry to begin with. I feel provoked that, having 'made an effort' like this to get well, I do not succeed in doing it effectually and at once. 'Very absurd.' I ought to be thankful for ever so little amendment; above all, even if no cure should be worked on me by all this fresh air, and sweet milk, and riding in carriages, and having my own entire humour out, I ought to be thankful for the present escape from that horrid sickness, which nobody that has not felt it can know the horror of.

Though my nights are no better than they were at Chelsea—indeed, worse latterly—still it is only oppression and weariness I feel during the day; not that horrid feeling as if death were grasping at my heart. But, 'oh, my!' what a shame, when you are left alone there with plenty of smoke of your own to consume, to be puffing out mine on you from this distance! It is certainly a questionable privilege one's best friend enjoys, that of having all one's darkness rayed out on him. If I were writing to—who shall I say?—Mr. Barlow, now, I should fill my paper with 'wits,' and elegant quotations, and diverting anecdotes; should write a letter that would procure me laudation sky-high, on my 'charming, unflagging spirits,' and my 'extraordinary freshness of mind and feelings;' but to you I cannot for my life be anything but a bore.

I went and drank tea with Mrs. David Davidson, the worst-used woman I ever knew; and at seventy-eight years of age she hasn't a drop of gall in her whole composition,

and is as serene as if she had never had a sorrow. She has still the same servant, Mary Jeffrys, who was with her when I was a child; she has served her with the same relish for fifty years. 'Ye dinna find us as perfect as I could wuss,' she (Mary) said to me (the house was clean as a new pin); 'but I'm as wullin as ever to work, only no just sae able.' At the door she called after me: 'Ye'll find us ay here while we're to the fore; but it's no unco lang we can expect to get bided.' I don't think either mistress or maid could survive the other a month.

To-night, again, I go out to tea, at Miss Brown's; and on Saturday night at the Sheriffs', who were at school with me. On Monday I go to Mrs. Binnie's; on Tuesday to Craigenvilla, Morningside; and on Wednesday to Auchtertool.

I have a most affectionate letter from Lady Airlie, but I hardly think I shall go so far.

Compliments to Anne. Your care of the live stock does 'credit to your head and hort.'[1]

Affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 178.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank: Sunday, July 26, 1857.

Thanks for your note, meant to be very soothing, I can see; but it rather soothes me the wrong way of the hair somehow—makes me feel I had been making a baby of myself, and a fractious baby. Well, never mind, as Miss Madeline Smith[2] said to old Dr. Simpson, who attended her during a short illness in prison, and begged to use 'the privilege of an old man, and speak to her seriously at

[1] Poor Lady Bulwer, quizzing (her mother-in-law), in a mad mood, where also were 'Fuz' = Forster, &c. &c.

[2] The Glasgow murderess.

parting,' 'My dear doctor, it is so good of you. But I won't let you trouble yourself to give me advice, for I assure you I have quite made up my mind to turn over a new leaf!' That is fact. Simpson told it to Terrot, who told me.

And so I have made up my mind to turn over a new leaf, and no more give words to the impatient or desponding thoughts that rise in my mind about myself. It is not a natural vice of mine, that sort of egoistical babblement, but has been fostered in me by the patience and sympathy shown me in my late long illness. I can very easily leave it off, as I did smoking, when I see it to be getting a bad habit.

But about Miss Smith I have one thing to tell you which I think you will be rather glad of, as giving the death-stroke to testimonials. The Glasgow merchants are actually raising a subscription (it has reached nine thousand pounds) 'to testify their sympathy for her.' One man, a Mr. D——, has given a thousand himself—he had better marry her, and get poisoned. Not that I believe the girl guilty of the poisoning; but she is such a little incarnate devil that the murder don't go for much in my opinion of her.

Haddington has half the honour of having produced this cockatrice. I knew her great-grandmother—a decent, ancient woman, called 'Mealy Janet,' never to be seen but with a bag of flour under each arm. She was mother to the 'Mr. Hamilton, architect of Edinburgh,' and to one of the most curious figures in my childhood, Mysie Hamilton, or 'Meal Mysie' (she continuing her mother's flour trade); she spoke with a loud *man's* voice, that used to make us children take to our heels in terror when we heard it. I remember the boys said Mysie was a —— but what that was I hadn't a notion, nor have I yet; my mother thought her a good woman, and once by way of

lark, invited her to tea. I bought a pamphlet the other day containing the whole 'trial,' on the very spot where Mysie Hamilton sold her flour, now a book-shop.

I was in our own house yesterday. They have new papered the drawing-room and dining-room. But the paint we left on it is still the same, and perfectly new-looking, after some forty years. My father always had everything done effectually. There are no such doors as those painted wainscoat ones that I ever saw, with their eight coats of paint and as many of varnish. The old drawing-room still looks to me a beautiful room, independent of associations. But a full-length portrait of Mr. Howden, leaning like Sir David Baird on his horse's neck, was over the mantel-piece, vulgarising everything by its groom-like presence.[1] I gave young Dr. Howden, who lives there still, the large photograph of Woolner's Medallion,[1] in the secret expectation it would be hung up in that dear old room which still feels mine.

> And my youth was left behind
> For some one else to find.[2]

The young girl-wife who lives there is very lovely, and writes poetry—God help her!

I adhere to my programme of leaving to-morrow, &c., but have promised to stop here again on my way home. I could not help it, when I saw those dear old women crying about my going so soon.

[No room for signature. Two flower-leaves—petals—inclosed.]

LETTER 179.

Archy something, an enthusiast Annandale pedlar, gone half mad with theology and horror of mad dogs, was gratefully supping porridge and milk in a wealthy farmer's kitchen one summer evening, intending to lodge there, when a mischievous maid servant whis-

[1] Of me. [2] *Supra*, my wrong recollection.

pered to another, 'Was that the bowl the stranger dog had?' as audibly to Archy as the 'Whist, whist!' (hush) of answer was. Archy sprang to his feet, snatched his pack, and ran through the wilderness many miles incessantly towards the cottage of a brother whom he had there. In the dead of the night a knock at the window was heard: brother asking who? what? Archy answered 'I'm degenerating.'

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Auchtertool: Monday, Aug. 3, 1857.

Oh, heaven! or rather, oh, the other place! 'I am degenerating from a woman into a dog, and feel an inclination to bark—bow wow! wow!' Ever since I came here I have been passing out of one silent rage into another at the things in general of this house. Viewed from the invalid point of view, they are enough really to make one not only bark but bite; were it not that, in other people's houses, one has to assume the muzzle of politeness. The best intentions always unfortunate. The finest possibilities yielding zero, or worse. The maximum of bother to arrive at the minimum of comfort (so far as I am concerned). Is it possible that the change of a cook can make the difference betwixt now and last summer? or is it the increased irritability of my nerves that makes it? or are my cousins getting stupefied for want of anything to stir their souls on this hilltop? The devil knows best how it comes, but 'I, as one solitary individual,' find no satisfaction in the arrangements here, though 'there need be no reflections for want of roses,' and, 'beautiful views,' and 'pure air'! And it is not only my soul that protests but my body; I sleep shockingly, and the sickness has come back. How little Mary has escaped dying under these late and irregular hours, and bad bread, and all the rest of the 'much ado about nothing,' and 'don't you wish you may get it,' here, is a wonder to me, and I don't think much of her doctor.

When I looked at him and his ways intently, the other day, with a half-thought to consult him myself about certain things, he 'left me cold,'[1]—very cold indeed, and, 'with a decided preference,' for nature! Hadn't I better be going then? Decidedly; 'being an only child,' I have 'no wish' to stay. But then, 'that damned thing called the milk of human kindness,'[2] not being yet all gone to sour curd in me, I would not show any unfeeling impatience to be gone; where I am treated (though God knows how injudiciously) most kindly according to their light and ability.

I have written to Lady Airlie declining the honour proposed to me, which looked, on consideration, something of the Irishman's bottomless-Sedan sort. Also I have declined a pressing invitation to Thornhill. My flesh quivered at the thought of going through that again, in my present weakness of body and mind. But I mean to stop some days—a week perhaps—with my aunts; who are really good, intelligent companions when they keep off their hobby, and where I am well cared for materially. They have a good, plain house, and keep early hours and to a moment, and seem really pleased to have me. I never saw women more improved by keeping! I had been thinking to try a week's sea-bathing before you suggested it; and perhaps shall go for a week to Portobello or North Berwick. At all events, I go back, if I am spared, to Sunny Bank to start from there for London. I could not get away without promising that, and shall be very glad of another breath of my 'native air'—I shouldn't wonder if it were the last till it blows over my grave; for when one of these dear old women dies, the other will follow fast; and they, too, gone, I don't think, if I even

[1] Mazzini.

[2] 'That damned thing called the "Milk of human kindness." Sea-captain thanked God he had nothing of,' &c. Spedding's story.

lived long, I should ever have the courage or wish to go back more.

Yours affectionately,
JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 180.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Auchtertool: Monday, Aug. 10, 1857.

Oh, my dear!—I am so sorry to think of your having been all alone there with Anne 'dreadfully ill!' As it has turned out, it was better that you did not tell me; for certainly I should have at once flown off to the rescue, and arrived only to complicate your difficulties by falling 'dreadfully ill' myself. Still, the confidence in all being well (figuratively speaking), so long as I hear nothing to the contrary, is done for by this concealment. So it will be for my peace of mind to be making no further move that is not a move homeward. My consolation, under the images of your discomfort that present themselves, is of that melancholy sort produced by 'two afflictions.'[1] I have been in such a way myself for the last week, that I could have done no good to you, Anne, or myself by being 'at my post'! The physical pain has been over for three days, but followed by such horrible depression of spirits that it felt as if one degree more of it would make me hang or drown myself. I could not write to you anything but articulate moans and groans, with a sprinkling of execrations! And so I preferred letting down the valve and consuming my own smoke. The last two nights I have had better sleep; and to-day I feel a little more up to living, though still far enough from 'doing the hoping of the family.'

Walter is going to give me a drive. Since Friday I

[1] 'Two afflictions.'—'Deux afflictions mises ensemble peuvent devenir une consolation.'

have not had any exercise. Jeannie, with her 'child of miracle' and its two attendants, is still expected to-morrow, and I have fixed my departure for Thursday, which is as much giving in to family proprieties as could reasonably be expected of me. I have not named any time for my stay at Morningside—will 'leave it open' (as you say); but, even should I thrive there, I don't think of more than a week. And another week at Sunny Bank will make as much 'outing' as should suffice for this year! For the rest, I may give myself the same comfort about my travels that I used to give you about your horse, when you were saying it did you 'next to no good;' I 'can't tell how much worse' I should have been had I stayed through all that heat of London. Certainly I have had nothing to suffer from heat, whatever else.

Oh, those Indian women! It seems sinful of one to complain of anything in face of their dreadful fate, and their mothers and sisters at home![1] It is difficult to reconcile such things with the belief that God takes care of every individual He has made!—that 'God is Love!' Love? It isn't much like a world ruled by Love, this. My dear, I am tempted to write a good deal of blasphemy just at this moment. 'Better not!'

Thanks for writing so often. If you saw your letters received, you would think them very important to me, surely; or that I am certainly too weak and nervous 'for anything' (as they say in Lancashire). The last two or three letters I turned quite sick at the sight of, and had to catch at a chair and sit down trembling before I could open and read them. This is 'a plain unvarnished' fact. And yet I was frightened for nothing in particular that I could have put into words. If you had put a loaded pistol to me, and required me to tell on my life what was agitating me to such a degree, I could have said nothing more lucid than

[1] Indian Mutiny, and such news of its horrors!

that I didn't know whether there mightn't be some word in the letter that I would rather hadn't been there, or that the tone of the letter might show you were ill or uncomfortable, or that, in short, I couldn't guess whether it would make me gladder or sadder. But for a rational creature to be at the point of fainting with no more reason than that! 'A poor, miserable wretch with no stamina!' (as old Sterling used to say).

Address to Craigenvilla, Morningside.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. C.

LETTER 181.

'Child of Glory,' absurd phrase in somebody's translation from poor Zacharias Werner, much commented upon at Comely Bank (I being thought concerned) by a certain Madame Viaris, zealous and honest Pomeranian, wife of an ex-Napoleon officer, whom and their one boy she honourably supported by teaching German. Reciting or reading in a high shrieky tone the original of Werner, she exclaimed passionately, at every turn, 'But where is the Child of Glory?' and got no answer, except in assenting smiles and long-continued remembrance.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Auchtertool: Thursday, Aug. 13, 1857.

My packing is just finished, dear; my dinner will be up in five minutes; and then I am off to Kirkcaldy to catch the three o'clock train. The day is very calm, so I hope to escape sickness; anyhow I shall be glad to have saved myself from 'The Child of Glory,' and its court. And as one hopes for relief, when one is feverish in bed, from turning on the other side, so I look forward to Morningside with a certain thankfulness. At all events it is near Sunny Bank, and Sunny Bank is on the road to London.

Jeannie and her suite did not arrive till yesterday. The baby is about three finger-lengths long; the two nurses

nearly six feet each. Five packing cases came before them by the carrier, and as many portmanteaus and carpet-bags in the carriage with them. 'Did you ever?' 'No, I never!' I have kept my temper with all this nonsense wonderfully, to outward appearance at least. But it is only the speedy prospect of getting far away from it that has enabled me to keep from bursting out into swearing.

I hoped to have had leisure to write at decent length yesterday afternoon or to-day; but one can't get on with anything in this infernal hubbub. So I just scribble this little note to put in the post-office on my way out to Morningside, that you may know I have 'crossed' without accident. The Morningside post leaves early I believe.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 182.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Craigenvilla: Saturday, Aug. 15, 1857.

Now then, 'thanks God,' I am back into the regions of common sense; have a nice little 'my-foot-is-on-my-native-heath-and-my-name's-Macgregor' feeling. The lungs of my soul begin to play, after having been all but asphyxiated with tarnation folly. Such a scene of waste, and fuss, and frivolity, and vanity, and vexation of spirit, I desire not to set my foot in again on this side of time. 'All sailing down the stream of time into the ocean of eternity, for the devil's sake. Amen!' I am sure it wasn't my irritability. Looking back on it coolly from here, I am as much disgusted as when I was in it.

I was taken to the Kirkcaldy station instead of Burnt Island, Walter having business there. Of course the first person I saw there was Mr. William Swan; and he was 'crossing' too, and took me under his ample wing. The

sea was as smooth as a looking-glass, and I wasn't upset the least in the world. When my cab stopped at the gate here everybody ran out to meet me—three aunts, maid, and the very cat, with whom I am in high favour; it came purring about my feet, and whipping my leg with its tail; but you needn't say a word of that to Nero. I respect his too sensitive feelings. They made me quite comfortable, and got me warm tea in no time. We had just finished when another cab drove to the gate, out of which leaped John [1] from Richmond, and one of his mother's sisters. I rushed off to open the house-door to him, and you should have seen how he started and stared. He looked dreadfully weak still, poor fellow! and coughed much, but not so incessantly as when we parted in London. He told my aunts I looked better. They gave me nice porridge to supper, and plenty of milk—not turned, as every drop of milk and cream at Auchtertool was; and I have slept better both the nights I have been here.

By the time I get done with this, and Sunny Bank, I shall be heartily glad to get home. Betty says, 'My dear, ye just toiled yersel last year; oh, ye mauna do that again!' And I don't mean to. Nobody knows what going into Dumfriesshire is for me. Haddington I have now got used to—like the pigs—to a certain extent; but Thornhill! Oh, mercy!

Grace got hold of your proof-sheet [2] yesterday, and shut herself up in her bedroom to read it. I knocked at the door to say something, and she opened it with spectacles on, and the open sheet in her hand, looking so fierce at being interrupted. She thought I was the maid. Her opinion is, 'It will be a remarkably interesting work,—really very interesting; she can see that by even this much.' They all send you their kind regards and say, 'Tell him to come down.' Don't they wish they may get it.

[1] Her clever cousin. [2] *Hist.*, vol. i. and ii., Friedrich.—J. A. F.

Your letter has come since I began this. And, *ach!* since I began this, I have recollected to-morrow is Sunday; but you will get it on Monday morning. I sent the photograph to Isabella a week ago.

Compliments to Ann; and no end of kisses to Nero.

Yours affectionately,

J. W. C.

LETTER 183.

This is the last (and perhaps the first, and pretty much the one) bit of pure sunshine that visited my dark and lonesome, and in the end quite dismal and inexpressible, enterprise of Frederick; the rest was all darkness, solitude; air leaden coloured, frozen rain, sound of subterranean torrents, like Balder's ride to the Death Kingdom, 'needing,' as I often said, the obstinacy of ten mules for ten or thirteen years at that time of life. Except a small patch of writing by Emerson, this is the only bit of human criticism in which, across the general exaggeration, I could discover real lineaments of the thing. Very memorable was this of her to me, and will for ever be. How memorable are all these letters of 1857, and my silent moods (deep sorrow and toil, tinted with gratitude and hope) in those summer months! Two china seats (little china barrel-shaped things) in the garden here, which were always called 'Noble-men,' from a spiteful remark of Anne's about the purchase of them. My midnight 'smoke' there, looking up into the empyrean and the stars. Ah me!—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Craigenvilla, Edinburgh: Monday, Aug. 24, 1857.

Oh, my dear! What a magnificent book this is going to be! The best of all your books. I say so, who never flatter, as you are too well aware; and who am 'the only person I know that is always in the right!'[1] So far as it is here before me, I find it forcible and vivid, and sparkling as 'The French Revolution,' with the geniality and

[1] 'Faut avouer, ma chère, je ne trouve que moi qui aie toujours raison,' said Madame Lafayette.

composure and finish of 'Cromwell'—a wonderful combination of merits! And how you have contrived to fit together all those different sorts of pictures, belonging to different sorts of times, as compactly and smoothly as a bit of the finest mosaic! Really one may say, of these two first books at least, what Helen said of the letters of her sister who died—you remember?—'So splendidly put together one would have thought that hand couldn't have written them!'

It was the sheets that hindered me from writing yesterday; though I doubt if a letter posted at Morningside (the Scotch *Campo Santo*) yesterday (Sunday) would have reached you sooner than if posted to-day. Certainly it is a devil of a place for keeping the Sunday, this! Such preaching and fasting, and 'touting and praying,' as I was never before concerned in! But one never knows whence deliverance is to come any more than misfortune. I was cut out of all, or nearly all, my difficulties yesterday by the simple providential means of—a bowel complaint! It was reason enough for staying away from church; excuse enough for declining to be read to; and the loss of my dinner was entirely made up for by the loss of my appetite! Nothing could have happened more opportunely! Left at home with Pen (the cat), when they had gone every one to her different 'Place of Worship,' I opened my desk to write you a letter. But I would just take a look at the sheets first. Miss Jess had put a second cover on the parcel, and forwarded it by railway on Saturday night; and I had not been able to read then, by the gaslight, which dazzles my eyes. It is one of the little peculiarities of this house that there isn't a candle allowed in it of any sort—wax, dip, moulded, or composite! Well, I took up the sheets and read 'here a little and there a little,' and then I began at the beginning and never could stop till I had read to the end, and pretty well learnt it by

heart. I was still reading when Church came out, and so my letter got nipt in the bud. If it is so interesting for me, who have read and heard so many of the stories in it before, what must it be to others to whom it is all new? the matter as well as the manner of the narrative! Yes, you shall see, it will be the best of all your books—and small thanks to it! It has taken a doing!

I suppose you are roasting again. Here there has been no such heat since I came north as in the last three days—mercury at 75° in the shade yesterday. But there is plenty of east wind to keep one from suffocating, provided one can get it without the dust. I used to fancy Piccadilly dusty; but, oh, my, if you saw the Morningside Road!

I must tell you a compliment paid me before I conclude. A lady I hadn't seen for twenty years came to call for me. 'You were ill I heard,' she said. 'Ah, yes, it is easy to see you have suffered! an entire wreck, like myself.' Then, looking round on my three aunts, 'Indeed, like all of us!!'

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

What of Lady Sandwich? You never mention her. Fleming[1] at Raith! I should have been as astonished to meet *him* in Kirkcaldy, as to meet Tiger Wull's[2] 'finest blackcock that ever stepped the streets of Greenock!'

LETTER 184.

In final settlement of heritage into equal parts, John Welsh, senior, totally omitted her (*i.e.* her father, who was eldest, and had been the benefactor and stay of all the family), of which I remember she wrote at the time to me, nobly sorrowful—not ignobly then or ever, in that case or in any.—T. C.

[1] Fleming—Old fogie of fashion; once Charles Buller's 'attached.'

[2] 'Teeger Wull,' Tiger Will—William Dunlop, a well-known cousin of hers, one of the strangest men of his age, with an inexhaustible sense of fun. One friend promised another (according to Wull) 'the finest blackcock that,' &c.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Sunny Bank: Friday, August 28, 1857.

Here I am, dear, an incarnation of 'the bad sixpence.' Sixteen miles nearer home, anyhow. I left Edinburgh at two yesterday, was at Longniddry by half-past two, and didn't get to Haddington till four. Such complete misunderstanding exists between the little Haddington cross-train and all other trains, that one may lay one's account with having to wait always three-quarters of an hour at the least. Then the waiting-room is 'too stuffy for anything,' and the seated structure outside expressly contrived for catching cold in; so that one is fain to hang about on one's legs in space.

The bother of all this, taken together with the excitement of my rapturous welcome, kept me awake in a high fever, till my doomed hour of four o'clock this morning—or something kept me awake that the devil only knows! It was such an arrival, after all: the servants waiting outside the house, smiling and saying, 'Glad to see you back, ma'am.' Miss Jess, tumbling into my arms on the threshold, 'faintly ejaculating' (as a novelist would say), 'Our Precious!' 'Our Beloved!' and beyond her my godmother, advancing with her hands stretched out, groping the air, and calling out in an excited way, 'Is that my bairn?'

The niece and grand-niece were discreet enough to keep upstairs till 'the first flush o' meeting' was over, but were very cordial when they appeared. To their credit I must say, they might easily take offence at the preference shown me. Even in the midst of these raptures my eye sought and discovered your letter on the usual table, but I refrained from opening it (paragon of politeness that I was!) till dinner was over, for which I had already kept them waiting an hour.

They think me looking much better. Indeed, my first

fortnight at Craigenvilla, with all its drawbacks of weekly fasts, inordinate reading to, gas, and water-cistern, was very good for my health, and, on the whole, pleasant to live. I cannot say which of my aunts was the kindest to me—they were all so kind. Grace knitted me a pair of such warm stockings while I was there; and Ann flowered me a most lovely collar; and Elizabeth procured a whole calf's stomach (!) for me (now in my carpet-bag) that I might have curds at home, as it was the thing I seemed to like best of all that they gave me to eat; and it was so pleasant talking about 'dear old long ago' with those who I felt (for the first time perhaps) had interests in common with me in it.

It was better so, surely, I thought, after our affectionate parting; far better so than if I had gone to law with them about that fraction of my grandfather's property I might have disputed, and even gained it, and put heart-burnings and resentment between my own father's sisters and me for evermore. A little true family affection is worth a great many hundreds of pounds, especially when one isn't needing pounds!

Since writing this sheet I have been to Dirleton Castle, and it is now dinner-time, and I must take my letter to the post office immediately after, or you won't hear of me till Tuesday. Yours affectionately,

JANE W. C.

No date fixed yet, or, indeed, to be spoken of for the moment.

LETTER 185.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank: Sunday, Aug. 30, 1857.

I am reading the sheets to them—they most likely will not live to see the finished book. You never saw more ardent listeners! My godmother, with her head bent for-

ward, hearkening with her blind eyes, as well as her ears, might sit for a picture of Attention. And every now and then one or other asks some question or makes some remark, that shows how intelligently they listen. Miss Jess said one good thing: 'To look merely to the wording—it is so brief, so concise, that one would expect some obscurity in the narrative, or at least that it would need a great effort of attention to understand it; instead of which the meaning is as clear as glass!' And Miss Donaldson said, 'I see more than ever in this, my dear, what I have always seen in Mr. Carlyle's books, and what I think distinguishes him from all the writers of the present day—a great love of truth; and, what is more' (observe the fine discrimination!), 'a perfect detestation of lies!'

I was afraid, having to read in a voice so high pitched, my reading would not do justice to the thing; but Miss Donaldson asked me last night, 'My dear, does Mr. Carlyle read what he writes to you bit by bit?' 'Oh, dear, no! he does not like reading aloud.' 'Then I suppose you read it often over to yourself? For I was noticing that in reading those sheets, you did it so natural-like, just as if it was coming out of your own head!'

I was dreaming last night about going to some strange house, among strange people, to make representations about cocks! I went on my knees at last, weeping, to an old man with a cast-metal face and grey hair; and while I was explaining all about how you were an author, and couldn't get sleep for these new cocks, my auditor flounced off, and I became aware he was the man who had three serpent-daughters, and kept people in glass bottles in Hoffman's Tale!' I forgot his name, but knew it well enough in my dream.

A kiss to Nero. Yours ever,

J. W. C.

[1] *Archivarius Lindhorst:* 'Oh, my beautiful little darling! was there ever a prettier dream, bad or good?'

LETTER 186.

T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Sunny Bank: Wednesday, September 2, 1857.

Oh, my dear, my dear! you give me the idea of a sensible Christian man making himself into a spinning dervish. Oh, 'depend upon't, the slower thou ridest, the faster thou'lt get,' &c. These dinings 'before sunset,' teas 'about ten,'—don't I know what comes of all that, and that what comes of it is 'eventually,' 'rale mental agony in your own inside'?[1] hardly to be assuaged by blue pill and castor oil at a great expense of inward life. If I hadn't been coming home at any rate, your last letter would have determined me to come, just to put a spoke in your wheel, that you mayn't, like a furious grinding-stone, fly all off in sand.

It will be a great nuisance to you, I know, when you have got the bridle of time shaken off your head, about your heels, and your face to the wind, to be again in harness with a little steady-going animal, that looks to have her corn and her mashes regular, or lies down in the road.

But bless you, if you hadn't had a counter-pull on you in the direction of order, and regularity, and moderation, and all that stupid sort of thing, where would you have been by this time? Tell me that! Oh, how I wish I were home, that horrid journey over! Eliza Donaldson says, 'Not like the journey, Mrs. Carlyle? how odd!' I declare it is a consolation for having one's nerves 'all gone to smithers,' to see how stolid and unlovable good health makes people, with the best intentions too.

I have broken to Miss Jess the fact that I am going next week, on Tuesday or Wednesday; and before that time I shall surely have made up my mind about the train.

[1] Servant Helen's phrase.

Never fear, but I shall go by first-class this time. Only which first-class? Haddington is most inconveniently situated as to the railway, which is the reason of those strange delays of letters. No express train stops at Longniddry. Well, well, as Nancy at Craigenputtock said of Elliot's descent from the roof, 'Pooh! his own weight will bring him down.'[1] I shall get home surely by some force of gravitation or other.

I haven't got through the American novel yet. It is a curious book; very nearly a good book but spoiled, like old Sterling's famous carriage, by pretending to be too many different things all in one. It is 'Quinland' (a novel), or it is 'Varieties of American Life.' Then it is an allegory (himself tells us that) symbolising the Marriage of Genius and Religion. Then it is a note-book of Mr. White, or White's opinions of all the authors he has studied, and all the general reflections he has ever made. Then it is an American Wilhelm Meister. Then it is Mr. White's realised Ideal of—a new Christian Bible! And, finally, one doesn't know what it is or is not; any more than whether the style is a flagrant imitation of you, or of Goethe, or of Jean Paul, or of Emerson. Happily it 'isn't of the slightest consequence' which.

Yours ever affectionately,

J. W. C.

LETTER 187.

Printing of Friedrich, first two volumes, now well advanced. Christmas was spent among the most refractory set of proof sheets I expect in this world.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Christmas Day, 1857.

My dear Mary,—I understood that your brother would write himself to-day, to announce the safe arrival of your

[1] Our 'jack-of-all-trades' servant.

box, the contents of which were exhibited to him in succession last night. When it came to the goose, carried in on my arms like a strange new kind of baby (with that belly-band about it!), he burst into such a laugh! 'That fellow I think has got his quietus' (he said).

But now he has just come down, and is off for his ride, and when I asked 'had he written to Mary?' he exclaimed wildly that he had 'fifteen hours of the most awful work of correcting proofs ahead of him, that I who had nothing to do should have written to Mary!' With all the pleasure in life! had I known in time, instead of within just half an hour of post-time—from which is to be subtracted ten minutes for putting on my things and running to the post-office! But better a line than no letter at all till to-morrow—you thinking the while that those blessed birds may be coming to harm from being too long on the road!

No, my dear! one 'Chucka' is boiling at this moment for the master's dinner (I dine on anything at two o'clock; not being up to waiting for Mr. C.'s six or seven o'clock dinners). But I had one of the eggs to my breakfast, and it was the very best and biggest I ever ate in my life! There were only two broken, and not wasted even these; I lifted up the yolks, which lay quite round and whole, in a spoon (for puddings).

I wish I had begun in time, for I had plenty of things to say; but I must keep for this time to mere acknowledgment of your present—another day I may tell you the rest.

Yours ever affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 188.

She returned to me Wednesday evening, September 9, evidently a little better, says the record. Her winter was none of the best; end of the year she is marked very feckless, though full of spirit.

I, deep all the while in Frederick proofs and fasheries, hoping to have all ended—of these two volumes—by the end of May, which term in effect was nearly kept.

In January 1858, we had engaged to a week at the Grange with Lord Ashburton, from which my poor Jeannie (trouble with servants, &c., superadding itself) was obliged to excuse herself and send me alone, who only stayed three days. This, her dear letter during these, which except two tragic moments—first entrance to the empty drawing-room in silence of dusk; then another evening Lady Sandwich and Miss Baring new hanging the pictures there —have left no trace whatever with me.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at the Grange.

Cheyne Row: Monday, January 18, 1858.

My dear! 'Ye mann joost excuse us the day!' I have an aching head come to fraternise with my aching side, and between the two am 'very much detached;' can't easily sit still to write. For the rest, even Geraldine couldn't say of me that I am 'much happier for your being away.' I feel as forlorn as—'the maiden' that 'milked the cow with the crumpled horn.' My sickness and helplessness striving to 'keep up its dignity,' and, what is more to the purpose, to keep its temper in this atmosphere of systematic insolence and arsenical politeness, is one of those sufferings through which I suppose man (meaning woman) is 'made perfect,' or ought to be.

Then the poor little dog, who was to have been 'company to me,' is not recovered from the illness he took before you left. He seemed coming to himself yesterday forenoon, though still he had not tasted food since the last you gave him; and I stupidly let Mr. Piper take him to Fulham. He came home—carried most of the way, not able to keep his legs—his eyes extinct, his legs stretched out cold and stiff. He has lain ever since without moving, but he now looks at me when I stroke him, and his posture is more natural. You may fancy how many lucifers I lighted

through the night, when I *felt* him quite cold, and couldn't hear him breathing! Poor wee Nero! how glad I should be to hear him snoring, or seeing him over-eating himself again!

Please thank Lady Sandwich for the dear little letter I had from her this morning. I don't say 'dear' in the Lady A. sense, but really meaning it. I will write to her when I have got my head a little above all this troubled water. Also thank Lord Ashburton for the game (hare and pheasants). It gives one a taste of the pleasures of patronage, having such things to give away.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowe called to ask for me yesterday morning (Sunday) between ten and eleven, on their way to 'the Cottage.' Happily they found me in no muddle. In the middle of the day Geraldine walked in! She couldn't have managed to reappear at a more propitious moment for having her judgment commuted.

Just one packet of proofs. Though there is no sheet, I send it, in case you should stay over Wednesday. Don't hurry for me if you get good of the change. It will be all in my own interest your staying, if you come back better for it.

With Geraldine at hand, I don't suffer the same practical inconvenience from being confined to the house. I can send her on any message.

Love to Lady Sandwich.

Yours ever,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

For God's sake don't put such great patches of black wax on your letters, to me at least. My heart turned in my throat this morning; I thought it was some horrid news from Annandale.

LETTER 189.

Beginning of June, Friedrich quite off my hands. There were the usual speculations about sea quarters, covert from the heat, &c. (miserable feature of London life, needing to be disanchored every year, to be made comparatively a nomadic, quasi-Calmuck life). After much calculating, it is settled I am to go first to the Gill, afterwards to Germany, a second time; she, after settling home botherations, to go for Nithsdale, Mrs. Pringle, of Lann Hall, pressing to be her hostess. Evening of June 24, with four fat Glasgow gentlemen, submissively astonished at my passion for fresh air, set off, ride vigilant all night—the last time of my entering Scotland with anything of real hope, or other than affectionate gloom and pain.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Friday, June 25, 1858.

'And the evening and the morning were the first day!' 'Let alone,' with a sort of vengeance. Exhausted human nature could not desire more perfect letting alone! It was wonderful to reflect, while breakfasting at nine, that you had probably already breakfasted at the Gill in Scotland. After all, railways are a great thing, only inferior to 'the Princess of China's "flying bed,"' Prince Houssain's 'flying carpet,' and Fortunatus's 'wishing cap.' Transported over night from here to there; from Chancellor's dung-heap, the 'retired cheesemonger's dogs, and two-pence worth of nominal cream,' away to 'quiet, fresh air,' and 'milk without limit,' in one night! If it weren't for the four fat men in the carriage with you, wouldn't it be like something in a fairy tale?

Don't let your enjoyment of 'the country' be disturbed by thoughts of me still 'in town.' I won't stay here longer than I find it good for me. But what I feel to need at present is, above all things human and divine, rest from 'mental worry;' and nowhere is there such fair outlook

of that for me as just at home under the present conditions. 'The cares of bread'[1] have been too heavy for me lately; and the influx of 'cousins'[2] most wearing; and to see you constantly discontented, and as much so with me, apparently, as with all other things, when I have neither the strength and spirits to bear up against your discontent, nor the obtuseness to be indifferent to it—that has done me more harm than you have the least notion of. You have not the least notion what a killing thought it is to have put into one's heart, gnawing there day and night, that one ought to be dead, since one can no longer make the same exertions as formerly; that one was taken 'for better,' not by any means 'for worse;' and, in fact, that the only feasible and dignified thing that remains for one to do is to just die, and be done with it.[3]

Better, if possible, to recover some health of body and mind, you say. Well, yes; if possible. In that view I go with Neuberg this evening to view a field of hay.

Mrs. Welsh did not come yesterday—only a note from her to say she and John would be here on Saturday afternoon. Her journey to Scotland was 'all up,' she said; but no reason given. Not a word about the dear horse.[4] So I wrote to bid her remember to bring the receipt for him on Saturday. I shall regret his being sent for, for I foresee that if he goes he will be left behind, as the shortest way of settling the matter.

I have not spoken to a soul since you left but Charlotte;[5] only Lady Airlie called yesterday, and I was out. Charlotte is as kind and attentive as possible, and her speech is

[1] Mazzini, on his *Plot* expeditions.

[2] Maggie and Mary, of Auchtertool, had been to the Isle of Wight for winter; lately home again.

[3] Alas! alas! sinner that I am!

[4] Poor horse 'Fritz,' beautiful, stout, and loyal, had been nearly killed (on arsenic diet) by a villain here, and was now roaming in grass near Richmond.

[5] The new maid, a fine little Chelsea creature—courageously, with excellent discernment, and with very good success, now taken on trial.

remarkably sensible. She was observing yesterday morning that 'master looked rather dull at going away, and I can't say,' she added, 'that you look particularly brilliant (!) since his departure.'

I have got Mrs. Newnham's[1] little sick daughter lying out on the green to-day reading fairy tales, to her intense delight. Our green to her is grander than the Grange grounds to us.

No letters for you but one from Oxford, requiring information about India.[2] Nero is much astonished that you do not come down in the mornings to take him out. He runs upstairs and then down to me, and stares up in my face, saying as plainly as possible, 'did you ever?'

Give them at the Gill my kind regards.

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 190.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Sunday, June 27, 1858.

Dearest Mary,—It is so long since I wrote, and I have been so bothered and bewildered in the interval, that I can't recollect whether it is your turn or my own to write. But whosesoever turn it is, the silence is equally needing to be broken, and if I am the delinquent, I can only say I have had plenty of excuse for all my sins of omission of late weeks. First, my dear, the heat has really been nearer killing me than the cold. London heat! nobody knows what that is till having tried it; so breathless, and sickening, and oppressive, as no other heat I ever experienced is! Then the quantities of visitors rushing about me at this

[1] An astonishingly good old cook, who sometimes officiates here—curious Chelsea specimen too.

[2] Sent that to John Mill (after long years of abeyance), who kindly granted the young man 'a few minutes' interview.'

season, complicated by an influx of cousins, to be entertained on special terms, have taken out, in talk, my dregs of strength and spirit!

Then Mr. Carlyle, in the collapse from the strain of his book, and the biliousness developed by the heat, has been so wild to 'get away,' and so incapable of determining where to go, and when to go, that living beside him has been like living the life of a weathercock, in a high wind, blowing from all points at once!—sensibility superadded! —so long, at least, as he involved me in his 'dissolving views.' The imaginary houses, in different parts of the kingdom, in which I have had to look round me on bare walls, and apply my fancy to furnishing with the strength I have (!) (about equal to my canary's, which, every now and then, drops off the perch on its back, and has to be lifted up), would have driven me crazy, I think, if one day I hadn't got desperate, and burst out crying. Until a woman cries men never think she can be suffering. Bless their blockheadism! However, when I cried, and declared I was not strong enough for all that any more, Mr. C. opened his eyes to the fact, so far as to decide that, for the present, he would go to his sister's (the Gill), and let me choose my own course after. And to the Gill he went last Wednesday night, and since then I have been resting, and already feel better for the rest, even without 'change of air.'

What my own course will be I haven't a notion! The main point in my system of rest is, to postpone not only all doing, but all making up my mind to do; to reduce myself as much as possible to a state of vacant, placid idiotcy. That is the state, I am sure, a judicious doctor would recommend for the moment. When the time comes for wishing for change and action, it will be time to decide where to go. Meanwhile I shall see what being well let alone will do for my health. All the cousins are

gone now, the visitors going, no household cares ('cares of bread,' as Mazzini calls them), for, with no husband to study, housekeeping is mere play, and my young maid is a jewel of a creature. It seems to me the best chance I have had for picking up a little strength this good while.

I suppose you will be having my aunt Ann again soon. I hear from them very seldom. I should like so much if I could be set down there in 'the Princess of China's flying bed,' or on 'Prince Houssain's flying carpet,' to land at Thornhill, before the fine weather end; but the length of journey by rail terrifies me, especially the length of the journey back; Mrs. Pringle, I dare say, half expects me to visit her in August, for I have never said positively I would not, and she has pressed my coming most kindly. But to say where I will not go would require consideration and decision, as well as saying where I will go. And, as I have said, I mean to be an idiot for a time, postponing all mental effort.

Do write to me; I don't feel to know about you at all. Love to the doctor.

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 191.

T. Carlyle, The Gill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Sunday night, July 4, 1858.

Ach! what a three days and three nights I have had, dear! Jonah in the whale's belly could not have had worse. 'Brighton' still I suppose! I was not to get off from that adventure with only one night and day of torture. I must have caught cold that day, and had it unpronounced in my nerves till Friday, when it broke out in sore throat, headache, faceache, rheumatism all over, retching and fever! Certainly I had done nothing after to give me a cold. But that was folly enough. I

knew quite well that I was not fit for such an excursion; and yet I went, 'going whether I could or not.'[1] My only comfort was to be at home, and not transacting these horrors on a visit, or in a wretched sea-side lodging.

I had some sleep this morning, and the cold seems now concentrating in my head—not in my chest, which would have been a drearier prospect. Don't disturb yourself about my being ill in your absence—that is to say, about the absence part of it. Outside of myself I have nothing to complain of. Charlotte is much kinder and helpfuller than Anne was, and the comfort of talking with you now and then would have been counterbalanced in my present circumstances by 'the cares of bread.' Besides, I don't mean to be ill long, and once rid of this, won't I take care how I expose myself and over-fatigue myself again!

I can have as much society as I like, but I prefer none when I am ill; and I have these delightful volumes of Tourgueneff's to amuse me when I am up to being amused. I am gone 'into the country' 'at the shortest notice and on the cheapest terms' (as the undertakers' sign-boards have it). I have made the sideboard and large sofa change places, arranged the back parlour as a boudoir, filled up the folding doors with the screen, and look out on nothing but green leaves and the 'nobleman's seats!'[2] Moreover, the dunghill is quite suppressed; I have not felt a whiff of it since the letter was written. To be sure, the hot weather went with you; the last week has been like winter. I have a fire, so has Mrs. Hawkes, and the fur rug is again in action. I have surely more amusing things to tell you; but I must leave off for to-night. I am dead tired already. Besides, to-morrow I may have a letter from you to answer. Don't forget to tell me the address to put on the newspaper for America.

[1] Groom's phrase about a horse of mine.

[2] China barrel-shaped things (*supra*), p. 92.

Monday.

'Nothing for Craigenputtock to-day.'[1] Awell! you waited, I suppose, for an answer, you cross thing! And if my sore throat on Friday had turned to '*the* sore throat,' as I was half expecting, you might have waited long enough, and then wouldn't you have been '*vaixed*'?

Neuberg came on Saturday evening, and, being told I couldn't see anyone, he went up to the study 'to get some books.' Half an hour after, I was going to my bedroom, and came on him, standing quite noiselessly on the landing-place, so I had to take him in and give him a cup of my tea, which was ready; and then he had the sense to go.

I am rather better to-day; had about four hours' sleep, and came down to breakfast. It is still very cold. I look forward to spending the day under my fur rug, reading Tourgueneff—nobody to be let in but Mrs. Hawkes, who will come at four o'clock. I have a nice little fire opposite me in my back-room, and the prospect of the 'nobleman's seat.'

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 192.

NOTES OF A SITTER-STILL.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: Sunday night, July 11, 1858.

Botkin (what a name!), your Russian translator, has called. Luckily Charlotte had been forewarned to admit him if he came again. He is quite a different type from Tourgueneff, though a tall man, this one too. I should say he must be a Cossack—not that I ever saw a Cossack or heard one described, instinct is all I have for it. He has flattened high-boned cheeks—a nose flattened towards

[1] Postmaster at Dumfries (painfully civil).

the point—small, very black, deep-set eyes, with thin semi-circular eyebrows—a wide thin mouth—a complexion whity-grey, and the skin of his face looked thick enough to make a saddle of! He does not possess himself like Tourgueneff, but bends and gesticulates like a Frenchman.

He burst into the room with wild expressions of his 'admiration for Mr. Carlyle.' I begged him to be seated, and he declared 'Mr. Carlyle was the man for Russia.' I tried again and again to 'enchain' a rational conversation, but nothing could I get out of him but rhapsodies about you in the frightfullest English that I ever heard out of a human head! It is to be hoped that (as he told me) he reads English much better than he speaks it, else he must have produced an inconceivable translation of 'Hero Worship.' Such as it is, anyhow, 'a large deputation of the Students of St. Petersburg' waited on him (Botkin), to thank him in the strongest terms for having translated for them 'Hero Worship,' and made known to them Carlyle. And even the young Russian ladies now read 'Hero Worship,' and 'unnerstants it thor—lie.' He was all in a perspiration when he went away, and so was I!

I should like to have asked him some questions; for example, how he came to know of your Works (he had told me he had had to send to England for them 'at extreem cost'), but it would have been like asking a cascade! The best that I could do for him I did. I gave him a photograph of you, and put him up to carrying it in the top of his hat!

I don't think I ever told you the surprising visit I had from David Aitken[1] and Bess. I was so ill when I wrote after that all details were omitted. Charlotte had come to say one of the latch-keys was refusing to act. I went to

[1] Minister of Minto and wife (once Bess Stoddart), Bradfute's niece and heiress.

see what the matter was, and when we opened the door, behold, David at the bottom of the steps, and Bess preparing to knock! 'Is this Mrs. Carlyle's?' she asked of myself, while I was gazing dumfoundered. 'My goodness!' cried I. At the sound of my voice she knew me —not till then—though at my own door! and certainly the recognition was the furthest from complimentary I ever met. She absolutely staggered, screaming out, 'God preserve me, Jane! That you?' Pleasant! David coming up the steps brought a little calm into the business, and the call got itself transacted better or worse.

They were on their way home from Italy. Both seemed rather more human than last time, especially David, whose face had taken an expression of 'Peace on earth and goodwill unto men.' Bess had lost a tooth or two, was rather thinner, and her eyes hollower; otherwise much the same.

They invited me very kindly to Minto, and he seemed really in earnest.

July 16.

Surely, dear, the shortest, most unimportant note you can write is worth a bit of paper all to itself? Such a mixed MS., with flaps too, may be a valuable literary curiosity 'a hundred years hence,' but is a trial of patience to the present reader, who, on eagerly opening a letter from you, had not calculated on having to go through a process like seeking the source of the Niger, in a small way.

For the rest, you don't at all estimate my difficulties in writing a letter every day, when I am expected to tell how I am, and when 'I's ashamed to say I's no better.' Dispense me from saying anything whatever about my health; let me write always 'Notes,' and it would be easy for me to send you a daily letter. As easy at least as it is to be lively with the callers, who go away in doubt (like George Cooke) 'whether I am the most stoical of women, or whether there is nothing in the world the matter with me?'

But you want to be told how I sleep, &c. &c.; and can't you understand that having said twice, thrice, call it four times, 'I am sleeping hardly any, I am very nervous and suffering,' the fifth time that I have the same account to repeat, 'horrible is the thought to me,' and I take refuge in silence. Wouldn't you do the same? Suppose, instead of putting myself in the omnibus the other day, and letting myself be carried in unbroken silence to Richmond and back again, I had sat at home writing to you all the thoughts that were in my head? But that I never would have done; not a hundredth part of the thoughts in my head have ever been or ever will be spoken or written—as long as I keep my senses, at least.

Only don't you, 'the apostle of silence,' find fault with me for putting your doctrine in practice. There are days when I must hold my peace or speak things all from the lips outwards, or things that, being of the nature of self-lamentation, had better never be spoken.

My cold in the meanwhile? It is still carrying on, till Lonsdale coom,[1] in the shape of cough and a stuffed head; but it does not hurt me anywhere, and I no longer need to keep the house; the weather being warm enough, I ride in an omnibus every day more or less.

All last night it thundered; and there was one such clap as I never heard in my life, preceded by a flash that covered my book for a moment with blue light (I was reading in bed about three in the morning, and you can't think what a wild effect that blue light on the book had!). To-day it is still thundering in the distance, and soft, large, hot drops of rain falling. What of the three tailors?

I could swear you never heard of Madame —— de ——. But she has heard of you; and if you were in the habit of thanking God 'for the blessing made to fly over your head,'

[1] Cumberland old woman (*supra*).

you might offer a modest thanksgiving for the honour that stunning lady did you in galloping madly all round Hyde Park in chase of your 'brown wide-awake' the last day you rode there; no mortal could predict what the result would be if she came up with you. To seize your bridle and look at you till she was satisfied was a trifle to what she was supposed capable of. She only took to galloping after you when more legitimate means had failed.

She circulates everywhere, this madcap 'Frenchwoman.' She met 'the Rev. John' (Barlow), and said, when he was offering delicate attentions, 'There is just one thing I wish you to do for me—to take me to see Mr. Carlyle.' 'Tell me to ask the Archbishop of Canterbury to dance a polka with you,' said Barlow, aghast, 'and I would dare it, though I have not the honour of his acquaintance; but take anybody to Mr. Carlyle—impossible!' 'That silly old Barlow won't take me to Carlyle,' said the lady to George Cooke; 'you must do it then.' 'Gracious heavens!' said George Cooke; 'ask me to take you up to the Queen, and introduce you to her, and I would do it, and "take the six months' imprisonment," or whatever punishment was awarded me; but take anybody to Mr. Carlyle—impossible!'

Soon after this, George Cooke met her riding in the Park, and said, 'I passed Mr. Carlyle a little way on, in his brown wide-awake.' The lady lashed her horse and set off in pursuit, leaving her party out of sight, and went all round the Park at full gallop, looking out for the wide-awake. She is an authoress in a small way, this charming Frenchwoman; and is the wife of a newspaper editor at Paris, who 'went into the country' (Miss F—— told me) 'and brought back a flowerpot full of earth, and, on the strength of that, put de —— to his name of Monsieur ——.'

But the absurdest fact about her is, that, being a 'Frenchwoman,' she is the reputed daughter of Lord F. and a Mrs. G.! It is in Lord F.'s house that she stays

here. Miss F—— also declares she was a celebrated singer at Munich. But Miss F—— is a very loose talker, and was evidently jealous of the sensation the lady produced by her wit and eccentricities.

Will that suit you ?

LETTER 193.

Larkin (Henry; young Londoner, then collector or cashier on the Chelsea steamers, now partner in some prosperous metallurgic or engineering business) had come to me some three years before this in a loyally volunteer and interesting manner—a helper sent me by favour of Heaven, as I often said and felt in the years coming. He did for me all manner of maps, indexes, summaries, copyings, sortings, miscellanea of every kind, in a way not to be surpassed for completeness, ingenuity, patience, exactitude, and total and continual absence of fuss. Never had I loyaller or more effective help; nowhere was there a more honest-minded man; really of fine talent, too; clear, swift discernment, delicate sense of humour, &c.; but he preferred serving me in silence to any writing he could do (that was his own account on volunteering himself). Till Frederick ended he was my factotum, always at hand; and still from the distance is prompt and eager to help me actually; a man to thank Heaven for, as I still gratefully acknowledge.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Chelsea: July 19, 1858.

There, my dear! I send you a wonderful communication —a map of your new 'parish' and township in Australia! I have spent an hour over the packet before I could understand what it all meant. The letter accompanying the maps was inserted between them, so that it was not discovered at first. There are six copies of this map that I send you, and there is a large coloured map on excessively thick paper, professing to be 'Plan of the Township of Carlyle, in the Parish of Carlyle, Murray District;' to which is affixed the signature of 'C. Gavan Duffy, Minister of Land and Works.' This I will not send—it would cost

so much—unless you wish for it at once. Poor Duffy appears by the letter to be very ill, but past the worst.

It is such a beautiful day, this! as clear as a bell, and not too warm. And for quiet, I question if you be nearly as quiet at the Gill. Charlotte is gone for her quarter's holiday, went off at eight in the morning with her nominal parents to Gravesend; and I wouldn't have Mrs. Newnham come till two o'clock, when my dinner would be needed, and there might be 'knocking at the door!'

The only sign of life in the house is the incessant chirp of a little ugly brown bird, that I rescued yesterday afternoon from some boys who were killing it; bought of them for twopence; and now I find it cannot feed itself and I have to put crowdy into its mouth (which is always gaping) with a stick.

I went in an omnibus to Putney yesterday evening, and came back outside. It is as pleasant as a barouche and four, the top of an omnibus; but the conductors don't like the trouble of helping one up. When I came home at six, I found Charlotte wildly excited over Mrs. Cameron, who had waited for me more than an hour, played on the piano, and written 'a long letter on three sheets of paper.' Certainly she had spoiled three sheets in telling me she had come to carry me off to Little Holland House, and that she would send back the carriage for me at nine, and bring me home at eleven. Charlotte told her I had been very ill, and was never out late; but that made no difference—the carriage would be sent; only if I could not come, she (Charlotte) must come over to Little Holland House and tell them in time to stop the carriage—'it was a long way to send a carriage for nothing.' She did not consider it was a long way for my only servant to be sent for nothing.

While I was hesitating about sending, for of course I never dreamt of going, Mr. Neuberg came to tea; and, needing Charlotte at home, I found it too absurd that she

should have to leave me to get the tea, while she went for Mrs. Cameron's whim to Holland House. So I wrote a note, and coolly gave it to the coachman to take back instead of myself.

You are very kind in pressing your present refuge on me, but I will never allow you to either 'pig in' at Scotsbrig, or to commit yourself to Providence at Dumfries. My greatest comfort all this time has been just knowing *you* situated according to your needs, in full enjoyment of air, milk, and quiet. Never fear but I will make some arrangement for myself when it becomes desirable that I should leave London. I am not yet equal to so long a journey as to Scotland, but I am improving, and taking as much exercise as is good for me; change of air too.

I am going to-morrow to Mr. Larkin's mother's, to spend the day in that beautiful garden from which he brings me such bouquets. Mr. Larkin is to come himself at twelve o'clock to take me; and the next day Mrs. Forster is to come and take me to early dinner in Montague Square. I have had even an invitation to Ristori's benefit to-night, shawls and cloaks to be in readiness the moment I left the box, &c., and brought home with closed windows; but that, of course, I screamed at the idea of. It was little Mrs. Royston who wished to take me, a box having been given her. So you see I am very kindly seen to. I have slept better these two nights, and am rather stronger, and my cough is abated; speaking I find the worst thing for it.

Yours ever,
J. W. C.

LETTER 194.

I am now about setting out on my second German tour 'to visit all the battlefields of Friedrich,' which cost me a great deal of misery, but was not honestly to be avoided. She, being rather stronger, is going to stay with Miss Baring, at Bay House, Alverstoke.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, The Gill.

Chelsea: Thursday, July 29, 1858.

Oh, my dear, my dear! What did you do with the key of your bureau? There is no vestige of a passport in the upper 'little drawer next the fire,' the only drawer which is unlocked; the keys used to lie in that. I have wasted the whole morning in seeking a key to open the top part, or another drawer where the keys may be, and have found only two of your lost dog-whistles! I don't like to have the locks picked till it is hopeless finding the key. If you have it or know where you put it, and tell me by Saturday morning, there would just be time to send the passport before I start; but, as I tell you, my morning is all wasted, and in the afternoon I must go up to Piccadilly to get some indispensable little items for my visit. I have been kept back these two last days by the coldness of the weather, and my extreme sensitiveness. The prospect of going a journey and living in another person's house is doing me more harm than probably the reality will do; I could 'scream at the idea of it' sometimes, and write off, 'Oh, you must excuse me!' But again, just the more I feel nervous, the more I need to try anything that may brace my nerves; and, of course, a doctor would tell me to get rid of this incessant little dry cough 'before October.' I should not say incessant, for in the forenoons, when I hold my tongue, I hardly cough at all—at least it is quite another sort of cough, bringing up phlegm at intervals; but in the evening, especially if any one comes, it is as incessant as the chirp of my adopted sparrow. I am not getting weaker, however, except in my mind. I take exercise every day, 'chiefly in an omnibus, Mr. Carlyle!' And I try every day to do or see something cheering; I should soon fall into melancholy mania if I didn't. Last evening, for example, I had old Mrs. Larkin to tea—such a

pretty little rough tea, you can't fancy, and Mrs. Larkin was so pleased. And I had Mrs. Hawkes to talk to them, and George Cooke came accidentally. George Cooke is very attentive and sympathetic to me. But the key, the key!

Yours affectionately,
JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 195.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Bay House: Monday, Aug. 2, 1858.

All right, dear; I got through my journey much better than could have been expected, having slept even soundly (mercifully), just the last night before leaving. A fat, old, real lady in the carriage opposite me paid me 'delicate attentions;' lent me her smelling bottle, gave me her nose-gay, put her dressing-case under my feet, &c. &c., having commenced acquaintance by asking, 'Have you been poorly long?' When she changed trains at Bishopstoke, she looked over her shoulder to say: 'I sincerely hope you may soon be better, ma'am.'

How differently one's looks impress different people! The man who drove me from the station (and charged me three-and-sixpence!) evidently took me for well enough to be going to service at Bay House, for he turned round as soon as we passed through the gate to ask, 'was he to drive round to the back door?' And then the footman who received me took me for deaf! coming close up to me when he had anything to say, and shouting it into my ear. He was the only person I saw for three hours after my arrival. The 'Miss Barings out walking;' 'would I wish to be shown to my room?' 'Certainly.' 'Would I wish any refreshment?' 'Yes, a cup of tea.' It was brought, and then all lapsed into the profoundest silence. I could have

fancied a pleasanter reception; at the same time 'it was coostom in part,'[1] no harm meant.

Having had lots of time to unpack and dress myself, I was first in the drawing-room before dinner. A gentleman came in, whom I liked the look of, but no word passed between us; then Mrs. Mildmay came, and finally my hostess, who assured me she was 'delighted to see me,' and so I was installed. Another lady entered with Emily, whom I recognised as Mrs. Frederick Baring, and the gentleman was Frederick Baring, whom I had never seen before, and of whom I had got the most absurdly unjust impression. Both he and his wife are kindly, unaffected people; he, indeed, strikes me as quite a superior man. I had a good deal of talk with him yesterday, and am sorry he is gone to-day. His wife went with him, so there is now only Mrs. Mildmay and her son.

The railway journey made me so sleepy that I could hardly keep my eyes open till I got to bed, and in bed I slept in a wonderful manner. My room is the same where I lay three days in a sore throat, and the boy 'Jack' had to bring in my breakfast. But no association could keep me long awake that night. Certainly if pure air, and quiet, and wholesome food, and freedom from all 'cares' but of dressing oneself, can cure me, I shall be cured—in a few days.

It is Louisa Baring that goes with Lord Ashburton to Scotland on Monday. I thought if Emily was going somewhere too, I might be wished to go away in less time than a week; and, at all events, living on in that sort of fear of over-staying one's welcome is very disagreeable. So I thought I had best go frankly to the end of it at once, and I said to Emily, when we were walking this morning, that I had meant to stay till the end of this week; but, as

[1] 'Why are these mills going to-day?' (*Sunday*, in Cumberland.) 'Coostom in part.'

Miss Baring was leaving the place so soon as Monday, perhaps it would be more convenient that I should go on an earlier day—would she kindly tell me? Emily protested against my going this week. She and Mrs. Mildmay are to be here till the twenty-fourth, and I 'had better stay over next week.' The invitation was given with cordiality enough to make me feel quite at ease for this week anyhow, the rest will disclose itself. The Baring manner is naturally so shy, and so cold, that I dare say one may easily underrate the kindness of feeling which accompanies it.

Yours ever,
JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 196.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Bay House: Friday, August 7, 1858.

Only Friday morning, dear, yet! Heaven knows! Possibly this may not reach you till Monday. However, when it does reach you it won't bring bad news. I still have nothing but good to tell of myself. I continue to get a very tolerable allowance of sleep, and to eat my breakfast 'with the same relish.'[1] And, will you believe it? I eat two dinners every day. I do that—one at half-past one, and the other at eight; which last, I call, in my own mind, supper, and take no tea after. The little nervous cough is entirely gone, and the rough cough gets rarer every day. For the rest, I am quite comfortable morally. I never was put more at ease on a visit. I feel to have dropt into the regular life of the house, and to have found my place in it, without anybody taking trouble to adjust me, or myself taking trouble.

The only visitor now besides myself is Mrs. Mildmay

[1] A phrase of John Jeffrey's (Lord Jeffrey's brother), *quasi* pathetic: 'eats his beef-steak with,' &c.

(yes, Geraldine's mother, a much nicer woman than one fancied her, full of fun and good humour). She reads to us for an hour or so after breakfast ('Chambers's Annals of Scotland'), while the rest sew. Then we go to our rooms to write, or do anything that needs privacy. I, for my part, take always a stroll on the shore before lunch at half-past one. At three we go out in the open carriage, and have the pleasantest drives, being permitted to sit perfectly silent; Miss Baring seems to think this the natural way of driving in the open air, and she is quite right. Coming in about five, there are the letters; each one takes her own, and retires to her own room till dinner-time. After dinner, till eleven, we talk, and work, and read the newspapers, and play piquet. At eleven the butler enters with a silver tray, containing four bright crystal tumblers filled with the purest cold water; nothing else whatever. I always take one, and have grown to feel a need of it. You cannot think how genial the Miss Barings are at home; what a deal of hearty laughing they do in a day!

You will foresee that I am not going at the end of 'a week:' Miss Baring goes to join Lord A. on Monday; but Emily has pressed me quite cordially to remain with her and Mrs. Mildmay till she goes into Norfolk. And, if nothing unforeseen occur to 'dash the cup of fame from my brow,'[1] I shall remain and be thankful to. I don't feel the least drawn to 5 Cheyne Row in your absence; indeed, I don't mean to have anything more to do with it than I can help till you are there. Don't think me crazy. I have written to Mrs. Pringle this morning (the 16th) that I shall be with her, if all go well, the end of this month; September is often a fine month in Scotland. You may see how much better I am, from this effort of moral courage, as well as if you were beside me. I can't be said to need 'change of air,' after having had it so long here—

[1] Scotch preacher (*supra*).

don't, indeed, intend to give any 'varnish of duty' to the journey. It may not have the least effect in keeping off illness through the winter; it can't in the least add to your comfort when you are only waiting for a yacht; but it will be a pleasant way of spending the next month, and perhaps may (if I manage myself carefully) help to keep me well through the next month; and, oh, my dear! I have suffered so much—so much, and so long—that even a month of respite looks to me a thing worth taking any trouble for and spending any money for that I can lawfully spend. When I left home I did not believe that a change could do so much for me, even for the time being. Now that I feel what it has done, I want more of it. There is no other place nearer hand where I could get any good; besides, there is no place nearer hand that I am invited to.

To be sure I might go into lodgings nearer hand; but 'horrible is the thought to me!' and in lodgings I should have the 'cares of bread.' One of the reasons I eat so heartily here is, that I have had no forethought about the things set before me. Eating the dinner one has ordered oneself is, to a sick person, as ungrateful as wearing the gown one has made oneself is to an inexpert sewer. So please don't think me crazy! and, above all, don't fetter yourself with me the least in the world. If the 'yacht'[1] turn up before I come—if your stay seems to find its natural limit before I come, go all the same. As I should try to cut the journey in two by sleeping at Liverpool, I could go straight on if you were not there to give me a rest and good speed. But it is far off yet, all that; and meanwhile it may become intolerably cold, or I may catch cold, or fall off my sleep, and so become too cowardly 'for anything.' I said to Mrs. Pringle I would go if I could, not that I would 'whether I could or not.'

Now I have just been down to lunch, and must get

[1] It I have quite forgotten, what or whom; only that it never came.

ready for Gosport, in the carriage. I will take this letter on chance of hastening it.

Yours ever,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 197.

Dumfries.—Lord Ashburton did come by that road, and we drove together to New Abbey, &c., before his starting again next day. Rous, the house doctor.—A copiously medicinal man. 'William Harcourt,' the now lawyering, parliamenteering, &c.; loud man, who used to come hither at intervals. 'A glorious bit of colour.'—One of Leigh Hunt's little children dixit.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Bay House: Monday, Aug. 9, 1858.

How curious if Lord A. be at this moment on the road to Dumfries! Miss Baring started an hour ago in full assurance of finding him waiting to go with her to-morrow. Not one word has been received from him since they parted in London, on the understanding they were to go north together on the 10th; and I thought it best to say nothing of your news that he was to be at Dumfries on the 9th. She might have felt mortified at the new arrangement being communicated only through me, and nervous about what would await her in London. Rous, no doubt, will smooth all down. But what an odd man Lord A. is! I hope it will come off all right, the meeting at Dumfries, and that it will enliven you for some days. Perhaps he will persuade you to go to Loch Luichart? Miss Baring is most anxious you should come. By the way, please to send the remaining volume of 'Tourgueneff' to her; she has taken the others, and fears there will be great dearth of literature in the Highlands.

I felt quite sorry to see her drive off this morning. She has really been most kind to me, and took leave of me quite

affectionately; 'now that I had found my way to them, she hoped I would never be so hard to persuade here again.' We are now reduced to three; but Bingham Mildmay is expected. When he comes we are to go to inspect 'the camp,' and go again to 'the Island.' The camp astonished me the first time I went to walk on the shore—a field, about a quarter of a mile off, all covered over with snow-white cones. I thought for a moment it was the grandest encampment of gipsies. But there are some two thousand soldiers in these tents. Near it there is a most beautiful new fort a-building; the guns of which, if they ever come into action, will smash right through Bay House.

On Saturday we left for the island at eleven, and did not return till six,—Emily, Mrs. Mildmay, and I. At Ryde we got an open fly, and drove to a place up the shore called Spring Vale, where Sir Henry Mildmay and his wife and rosebuds were rusticating. Very human, pleasant people. They had been warned of our coming, and had dinner (No. 1) waiting for us. Then we drove to St. Clair, the property and work of art of Colonel Harcourt, and Lady Catherine (uncle of William Harcourt). There, too, Mrs. Mildmay introduced me with graceful emphasis; and I was very courteously treated and shown about. A lady said I 'had forgotten her,' that she was the Mrs. Malcolm who dined with us at Lady Sandwich's; she is sister to Colonel Harcourt. The sea being as smooth as glass that day, I wasn't in the least sick, and the whole affair passed off to the general satisfaction.

Mrs. Mildmay is going to take us to Osborne to call for Lady Caroline Barrington, the governess to 'the Royal children,' and on to Cowes to call for somebody else. In fact, she is the most good-natured of women, Mrs. Mildmay, besides being excessively amusing in herself. She is not the widow of Sir Walter's friend, but of his nephew and the heir to ——. One is so apt to lose a generation nowadays.

Did I tell you that Crocker's house is now a royal residence, has been given to little Prince Alfred, who is learning to be a sailor? I saw him this morning shaking hands with two of his tutors, and jumping into his little boat with the third—a slight, graceful little boy. The Queen came over and breakfasted with him one morning, and another time took tea with him. He keeps a little red flag flying when at home, which adds 'a glorious bit of colour' to the scene.

Your description of 'Craig-o-putta' made me feel choked; I know what that wood must be grown to. Close on the house, forming a great dark shearing-hook before the windows. I always thought the laying out of that planting detestable, and if I were living there I would set fire to it.

This paper is thick, so I will take off half a sheet to make room for poor little Charlotte's unexpected letter—worth reading.

Yours ever,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 198.

'What ornament and grandeur!'—Indignant old sailor to me once about his new binnacle in his new-fangled steamship. 'Suet and plums' was a casual reflection of my own. Rob Austin used to be our private post-boy once a week.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Dresden.

Lann Hall: Friday, Sept. 10, 1858.

I was sure of it; knew without being told that the bathe in the Baltic had given you cold. You ought to know by this time that just the more you feel drawn to do these rash things, the more you should keep yourself from doing them. God grant this wild-huntsman rush over Germany don't spoil all the good you got in quiet Annandale! But

you had to do it; would not have finished your book in peace without having done it!

I saw Eaves about the horse before I left; but he could not go out to Richmond till the following Sunday, when he got a good ducking to settle his account for the Sunday-breaking. He had no difficulty in finding the horse, who was in capital condition, and as nimble on his feet as the Irishman's flea. He (the horse) has no end of pasture to roam about in, and has 'found a friend;' formed a romantic attachment to another horse of his own way of thinking; they are always together, both in their feeding and their playing, and evidently enjoy their liberty and their abundant grass. So you may be quite happy in your mind so far as the horse is concerned.

Charlotte is behaving herself quite well so far as I can ascertain.

The sparrow whom I did design to train to flying, and 'eventually' to *flying away*, died before my return from Bay House; but the poor little canary has recovered health and feathers under the nursing of Mrs. Huxham, in whose 'bosom it spends several hours every day;' I should think not too happy hours![1]'

For the rest, one's life here is remarkably cheerful. It is the very loveliest glen I ever saw, endeared to me by old associations. The people in it are all remarkably prosperous, and were always hospitable. They are glad to see me again, and I am glad to see them.

The practical result has been a perfect explosion of lunches to my honour and glory, all over Glen Shinnel and Glencairn. I would not be out after sunset, so these lunches are early dinner-parties; and, oh, my! what 'ornament and grandeur!' what 'suet and plooms.' I assure you, not at the Grange itself have I seen better food or better wine (champagne) than these big farmers or little lairds

[1] Far too flattering an account.

bring forth to one here 'in a lordly dish!' And it is so much heartier a sort of hospitality than one finds in the south! It makes one feel younger by twenty years! I catch myself laughing sometimes with a voice that startles myself as being not like my own but my mother's, who was always so much gayer than I. Indeed, it is good for me to be here; and I wish my visit had come off while you were at the Gill, that you might have tried it too. Better material accommodation you could have nowhere; and Mrs. Pringle has tact and consideration enough, I think, to have suited the moral atmosphere to the shorn lamb (!).

The question is now about your journey home? Are you going straight to London? If that is decidedly the most convenient way for yourself, of course I should not so much as suggest your returning by here; and so far as my own journey is concerned, I should rather prefer doing it 'all to myself' (as the children say). Perhaps I might choose to stay a night at Liverpool. At all events, I might need to have a window shut when you preferred it open. But if you liked to return by Leith, and to be a little longer in the country under easy circumstances, you could not do better than stop here. About your welcome you may feel the most exuberant assurance.

If you decide to go straight to London, I should know as soon as possible, that I may shape my own course accordingly. For I should not like your being *done for* by only Charlotte. I have a week's visit promised to Mrs. Russell, and I also undertook to stay a few days at Scotsbrig, in case Dr. C. and his 'poor boys' lingered on at London till the end of my time here. I will see Mary and Jane on my road back. But I need to give myself as little rough travelling as possible, not to be going and catching a cold after all these mighty efforts to strengthen myself. The Donaldsons and my aunts won't believe I can mean to go

away without seeing them. To see the dear old women at Sunny Bank once more I would gladly incur the expense of the journey there; but that is the least of it. The 'tashing' myself which Betty so strongly protests against must not be ventured.

We have just had one perfectly fair, beautiful day since I came (last Wednesday), and I spent it in an excursion to —Craigenputtock! We took some dinner with us, and ate it in the dining-room, with the most ghastly sensations on my part. The tenant was at Dumfries; the wife very civil; the children confiding to a degree. Their father 'had wine,' 'whiles took ower muckle.' We called on the Austins and Corsons. Nobody knew me! or could guess at me! Peter said I 'micht hae speaket to him seven year, and he wouldna hae fauud me oot.' Peter privately stroked my pelisse, and asked Mrs. Pringle, 'That'll be real silk, I'm thinking?' 'Satin,' said she. 'Aye,' said Peter, 'nae doot, nae doot, the best o't.' Rob Austin almost crunched my fingers in his big hand, and that was the only pleasant thing that befell me at my 'ancestral home.' *Ach Gott!*

I wrote already to Dresden.

Mrs. Pringle has been trying to write you a note, pressing you to come here on your way back; and now she comes with her face like to burst, asking me to 'say it all for her. She is so afraid to write to you.'

LETTER 199.

To Mr. James Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday, Sept. 30, 1858.

My dear Jamie,—I never saw such a thing in all my life! I plunged into a carriage full of ill-bred, disobliging, English tourists; they would make no room for me with my beehive, and all my little things! I had to force a

way for myself and my belongings, and when I had got my hands freed, and turned round to shake hands with you, before I sat down, behold the door was shut, and you had disappeared, and we were in motion! I could have cried for vexation; and could not get it out of my head all the road to London—that I had come off without a word of thanks for your kindness to me, or a word of leave-taking! And I felt such a detestation of these broad-hatted women in the carriage with me, whose disobligingness had been the cause of my flurry.

I went to the guard, at Carlisle, and told him I would not go on with these people, and should like to have a carriage all to myself. He seemed quite taken with my assurance, and asked if I could put up with one lady beside me? I said, 'Yes, if she were not troublesome.' He took me to a stout gentleman (the clerk at Carlisle, I suppose) and said, 'This lady wants a carriage all to herself! but she would allow one lady with her.' The gentleman said 'it was a very natural wish; but he did not see how it could be gratified; however, if I would keep quiet beside him, he would see what was possible!' And the result was, I got a carriage with only one lady in it! Nothing like a modest impudence for getting one on in this world! So far from objecting to the quantity of my luggage, they asked, 'Was that all? Had I nothing more?' and they put up my things quite softly, whereas everybody else's, I noticed, were pitched up like quoits! The result is, that not so much as one egg was broken! And much satisfaction was diffused over the house by the unpacking of that improvised hamper!

When I found how much at ease I was in my carriage, I regretted not bringing away that kitten! It might have played about! But wasn't I thankful prudence had prevailed when I found myself already the enviable mistress of a kitten exactly the same size, but black as soot! Char-

lotte had taken the opportunity of my absence to discover 'there were mice in the house,' and bring home a new pet to herself! The dog and it are dear friends, for a wonder. I was delighted to see it this morning trying to ride on the dog's back!

Mr. C. was waiting for me, and had firmly believed for the last quarter of an hour that it was no use, as I must certainly have been smashed to pieces! We were in fact an hour later than the regular time—in consequence of a bridge burnt down over the Trent, which occasioned a great roundabout. Besides, the train did not behave itself at all like an Express, stopping at a great many places, and for long whiles.

My house was all right; indeed, I never found it as thoroughly cleaned, or the general aspect of things as satisfactory. She is a perfect jewel, that young girl; besides all her natural work, she had crocheted, out of her own head, a large cover for the drawing-room sofa!

You will be glad to hear that a good situation is found at last for James Aitken. Carlyle seemed very grateful to you for the care you took of me. I told him about that 'close carriage' before we had been five minutes in the cab together.

Kindest love to Mary; and remember me to all those girls, visible and invisible, 'who are world-like,' their mother says, 'and have their wits.'

I will write to Mary before long.

Yours most kindly,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 200.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Friday, Oct. 1, 1858.

Oh, my dear! my dear! Will you ask 'the Doctor' what is the reason that, when I travel from London to

Scotland I get quite fresh to the journey's end, however weakly I may have been at starting; but when I do the same journey back again, I am tired through every fibre of me, and don't get over it for days? I do begin to believe London a perfectly poisonous place for me, and to wish that the projected Pimlico Railway may actually tear our house up, and turn us adrift in space! Such a headache I had all yesterday! and to-day still I drag myself about with difficulty. Really, it is always 'pursuit of life under difficulties' here.

I hope your picture arrived, and safely. If it didn't, I will get you another. I was too ill with my head to write along with it. Indeed, I have not succeeded yet in getting my boxes all unpacked. I should be doing that 'duty nearest hand,' for the moment, if I were a thoroughly well-principled woman—such a woman as Mrs. Pringle, for example—instead of sitting here writing to you. But, my dear, it is so much pleasanter this; and I miss your kind face and kind voice so much, and writing to you is a sort of substitute for seeing and hearing you. My little visit to Mary Austin was very pleasant. But I was obliged to put on an additional box at the Gill, to hold the fresh eggs (!), 'pookit fools,' and other delicacies she loaded me with. Then Mr. Carlyle had left an enormous bundle of new clothes to come with me—the produce of the indefatigable exertions of three tailors, whom he had kept sewing for him at the Gill for four weeks! besides a large package of books. So I made the journey with six pieces of luggage, not counting my writing-case, travelling-bag, and the bee-skep, which last I let nobody carry but myself. It arrived in the most perfect state. I told Mr. C. you had sent him 'improper female' honey, and I think he is greatly charmed with your immoral present. I took out some for immediate use; but I think I will not displace the rest

When I was stepping into a carriage at the Cummertrees station that morning (Wednesday), a horrid sight turned me

back. Nothing less than the baboon face of our new acquaintance the surgeon! I don't know if he recognised me; I dashed into the next carriage, and fell amongst an odious party of English tourists. My baboon friend and I exchanged glances at the different stations, where he expended his superfluous activity in fussing to and fro on the platform, till finally he left the London train at Lancaster. I wonder what impression he left at Lann Hall!

I find all extremely right here. A perfectly-cleaned house, and a little maid, radiant with 'virtue its own reward,' and oh, unexpected joy! a jet-black kitten added to the household! playing with the dog as lovingly as your cat with your dog! This acquisition of Charlotte's announced itself to me by leaping on to my back between my shoulders. A most agile kitten, and wonderfully confiding. Charlotte said yesterday, 'I think Scotland must be such a fresh, airy place! I should like to go there! You did smell so beautiful when you came in at the door last night!' She is quite a jewel of a servant. Far more like an adopted child than a London maid-of-all-work. And, upon my word and honour, her bread is a deuced deal better than that loaf of Mrs. B——'s.

A kiss to—the Doctor? or Nipp? And do tell Nipp to behave better at prayers.

Mr. C. has sent his book to your husband. It goes in some bookseller's parcel, so there may be a little delay.

[*No room to sign*] 'J. W. C.'

LETTER 201.

I returned from second German tour.—T. C.

J. G. Cooke, Esq.

5 Cheyne Row: Wednesday, October (?) 1858.

Dear Mr. Cooke,—I am here again—the more's the pity! Once for all, this London atmosphere weighs on

me, I find, like a hundredweight of lead. No health, no spirits, one brings from 'the country' can bear up against it. Come and console me, at least come and try 'to!'—on Sunday afternoon perhaps. Mr. C. is home from his battle-fields, and as busy and private as before. So my evenings are now sacred to reading on his part, and mortally ennuying to myself on mine.

Quoth Burgundy, the living
On earth have much to bear.[1]

Yours affectionately,
JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 202.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: November 1, 1858.

Oh, my dear! I feel so fractious this evening; should like to break something, or box somebody's ears! Perhaps it is the east wind, perhaps my dinner of only soup, perhaps original sin; whatever it is, I must positively try to come out of it, and the best way I can think of to smooth my 'raven down' is writing some lines to you. Your last letter was charming, dear, just the sort of letter one wants from a place familiar and dear to one; all about everything and everybody. Since I knew Mrs. Pringle I have come to understand and enter into the late Lady Ashburton's terror and horror of what she called 'all about feelings.'

My cousin John (George's son) was here again the other day, and I never felt so hopeless about him. His counte-

[1] Said Burgundy, 'I'm giving
Much toil to thee, I fear.'
Eckart replied, 'The living
On earth have much to bear.'

[Tieck's *Phantasms;* the trusty Eckart of my translating!]

nance, his voice, manner, everything about him is changed. And yet Bence Jones tells him it will be time enough, if he get to a warm climate before the spring winds set in. He will never go, I believe, if he wait till spring. I am going to Richmond the first possible day to talk to his mother. She is the strangest woman—always trying to hide her son's danger, as if it were a crime. The fatallest symptom I see in him is the sanguineness about his recovery, the irritability on the subject of his health, which have taken place of the depression he manifested in summer, while his state gives no reason for the change of mood; on the contrary, his cough, and expectoration are greatly increased, and so, he owns, are his night-perspirations. He is paler and thinner; and, from being the shyest, most silent of men, he now talks incessantly, and excitedly, and, in this state he goes about doing his usual work, and he left here the other day after dusk! I am very grieved about him. He is the only cousin I have, that I have had any pride or pleasure in.

Upon my word, I had better give up writing for this day—nothing to tell but grievances! Well, here is one little fact that will amuse you. Just imagine, the bit of boiled ham, which you would hardly let me have, has lasted for my supper, up to last week; and I never stinted myself, only I kept it 'all to myself,' like the greedy boy of the story book. I began to think it was going to be a nineteenth century miracle. But it did end at last, and now I am fallen back on porridge and milk, which is not so nice. I don't know about Dr. Coupland; I fancied him an old man. I am curious to know what will become of the Irish tutor.

Love to the Doctor.

Yours ever affectionately,

J. C.

LETTER 203.

J. G. Cooke, Esq.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Tuesday, about Dec. 22, 1858.

Oh, my dear kind friend, what a shock for you! And what a loss! The loss of one's mother! You can hardly realise it yet, so suddenly and softly it has befallen; but I doubt if there be any other loss in life equal to it—so irreplaceable, so all-pervading. And the consolation given one, that it is a loss 'in the course of nature,' and 'common to all who live long,' only makes it the sadder, to my thought. Yes; the longer one lives in this hard world motherless, the more a mother's loss makes itself felt, and understood, the more tenderly and self-reproachfully one thinks back over the time when one had her, and thought so little of it. It is sixteen years since my mother died, as unexpectedly; and not a day, not an hour has passed since that I have not missed her, have not felt the world colder and blanker for want of her. But that is no comfort to offer you.

Come to-morrow; I shall certainly be at home, and shall take care to be alone. I feel very grateful to you, very, for liking to come to me at such a time of trouble.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 204.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: December 30, 1858.

Oh, young woman! there you go again! again a long silence! And I will tell you how it will be—your silence will become longer and longer, and be of more and more frequent occurrence, till you fall out of acquaintance with me again, feel shy, and distrustful with me, and speculate

about 'not having the accommodation of Lann Hall to offer!' And, oh my dear, who will be to blame for that state of things but yourself? Like all very sensitive people, you need an atmosphere of the familiar to open the leaves of your soul in. The strange, the unaccustomed, blights you like a frosty night; and yet, by procrastination, which your copy-lines told you was 'the root of all evil,' you suffer the familiar to become, by little and little, that 'strange,' which has such withering effects on you. Please don't, not in my case, for Heaven's sake! The more you don't write to me, the more you will find it uphill work when you do write, and from that, to speaking about 'the accommodation of Lann Hall,' is but a step or two in a straight line. You write such nice letters when your hand is in, that they cannot be a labour to write. Then do, my dear, keep your hand in.

Meanwhile, I have sent you a New Year's gift, which, if it come to hand safe, will, I am sure, at least I hope, give you a pleasant surprise; for really it will be like seeing into our interior in a peep-show. It is the only one, of the size that exists as yet, and I had it done on purpose for you. Another, smaller, is gone, inside of a large picture-book for Mrs. Pringle's children, to Robert MacTurk, a sort of *amende honorable* for having failed to give him myself—Good God! when he had some right to expect it—long ago, when I was an extremely absurd little girl. His good feeling towards me, after all, deserves a certain esteem from me, and a certain recognition, which, I hope, has been put into an acceptable form for him in the peep-show!

But I must not be expatiating over things in general today; for I am in a dreadful hurry, a great many letters to be written, besides that it is my day for driving out in what our livery-stable keepers call a neat fly, viz., a second-hand brougham with one horse—an expensive luxury,

which Mr. C. forces on me twice a week 'now that I am old and frail, and have a right to a little indulgence,' he says.

The fact is, I have been belated in my letters, and everything, this week, by having had to give from two to three hours every day to a man who has unexpectedly lost his mother. He has five sisters here,[1] and female friends world without end—is, in fact, of all men I know, the most popular; and such is relationship and friendship in London, that he has fled away from everybody to me, who wasn't aware before that I was his particular friend the least in the world. But I have always had the same sort of attraction for miserable people and for mad people that amber has for straws. Why or how, I have no idea.

Mrs. Pringle wrote me a long really nice letter, in answer to my acknowledgment of the intimation of her uncle's death. She is a clever woman (as the Doctor says), and has discovered now, no doubt, that the style which suits me best is the natural and simple style, and that my soul cannot be thrown into deliquium, by any hundred-horse power of upholstery or of *moral sublime*. She is nice as she is.

I will get the money order for the poor women, in passing the post-office, and inclose it for your kind offices. Kindest regards to the Doctor, for whom I have a new story about Locock. God keep you both, for me, and so many that need you.

Yours,

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 205.

Miss Barnes, a very pretty, amiable, modest, and clever young lady, was the Doctor's one daughter; is now Mrs. Simmonds, of this neighbourhood (wife of a rising barrister), and was always a great favourite with my darling.—T. C.

[1] Can't remember him (J. G. Cooke?).

Miss Barnes, King's Road, Chelsea.

5 Cheyne Row: Monday, June 1859.

Dear Miss Barnes,—Your father left a message for me this morning, the answer to which I expected him to 'come and take' when he had done with our next-door neighbour. But blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.

Pray come to tea with me to-morrow evening at seven, if my husband's particular friends 'the Destinies,' *alias* 'the Upper Powers,' *alias* 'the Immortal Gods' (your father says you read Mr. C., so you will understand me), don't interfere to keep you away.

I will drop this at your door in passing for my drive, and, along with it, a piece of old, old German crockery, which had the honour to catch your father's eye and has set its heart on belonging to him. So don't let it get broken—till he have seen it at least.

All you know of me as yet is that I seem to be in the very lowest state as to penmanship. But I assure you I can write much more tidily than this, made with the back of the very worst pen in the created world!

And if you will bring with you to-morrow evening whatever stock you may have of 'faith, hope, and charity,' I have no doubt but we shall become good friends.

Yours truly,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 206.

This year 1859 it was resolved, for the hot weather, that 'Frederick' should be thrown aside, and Fife and the North be our refuge for a month or two. We had secured a tolerable upper floor in the farmhouse of Humbie, close by pleasant Aberdour; we had great need, especially she had, of all the good it could do us. I went by steamer with clever little Charlotte, my horse, and Nero;

remember somewhat of the dreariness, the mean confusion, ennui; got at last to Granton, where brother John from Edinburgh joined me to accompany across the Frith. Our first talk was of poor Isabella of Scotsbrig,[1] who had died a few weeks before, a permanent loss to all of us.

My own Jeannie, frail exceedingly, had gone by rail to Haddington; in a few days more she joined Charlotte and me at Humbie; for a month after that at 'Auchtertool House' (a big, goodish house, rather in disrepair, for which no special rent, only some voluntary for such politeness, could be accepted), for above a month more.

Fife was profoundly interesting to me, but also (unexpectedly), sad, dreary, troublesome, lonely, peopled only by the ghosts of the past. My poor darling in Humbie Wood with me; weak, weak! could not walk, durst not (really durst not) sit on the loyal willing Fritz, with me leading; got her a cuddy (donkey) from Dumfries (none to be heard of in Fife), but that also was but half successful. She did improve a little; was visibly better when I rejoined her at home. For myself I had ridden fiercely (generally in tragic humour), walked ditto late in the woods at night, &c., bathed, &c., hoping still to recover myself by force in that way, 'more like a man of sixteen than of sixty-four,' as I often heard it said by an ever-loving voice! It was the last time I tried the boy method. Final Fife (particulars not worth giving) had a certain gloomy beauty to me—strange, grand, sad as the grave!—T. C.

J. G. Cooke, Esq., Mount Street, W.

Humbie, Aberdour, Fife: Saturday.

My dear Friend,—I was very glad of your letter, not only because it was a letter from you, but a sign that you had forgiven me—or, still better—that you had never been offended! I assure you, an hour or two later, when left alone and quiet in the railway carriage, I wondered, as much as you could do, what demon inspired the tasteless jest with which I bade you goodbye! in presence too, of the most gossiping and romancing of all our mutual acquaintances! I was so tired that day! Oh my heavens!

[1] Mrs. James Carlyle.

so tired! And fatigue, which makes an healthy human being sleepy, makes me, in my present nervous state, delirious. That is my excuse—the only one I have to make, at least—for the foolish words I took leave of you with.

Mrs. Hawkes will have told you that I arrived safe, and that I am quite content with the 'Farmhouse.' It commands the beautifullest view in the world, and abundance of what Mr. C. calls 'soft food' (new milk, fresh eggs, whey, &c.). The people are obliging; and the lodging very clean. Mr. C. bathes in the sea every morning, lyrically recognises the 'pure air,' and the 'soft food;' and, if not essentially in better health, is in what is almost as good—that make-the-best-of-everything state, which men get into when carrying out their own idea; and only then!

Charlotte[1] is the happiest of girls! not that she seems to have much sensibility for the 'Beauties of Nature,' nor that her health was susceptible of improvement, but that the 'kindness of Scotch people' fills her with wonder and delight. 'Young men that don't so much as know her name, passing her on the road, say to her, Bonnie wee lassie!' And the farmer here gave her 'a little sugar rabbit,' and said to her 'Little girl, you are growing quite pretty since you came.' Did I ever hear of such kind people? The horse also likes 'the change.' Mr. C. says 'he is a much improved horse; is in perfect raptures over his soft food (grass and new hay) but incapable of recovering from his astonishment at the badness of the Fife roads!' Nero bathes with his master from a sense of duty; and is gradually shaking off the selfish torpor that had seized upon him in London: he snores less, thinks of other things besides his food; and shows some of his old fondness for me. Myself is the individual of the party who has derived least benefit hitherto from the place and its advantages. Indeed, I am weaker than before I left

[1] Mrs. Carlyle's maid.

home. But great expectations are entertained from—an ass (cuddy they call it here!) which arrived for me from Dumfriesshire last night. My own choice of animal to ride upon! Mr. C. mounted me twice on the enraptured and astonished horse. But a cuddy will suit better; as Betty remarked when she was here, 'it's fine and near the grund, dear. It'll no be far to fa'!' The farmer says, 'I hope it'll gang! Them creturs is sometimes uncommon fond to stand still!' I am just going to try it. Geraldine sent me a note that looked like being written on a ship in a storm at sea. Such scrawling and blotting I never beheld, and the sense to match! If Mr. Mantel makes his way here, we shall give him a friendly welcome; but it is a much more laborious affair than from London to Richmond.

Yours affectionately,
JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 207.

Miss Barnes, King's Road, Chelsea.

Auchtertool House, Kirkcaldy: Aug. 24, 1859.

My dear Miss Barnes,—How nice of you to have written me a letter, 'all out of your own head' (as the children say), and how very nice of you to have remarked the forget-me-not, and read a meaning in it! It was certainly with intention I tied up some forget-me-nots along with my farewell roses; but I was far from sure of your recognising the intention, and at the same time not young enough to make it plainer. Sentiment, you see, is not well looked on by the present generation of women; there is a growing taste for fastness, or, still worse, for strong-mindedness! so a discreet woman (like me) will beware always of putting her sentiment (when she has any) in evidence—will rather leave it—as in the forget-me-not

case—to be divined through sympathy; and failing the sympathy, to escape notice.

And you are actually going to get married! you! already! And you expect me to congratulate you! or 'perhaps not.' I admire the judiciousness of that 'perhaps not.' Frankly, my dear, I wish you all happiness in the new life that is opening to you; and you are marrying under good auspices, since your father approves of the marriage. But congratulation on such occasions seems to me a tempting of Providence. The triumphal-procession-air which, in our manners and customs, is given to marriage at the outset—that singing of *Te Deum* before the battle has begun—has, ever since I could reflect, struck me as somewhat senseless and somewhat impious. If ever one is to pray—if ever one is to feel grave and anxious—if ever one is to shrink from vain show and vain babble—surely it is just on the occasion of two human beings binding themselves to one another, for better and for worse, till death part them; just on that occasion which it is customary to celebrate only with rejoicings, and congratulations, and *trousseaux*, and white ribbon! Good God!

Will you think me mad if I tell you that when I read your words, 'I am going to be married,' I all but screamed? Positively, it took away my breath, as if I saw you in the act of taking a flying leap into infinite space. You had looked to me such a happy, happy little girl! your father's only daughter; and he so fond of you, as he evidently was. After you had walked out of our house together that night, and I had gone up to my own room, I sat down there in the dark, and took 'a good cry.' You had reminded me so vividly of my own youth, when I, also an only daughter—an only child—had a father as fond of me, as proud of me. I wondered if you knew your own happiness. Well! knowing it or not, it has not been enough for you, it would seem. Naturally, youth is so insatiable of

happiness, and has such sublimely insane faith in its own power to make happy and be happy.

But of your father? Who is to cheer his toilsome life, and make home bright for him? His companion through half a lifetime gone! his dear 'bit of rubbish' gone too, though in a different sense. Oh, little girl! little girl! do you know the blank you will make to him?

Now, upon my honour, I seem to be writing just such a letter as a raven might write if it had been taught. Perhaps the henbane I took in despair last night has something to do with my mood to-day. Anyhow, when one can only ray out darkness, one had best clap an extinguisher on oneself. And so God bless you!

Sincerely yours,
JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 208.

To George Cooke, Esq.

Auchtertool House, Kirkcaldy: Friday.

I am not at the manse, but within a quarter of an hour's walk of it, in a large comfortable house lent us by a Mr. Liddell; and we should have done well here had not Mr. C. walked and rode and bathed himself into a bilious crisis just before leaving Humbie; so that he began life under the most untoward auspices. For the first fortnight, indeed, it was, so far as myself was concerned, more like being keeper in a madhouse than being 'in the country' for 'quiet and change.' Things are a little subsided now, however, and in spite of the wear and tear on my nerves, I am certainly less languid and weak than during all my stay in the farmhouse. Whether it be that the air of Auchtertool suits me better than that of Aberdour, or that having my kind little cousins within cry is a wholesome diversion, or that it required a continuance of country air

to act upon my feebleness, I am not competent to say, nor is it of the slightest earthly consequence what the cause is, so that the effect has been as I tell you.

LETTER 209.

T. Carlyle, The Gill, Annan.

York, Scawin's Hotel: Thursday, Sept. 22, 1859.

There! I have done it! You prophesied my heart would fail me when it came to the point, and I would 'just rush straight on again to the end.' But my heart didn't fail me, 'or rather' (to speak like Dr. Carlyle) it did fail me horribly! but my memory held true, and kept me up to the mark. With the recollection of the agonies of tiredness I suffered on the journey down, and for many days after, still tingling through my nerves, I took no counsel with my heart, but kept determined to not expose myself to that again, whatever else (bugs inclusive). And, so far, I have reason to congratulate myself; for I was getting 'quite' done up by the time we reached York, and I am now very comfortable in my inn, with prospects for the night not bad! If only there be no 'small beings' (as Mazzini prettily styles them) in the elegant green-curtained bed of number 44, Scawin's

I am sitting writing in that number, by the side of a bright little fire; which I ordered to be lighted, the first thing, on my arrival. While it was burning up, I went down and had tea in the 'ladies' coffee-room,' where was no fire, but also no ladies! They brought me very nice tea and muffins, and I 'asked for' cream!! and for an egg!!! 'And it was all very comfortable!' I think I shall order some supper when the time comes; but I haven't been able to decide what yet. There isn't a sound in the house, nor in the back court that my windows look out on. It is hardly to be hoped such quiet can last. Trains will

come in during the night, and I shall hear them, anyhow; for this hotel, though not the Railway Station Hotel, is just outside the station gate. It was Eliza Liddell who recommended it to me. I never was in an inn, all by myself, before; except one night years ago, in the 'George' at Haddington, which was not exactly an inn to me; and I like the feeling of it unexpectedly well! The freedom at once from 'living's cares, that is cares of bread,' the pride of being one's own mistress and own protector, all that lifts me into a certain exaltation, 'regardless of expense.' And now I am going to ring my bell, and order a pair of candles!

Candles come! a pair of composite—not wax, 'thanks God!' I shall breakfast here in peace and quietness tomorrow morning; and leave by a train that starts at ten, and reaches London at four; and shall so avoid night air, which would not suit me at present. It has grown very cold, within the last two weeks; and I was as near catching a regular bad cold as ever I was in my life without doing it! The habit I took of waking at four at Auchtertool continued at Morningside, where there was much disturbance from carts 'going to the lime.' The morning I left was chill and damp; and I rose at six, tired of lying still, and dawdled about my room, packing, till I took what Anne used to call 'the cold shivers.' Mrs. Binnie's warm welcome and warm dinner failed to warm me; which was a pity; for Mrs. Godby had arrived and the short visit would have been extremely pleasant, but for my chill. My tongue and throat became very sore towards night. Next day I felt quite desperate; but Mrs. Godby gave me a stiff tumbler of brandy toddy, in the forenoon, before I started; and her brother sent me, in his carriage, straight to Sunny Bank, so as to avoid the cold waiting at Long Niddry, and the other risks of the train; and on arriving at Sunny Bank, I swallowed two glasses of wine, and then, at bedtime, a

stiff tumbler of whisky toddy!!! and so on, for the next two days fairly battling down the cold with 'stimulants.' I think I shall escape now, if I take reasonable care. Pity there should be 'always a something'! But for this apprehension of an overhanging illness, and these horrid 'cold shivers,' I should have enjoyed my last visit to Sunny Bank so much. They were so much better—the house so much cheerfuller with Eliza there, and so many people came to see me that I liked to see. Even when I left, this morning, I did not despair of seeing them again![1]

Surely you will never be so rude to that good-humoured Lady Stanley as to fling her over after all. Besides, Alderley would make so good a resting-place for you on the long journey. I hope to get things into their natural condition before you arrive.

Ever yours,
J. W. C.

Love to Mary. I hope she liked her picture. You never saw such a pen as I am writing with!

LETTER 210.

T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Monday, Sept. 26, 1859.

Two letters to be forwarded, or catch me having put pen to paper this day, I am so tired, Oh my! I never! A good sleep would have put me to rights, but that hasn't come yet. In spite of the stillness, and the good bed, and the all-my-own-way, I do nothing but fall asleep, and start up, and light matches, till four o'clock strikes, and after that I lie awake, wishing it were breakfast-time. What a wise woman I was to come home by myself, and get my fatigues done out before you arrived. I am not going out to-day,

[1] Never did, alas!

nor was I out yesterday, but on Saturday afternoon I trailed myself to Silvester's, and saw the horse—'just come in from being exercised,' 'in capital condition,' 'so fat!' Silvester said, clapping its buttock, 'and so spirity that he never——!' The stable seemed good and very clean. I think them most respectable people. And the distance is less than to ——'s.'[1]

If you could conveniently bring a small bag of meal with you from Scotsbrig, it would be welcome; we have none but some Fife meal, which is very inferior to the Annandale. At all events, you could ask Jamie to send us a few stone, say four, and if Mary would give us a little jar of butter, like what she sent with me last year, it 'wud be a great advantage.'[2]

I find everything in the house perfectly safe—no bugs, no moths, grates unrusted, much more care having been taken than when Anne was left in it, with wages, and board wages, at least in the last years of Anne's incumbency. Mrs. Southern is an excellent woman, I do believe, and Charlotte is already the better for being back beside her—away from Thomson's and Muat's.[3]

Ever yours,
J. W. C.

LETTER 211.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Alderley Park, Congleton.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday, Sept. 29, 1859.

Thanks! Just one line, that you may not be fancying me past writing. But there is no time for a letter. I am shocked to find how late it is. I fell to putting down the

[1] The *arsenic* place! My poor 'Fritz' had been suddenly taken to Salter's, Eaton Square, and for a year or more had been quite ooming round then.

[2] Good East Lothian woman's speech to me, on the return from Dunbar and the plagues of Irishry, &c., &c. (? seventeen years ago): 'If the wund would fa', it wud be,' &c.

[3] Names merely—unknown.

clean drugget, in the drawing-room, 'with my own hands,'[1] that you might not on your first arrival receive the same impression of profound gloom from the dark green carpet, that drove myself towards thoughts of suicide! And, behold, the seams had given way in many places at the washing; and I have had to sit on the floor like a tailor, stitching, stitching, and so the time passed away unremarked, and it now is long past my dinner-time, and no dinner so much as thought of, in spite of Charlotte's repeated questions.

I will put myself in an omnibus, and go up to Michel's in Sloane Street, and dine on a plate of soup. Woman wants but little here below—after a railway journey from Scotland especially.

I am glad you have gone to Alderley. I have slept a degree better the last two nights; but have still much to make up in that way. Don't hurry on, if you do well at the Stanleys'. Kind regards to the lady.

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 212.

'Butcher's cart passed over Nero's throat.' Poor little foolish faithful dog! it killed him after all; was never well again. He died in some four months (Feb. 1, 1860, as the little tablet said, while visible) with a degree of pitying sorrow even from me, which I am still surprised at.

The wreck of poor Nero, who had to be strychnined by the doctor, was, and is still, memorable, sad and miserable to me, the last nocturnal walk he took with me, his dim white little figure in the universe of dreary black, and my then mood about 'Frederick' and other things.

Holmhill is half a mile from the village of Thornhill. Dr. Russell withdrawing from regular business there.—T. C.

[1] 'Signed it, with my own hand' (Edward Irving, forty years ago).

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Wednesday, October 30, 1859.

Dearest Mary,—'If you but knew how I have been situated!' (my husband's favourite phrase). First, I arrived so tired! oh so dead tired! Notwithstanding that, I actually summoned nerve to put in effect my often cherished idea of sleeping at York (half-way) alone in an inn. Odd that I should never, at this age, have done that thing before, in my life, except once, when, after an absence of eighteen years, I spent a night *incognita* in the George Inn of Haddington, where I could not feel myself a mere traveller. It was a proof that my nerves were stronger, if not my limbs, that I really carried out the York speculation, when it came to the point. It would certainly have been again a failure, however, but for a lady in Fife telling me of a comfortable inn to stop at. I was to ask, on getting out of the carriage, 'was any porter from Mrs. Scawin's here?' which I had no sooner done, than the name Scawin was shouted out in the sound of 'Sowens!' to my great shame! I feeling as if everybody knew where I was going, and that it was my first adventure of the sort!! But I was comfortably and quietly lodged; no bugs, no anything to molest me, only that the tumult in my own blood kept me awake all night; so that I arrived here as tired, next evening, as if I had come the whole road at one horrid rush. And I hadn't much time allowed me to rest; for, though Charlotte had got down all the carpets, there were still quantities of details for me to do, before Mr. C. came. And he stayed only a week behind me.

When the house was all in order for him, my cares were destined to take another turn, even more engrossing. Just the night before his arrival, Charlotte went to some shops, taking the dog with her, and brought him home in her arms, all crumpled together like a crushed spider, and his

poor little eyes protruding, and fixedly staring in his head! A butcher's cart, driving furiously round a sharp corner, had passed over poor little Nero's throat! and not killed him on the spot! But he looked killed enough at the first. When I tried to 'stand him on the ground' (as the servants here say), he flopped over on his side, quite stiff and unconscious! You may figure my sensations! and I durst not show all my grief; Charlotte was so distressed, and really could not have helped it! I put him in a warm bath, and afterwards wrapped him warmly, and laid him on a pillow, and left him, without much hope of finding him alive in the morning. But in the morning he still breathed, though incapable of any movement; but he swallowed some warm milk that I put into his mouth. About midday I was saying aloud, 'Poor dog! poor little Nero!' when I saw the bit tail trying to wag itself! and after that, I had good hopes. In another day he could raise his head to lap the milk himself. And so, by little and little, he recovered the use of himself; but it was ten days before he was able to raise a bark, his first attempt was like the scream of an infant! It has been a revelation to me, this, of the strength of the throat of a dog!! Mr. C. says, if the wheel had gone over anywhere else, it would have killed him. A gentleman told me the other night that he once saw a fine large dog run over; the great wheel of one of Pickford's heavy-laden vans went over its throat!! And the dog just rose up and shook itself!! It next staggered a little to one side, and then a little to the other, as if drunk, then it steadied itself, and walked composedly home!

When I was out of trouble with my dog, I had time to feel how very relaxing and depressing the air of Chelsea was for me, as usual, after the bracing climate of Scotland. I was perfectly done, till Mr. C. insisted on setting up the carriage again, and Providence put me on drinking water

out of a 'bitter cup;' that is a new invention, very popular here this year!—a cup made of the wood of quassia, which makes the water quite bitter in a minute; of course, a chip of quassia put into water would have the same effect; but nobody ever bid me take that! I thought, for three or four days, that I had discovered the grand panacea of life! I felt so hungry! and so cheerful!! and so active! But one night I was seized with the horridest cramps! which quite took the shine out of quassia for me, though I daresay it was merely that I had quite neglected my bowels. I haven't had courage to re-commence with the 'bitter cup;' but it will come! Meanwhile I am pretty well over the bilious crisis that has befallen, to 'remind me that I am but a woman!' and a very frail one (I mean in a physical sense)!

How pleasant it will be to think of you at that pretty Holmhill! though one will always have a tender feeling towards the 'old rambling house,' where we have had such good days together. But the other place will be for the good of your health, as well as more agreeable, when you have once got over the pain of change, which is painful to good hearts, though it may be joyful enough to light ones. It will also be a comfort to my mind to think of that drawing-room getting papered all with one sort of paper!

God bless you. Love to your husband.

J. W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 213.

To Mrs. Stirling, Hill Street, Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: October 21, 1859.

You dear nice woman! there you are! a bright cheering apparition to surprise one on a foggy October morning, over one's breakfast—that most trying institution for people who are 'nervous' and 'don't sleep!'

It (the photograph) made our breakfast this morning

'pass off,' like the better sort of breakfasts in Deerbrook,[1] in which people seemed to have come into the world chiefly to eat breakfast in every possible variety of temper!

Blessed be the inventor of photography! I set him above even the inventor of chloroform! It has given more positive pleasure to poor suffering humanity than anything that has 'cast[2] up' in my time or is like to —this art by which even the 'poor' can possess themselves of tolerable likenesses of their absent dear ones. And mustn't it be acting favourably on the morality of the country? I assure I have often gone into my own room, in the devil's own humour—ready to swear at 'things in general,' and some things in particular—and, my eyes resting by chance on one of my photographs of long-ago places or people, a crowd of sad, gentle thoughts has rushed into my heart, and driven the devil out, as clean as ever so much holy water and priestly exorcisms could have done! I have a photograph of Haddington church tower, and my father's tombstone in it—of every place I ever lived at as a home—photographs of old lovers! old friends, old servants, old dogs! In a day or two, you, dear, will be framed and hung up among the 'friends.' And that bright, kind, indomitable face of yours will not be the least efficacious face there for exorcising my devil, when I have him! Thank you a thousand times for keeping your word! Of course you would—that is just the beauty of you, that you never deceive nor disappoint.

Oh my dear! my dear! how awfully tired I was with the journey home, and yet I had taken two days to it, sleeping —that is, attempting to sleep—at York. What a pity it is that Scotland is so far off! all the good one has gained there gets shaken off one in the terrific journey home again, and then the different atmosphere is so trying to one fresh

[1] The Deerbrook breakfasts refer to Miss Martineau's poor novel.
[2] Turned.

from the pure air of Fife—so exhausting and depressing. If it hadn't been that I had a deal of house-maiding to execute during the week I was here before Mr. C. returned, I must have given occasion for newspaper paragraphs under the head of 'Melancholy suicide.' But dusting books, making chair-covers, and 'all that sort of thing,' leads one on insensibly to live—till the crisis gets safely passed.

My dear! I haven't time nor inclination for much letter-writing—nor have you, I should suppose, but do let us exchange letters now and then. A friendship which has lived on air for so many years together is worth the trouble of giving it a little human sustenance.

Give my kind regards to your husband—I like him.—And believe me,

Your ever affectionate

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 214.

In October, after getting home, there was a determined onslaught made on 'Frederick,' an attempt (still in the way of youth —16 rather than 60!) to vanquish by sheer force the immense masses of incondite or semi-condite rubbish which had accumulated on 'Frederick,' that is, to let the printer straightway drive me through it!—a most fond and foolish notion, which indeed I myself partly knew, durst I have confessed it, to be foolish and even impossible! But this was the case all along; I never once said to myself, 'All those chaotic mountains, wide as the world, high as the stars, dismal as Lethe, Styx, and Phlegethon, did mortal ever see the like of it for size and for quality in the rubbish way? All this thou wilt have to take into thee, to roast and smelt in the furnace of thy own poor soul till thou fairly do smelt the grains of gold out of it!' No, though dimly knowing all this, I durst not openly know it (indeed, how could I otherwise ever have undertaken such a subject?); and I had got far on with the unutterable enterprise, before I did clearly admit that such was verily proving, and would, on to the finis, prove to have been the terrible part of this affair, affair which I must now conquer *tale quale*, or else perish! This first attempt of October–February, 1859–1860 (after dreadful

tugging at the straps), was given up by her serious advices, which I could not but admit to be true as well as painful and humiliating! November 1860 had arrived before there was any further printing: nothing thenceforth but silent pulling at a dead lift, which lasted four or five years more.

My darling must have suffered much in all this; how much! I sometimes thought how cruel it was on her, to whom 'Frederick' was literally nothing except through me, so cruel, alas, alas, and yet inevitable! Never once in her deepest misery did she hint, by word or sign, what she too was suffering under that score; me only did she ever seem to pity in it, the heroic, the thrice noble, and wholly loving soul!

She seemed generally a little stronger this year, and only a little; her strength, though blind *I* never saw it, and kept hoping, hoping, was never to come back, but the reverse, the reverse more and more! Except a week or two at the Grange (January 1860), which did not hurt either of us, I think we had intended to make no visits this year, or as good as none. We did, however, and for good reasons, make two—hers, a most unlucky or provoking one, provokingly curtailed and frustrated, as will be seen. This was in August, to Alderley, and she could have gone further but for blind ill luck. Beginning of July she had tried a week or thereby of lodging at Brighton, and invited me, who tried for three days, but could get no sleep for noises, and had to hurry home by myself; where also I could not sleep nor stay to any purpose, and was chiefly by brother John, who accompanied, led by sea to Thurso, for a 'long sail' first of all.

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Friday, Jan. 28, 1860.

Dearest Mary,—A letter from me would have crossed yours (with the book) on the road, if it hadn't been for a jacket! Things are so oddly hooked together in this world. The connection in this case is simple enough. I needed a little jacket for home wear, and, possessing a superfluous black silk scarf, I resolved, in a moment of economical enthusiasm, to make with my own hands a jacket out of it. For, in spite of the 'thirty thousand distressed needlewomen' one hears so much of, the fact remains that

nobody can get a decent article of dress made here, unless at enormous cost. And besides, the dressmakers who can fit one won't condescend to make anything but with their own materials. So I fell to cutting out that jacket last Monday, and only finished it to-day (Friday)! and was so much excited over the unusual nature of the enterprise (for I detest sewing, and don't sew for weeks together) that I could not leave off, for anything that could be postponed, till the jacket was out of hands. But Lord preserve me, what a bother; better to have bought one ready-made at the dearest rate. I won't take a needle in my hands, except to sew on Mr. C.'s buttons, for the next six months. By the way, would you like the shape of my jacket, which is of the newest? I have it on paper, and could send it to you quite handy.

Oh my dear, I am very much afraid, the reading of that book will be an even more uncongenial job of work for me than the jacket, and won't have as much to show for itself when done. If there be one thing I dislike more than theology it is geology. And here we have both, beaten up in the same mortar, and incapable, by any amount of beating, to coalesce. What could induce any live woman to fall a-writing that sort of book? And a decidedly clever woman —I can see that much from the little I have already read of it here and there. She expresses her meaning very clearly and elegantly too. It it were only on any subject I could get up an interest in, I should read her writing with pleasure. But even when Darwin, in a book that all the scientific world is in ecstasy over, proved the other day that we are all come from shell-fish, it didn't move me to the slightest curiosity whether we are or not. I did not feel that the slightest light would be thrown on my practical life for me, by having it ever so logically made out that my first ancestor, millions of millions of ages back, had been, or even had not been, an oyster. It remained a plain fact that I was no oyster, nor had any

grandfather an oyster within my knowledge; and for the rest, there was nothing to be gained, for this world, or the next, by going into the oyster-question, till all more pressing questions were exhausted! So—if I can't read Darwin, it may be feared I shall break down in Mrs. Duncan. Thanks to you, however, for the book, which will be welcome to several of my acquaintances. There is quite a mania for geology at present, in the female mind. My next-door neighbour would prefer a book like Mrs. Duncan's to Homer's 'Iliad' or Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' 'There is no accounting for tastes.'

I have done my visit to the Grange,[1] and got no hurt by it; and it was quite pleasant while it lasted. The weather was mild, and besides, the house is so completely warmed, with warm water-pipes, that it is like summer there in the coldest weather. The house was choke-full of visitors—four-and-twenty of us, most of the time. And the toilettes! Nothing could exceed their magnificence; for there were four young new-married ladies, among the rest, all vieing with each other who to be finest. The blaze of diamonds every day at dinner, quite took the shine out of the chandeliers. As for myself, I got through the dressing-part of the business by a sort of continuous miracle, and, after the first day, had no bother with myself of any sort. The new Lady[2] was kindness' self and gave general satisfaction.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 215.

To Miss Barnes, King's Road, Chelsea.

5 Cheyne Row: Saturday, Jan. 14, 1860.

My dear Miss Barnes,—I send you a pheasant, which is a trophy as well as a dead bird! For I brought it home

[1] Finished January 13.

[2] Lord Ashburton married secondly, November 17, 1858, Louisa Caroline, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. James Stewart Mackenzie.

with me last night from one of the most stupendous massacres of feathered innocents that ever took place 'here down' (as Mazzini expresses himself)—from seven hundred to a thousand pheasants shot in one day! The firing made me perfectly sick. Think of the bodily and mental state of the surviving birds when the day's sport was ended! Decidedly, men can be very great brutes when they like!

We have been away for ten days at the Grange (Lord Ashburton's place in Hampshire), where I always thrive better than anywhere else; and where, as you see, there are many pheasants.

I went to take leave of you before we went; but saw all the blinds down, and grew sick with fright! I went into Mr. Gigner's shop and inquired was anything the matter; and he told me of your new loss. At least, it was an immense relief to me to hear that your father and yourself were not ill or worse. After that I thought a note about my insignificant movements would only bother your father; so I left him to learn my whereabouts from the 'Morning Post,' certain he would be too much preoccupied for looking after me at all. Do come soon, if I don't go to you. Do you care to have this card? It will do for an autograph if you don't want to use it.

Affectionately yours,
J. CARLYLE.

LETTER 216.

To Mr. Barnes, King's Road, Chelsea.

5 Cheyne Row: Thursday night, Feb. 1 [Nero died].

My dear good Mr. Barnes,—I cannot put into words how much I feel your kindness. It was such a kind thing for you to do! and so kindly done! My gratitude to you will be as long as my life, for shall I not, as long as I live, remember that poor little dog? Oh don't think me ab-

surd, you, for caring so much about a dog? Nobody but myself can have any idea what that little creature has been in my life. My inseparable companion during eleven years, ever doing his little best to keep me from feeling sad and lonely. Docile, affectionate, loyal up to his last hour. When weak and full of pain, he offered himself to go out with me, seeing my bonnet on; and came panting to welcome me on my return, and the reward I gave him —the only reward I could or ought to give him, to such a pass had things come—was, ten minutes after, to give him up to be poisoned.

I thought it not unlikely you would call to-day; because your coming to-day would be of a piece with the rest of your goodness to me. Nevertheless, I went out for a long drive; I could not bear myself in the house where everything I looked at reminded me of yesterday. And I wouldn't be at home for visitors to criticise my swollen eyes, and smile at grief 'about a dog,' and besides, suppose you came, I wished to not treat you to more tears; of which you had had too much; and to-day I couldn't for my life have seen you without crying dreadfully.

Tell your little jewel of a daughter I have not forgotten her wish, for which I thank her. I wish all her wishes were as easy to fulfil.

Yours affectionately,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 217.

To John Forster, Esq., Montagu Square.

5 Cheyne Row: Thursday, Jan. 1860? or March?

All right, dear Mr. Forster—nothing but 'yeses' out of that man's mouth, when your proposal was stated to him. Willing, pleased yeses. I am afraid something must be going to happen to him. 'Yes,' he would go on Sunday;

'yes,' he would be there a quarter before six; yes, he would walk there, and let you send him home. Exactly as you predicted, he did not come in till half-past six by the clock. It is a pity for poor me; I daren't do anything pleasant ever. Though, like the pigs, I get used to it, and am thankful if I can but keep on foot in-doors.

I am bent on seeing her and Katie, however, before we go to the Grange.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

[*In T. C.'s hand*:—]

Yes, Saturday;—for the brougham to fetch me, no, with thanks. —T. C.

(Written then!—T. C.)

LETTER 218.

Autumn 1860, I made a visit of four or five weeks to Sir George Sinclair at Thurso. Early in the summer of that year, I was visited by sleeplessness; and first began to have an apprehension that I should never get my sad book on Friedrich finished, that it would finish me instead. I still remember well enough the dark, cold, vague, yet authentic-looking feeling of terror that shot athwart me as I sat smoking 'up the chimney,' huddled in rugs, dressing-gown and cape, with candle on the hob, my one remedy in sleepless cases; the first real assault of fear, pointing, as it were, to undeniable fact; and how it saddened me the whole of next day. The second day, I compared it to Luther's temptings by the devil; and thought to myself in Luther's dialect, 'Well, well, Herr Teufel, we will just go on as long as we are alive; and keep working, all the same, till thou do get us killed!' This put away the terror, but would by no means bring the sleep back. I recollect lying whole nights awake, still as a stone; getting up at six, and riding to Clapham Common, to Hammersmith region, by way of surrogate for sleep. My head had an unpleasant cloudy feeling; I was certainly far from well, far below my average of illness even. Brother John who lived in his Brompton lodgings then, recommended strongly a sea-voyage; voyage to Thurso, for example, whither the hospitable Sir George Sinclair had been again, per-

haps for the third or fourth time, eagerly inviting me. Nothing else being so feasible, and something being clearly indispensable, we both set off, John volunteering to escort me to Wick; and generously and effectively performing that fraternal service. The very first night, in spite of the tumults of the crowded Aberdeen steamer, and such a huddle of a sleeping-place as is only seen at sea, I slept deep for six or seven hours; and had not again, during this visit, nor for years, any real misery about sleep.

On the part of my generous host and household, nothing was left wanting; I was allowed to work daily some hours, invisible till three P.M. I bathed daily in the Pentland Firth in sight of the 'Old Man,' roamed about, saw 'John o' Groat's House' (evidently an old lime-kiln!) &c. &c., a country ancient, wild, and lonely, more than enough impressive to me. I was very sad, 'soul exceeding solitary;' nothing could help that. Sir George was abundantly conversible, anecdotic, far-read, far-experienced, indeed a quite learned man (would read me lyrics &c., straight from the Greek any evening, nothing pleased him better), and full of piety, veracity, and good-nature, but it availed little; I was sad and weary, all things bored me! Here at Chelsea, with my clever Jeannie for hostess, and some clever Mrs. Twisleton for fellow-guest, Sir George was reported to be charming and amusing at their little dinner, while I sat aloft and wrote. But not here could he amuse; not here, though his constant perfect goodness, and the pleasure he always expressed over me, were really welcome, wholesome, and received with gratitude. I had many invitations from him afterwards, saw him here annually once or twice; but never went to Thurso again; never could get going, had I even wished it more.

Few letters went from me in that Thurso solitude, none that I could help. From my darling herself I seemed to receive still fewer than I wrote; the tediously slow posts, I remember, were unintelligible to her, provoking to her! Here is one, beyond what I could count on, come to me last week among four of my own, printed on 'approval,' in some memoirs of Sir George, which the relations have set a certain well-known Mr. James Grant upon writing! To Miss Sinclair's poor request, I said reluctantly yes—could not say no; corrected the five letters (not without difficulty); returned my own four originals; retained (resolutely) the original of this, and a printed copy as well as this. (December 13, 1869.) —T. C.

The letter from Mrs. Carlyle to Sir George Sinclair is not dated, so far as regards the year; but evidently follows close on the foregoing. It is felicitously playful in reference to her own husband. It is as follows:—

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: August 1, 1860.

My dear Sir,—Decidedly you are more thoughtful for me than the man who is bound by vow to 'love and cherish me;' not a line have I received from him to announce his safe arrival in your dominions. The more shameful on his part, that, as it appears by your note, he had such good accounts to give of himself, and was perfectly up to giving them.

Well! now that you have relieved me from all anxiety about the effects of the journey on him, he may write at his own 'reasonably good leisure.' Only I told him I should not write till I had heard of his arrival from himself; and *he knows* whether or no I am in the habit of keeping my word—to the letter.

A thousand thanks for the primrose roots; which I shall plant, as soon as it fairs! To-day we have again a deluge; adding a deeper shade of horror to certain household operations going on under my inspection (by way of 'improving the occasion' of his absence!) One bedroom has got all the feathers of its bed and pillows airing themselves out on the floor! creating an atmosphere of down in the house, more choking than even 'cotton-fuzz.' In another, upholsterers and painters are plashing away for their life; and a couple of bricklayers are tearing up flags in the kitchen to seek 'the solution' of a non-acting drain! All this on the one hand; and on the other, visits from my doctor, resulting in ever new 'composing draughts,' and strict charges to 'keep my mind perfectly tranquil.' You will admit that one could easily conceive situations more ideal.

Pray do keep him as long as you like! To hear of him

'in high spirits' and 'looking remarkably well' is more composing for me than any amount of 'composing draughts,' or of insistence on the benefits of 'keeping myself perfectly tranquil.' It is so very different a state of things with him from that in which I have seen him for a long time back!

Oh! I must not forget to give you the 'kind remembrances' of a very charming woman, whom any man may be pleased to be remembered by, as kindly as she evidently remembered you! I speak of Lady William Russell. She knew you in Germany, 'a young student,' she told me, when she was Bessie Rawdon. She 'had a great affection for you, and had often thought of you since.' You were 'very romantic in those days; oh, very romantic and sentimental,' she could assure me! Pray send me back a pretty message for her; she will like so much to know that she has not remembered you 'with the reciprocity all on one side.'

I don't even send my regards to Mr. C., but—

Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 219.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Thursö Castle.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Friday, Aug. 10, 1860.

Oh my dear! If 'all about feelings' be bad in a letter, all about scenery and no feelings is a deal worse! Such a letter as that I received from you, yesterday, after much half-anxious, half-angry waiting for, will read charmingly in your biography! and may be quoted in 'Murray's Guide Book;' but for 'me, as one solitary individual,' I was not charmed with it at all! Nevertheless, I should have answered it by return of post, had I not been too ill for writing anything yesterday, except, on the strength of phrenzy, a passionate appeal to the 'retired cheesemonger,' about his dog, which, I am happy to say, like everything coming straight from the heart, went straight to the heart

of the good little old cheesemonger. You will infer, from my going ahead against 'noises' on my own account, that the 'extraordinary disturbance of the nervous system,' which Mr. Barnes found me suffering under when he came, has not yielded yet to an equally extraordinary amount of 'composing mixture!' My sleep had been getting 'small by degrees, and beautifully less,' till I ended in lying awake the whole nights through! not what you call 'awake,' that is, dozing; but broad wide awake, like a hawk with an empty stomach! Still the mixture was to be persevered in, nay, increased, and I was assured that it was 'doing me a little good,' so little I myself couldn't perceive it, even through the powerful microscope of my faith in Mr. Barnes! and, in spite of his assurance that 'home was the best place for me at present,' I had wild impulses to 'take the road' (like the 'Doctor,' and with the Doctor's purposelessness!). The night before last, however (Wednesday night), I fell into a deep natural sleep, which lasted two hours, and might have lasted till the masons began, but for cheesemonger's dog, which was out that night (bad luck to it!) on a spree! and startled me awake at three of the morning with furious continuous barking—just as if my head was being laid open with repeated strokes of a hatchet! Of course I 'slept no more;' and yesterday was too ill for anything except, as I have said, writing a wild appeal to the cheesemonger. I will inclose his comforting answer which he handed in himself an hour after. It will be comforting to you also, in reference to your own future nights.

I have nothing to tell that you will take any interest in, except about the horse. He is still under the process of 'breaking,'[1] poor creature! Is 'so nervous and resolute,' so 'dreadful resolute,' that the breaker 'can't tell how long

[1] To run in harness; but he wouldn't—couldn't—though the best-natured of horses, poor Fritz!

it will take to get the better of him!' I must see Silvester to-day before writing to Frederick Chapman. I saw the poor horse three days ago, just coming in from the breaker's, like a horse just returning from the 'Thirty Years' War!' Poor beast! I could have cried for him—required to turn over a new leaf in his old age! I know what that is!

'The nephew of Haggi Babda,' dropt in 'quite promiscuously' last Sunday evening, when old Jane was out at church, and I was alone, except for Geraldine, who opened the door to him, and afterwards talked social metaphysics with him! He is the fattest young large man I ever saw, out of a caravan! but in other respects rather charming. He wished me to impress on you how happy he would be to transact any commissions for you at Berlin, 'for which his connection with the embassy might give him facilities &c. &c.' He seemed heartily in earnest about this, and a hearty admirer of your 'Frederick.' He is the best-bred, pleasantest man I have seen 'for seven years,' and the hour and half he stayed would have been delightful, if I hadn't been deadly sick all the while, and my nervous system 'in an extraordinary state of disturbance.'

Tell Sir George I have planted the cowslips, 'with my own hand,' and have not needed to water them, 'the heavenly watering-pan' (which Mariotti spoke of) having spared me the trouble. I gave them the place of highest honour (round poor little Nero's stone). I have had fires all day long for the last week—such a summer! Lady Stanley sent me her portrait. The only bit of real pleasantness, however, that has come my way has been, last Wednesday, a visit from William Dodds and his wife. They told me such things about the behaviour of the London Donaldsons, when they went down to Miss Jess's funeral!

Your situation sounds as favourable as a conditional world could have afforded you. I trust in Heaven that you will go on improving in it.

You remember, no pens got mended, so you won't wonder at this scrawling.

Yours ever,
J. Welsh Carlyle.

LETTER 220.

T. Carlyle, Thurso Castle.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Friday, Aug. 17, 1860.

Thanks for the two letters, dear! I 'did intend' to have answered them together, at full length, by to-day's post, but have been hindered sadly, and ignominiously, by —'what shall I say?'—an attack of British cholera! Don't be alarmed; it is over now! and it is still but two o'clock, and, though I was ill all night as well as all the forenoon, I don't feel disabled for writing. It is an appointment with Lady Sandwich, which I don't like to break, that takes away the remaining two and a half hours, in which I might have written a sufficient letter. She sent the coachman last night, with a note to say she had returned to Grosvenor Square, on account of a slight attack of bronchitis, and would I tell the coachman when to bring the carriage to fetch me; I appointed a quarter before three to-day, not foreseeing what the night had in reserve for me! Indeed, I had no reason to expect anything of the sort, having been sleeping better, and feeling better in every way for the last week. I rather 'happrehend' it was my own imprudence, in taking a glass of bitter ale at supper that caused this deadly sickness, and—other things. Trust me for doing the best for myself, in the circumstances. I am the last person to let myself be humbugged by a doctor; Mr. Barnes was perfectly right in ordering me, at the time you left, to put all ideas of travelling out of my head, and 'go to bed for two hours every forenoon instead.' And the mixture, which for many days failed

in its intended effect, on account (he said) of the excitement I was in, got to do me palpable, unmistakable good at last, and is now discontinued by his own order. At the time you left I was hanging on the verge of nervous fever, and have made a very near miss of it! He does not disapprove of my going away now, provided I keep short of fatigue and excitement, and I am taking steps towards forming a programme. I will tell you in a day or two what direction I have decided on. I should like very well to spend a day or so at the Gill; but a stay of any length there would not suit me at all. Milk is no object, as it is not strong enough food for my present weak appetite; and solitude is positively hurtful to me. Human kindness is precious everywhere, and nobody appreciates it more than I do; but just the kinder they are, the more I should be tempted to exert myself in talking, and putting my contentment in evidence. In short, there would be a strain upon me, while I was supposed to be enjoying the height of freedom! I mean were my stay prolonged beyond the day or two during which the enthusiasm of meeting after so long absence, and having things to tell one another, holds out. I am so sorry to put you off with such a scrubby letter, but the carriage will be here before I am dressed; and here is my beef-tea—my first breakfast.

Kind love to Sir George.

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 221.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: **Friday, Aug. 17, 1860.**

Dearest Mary,—I haven't leisure to commence this letter with reproaches; for the reproaches would be very long, and my time for writing is very short. In an hour hence a carriage will come to take me to a sick old lady, I my-

self being quite as sick and nearly as old, and there are directions to be given to divers workmen before I start. For Mr. Carlyle is absent at Thurso, and I have taken the opportunity of turning a carpenter, and a painter, and a paper-hanger into his private apartment.

Yes, after repeatedly assuring you that Mr. Carlyle would not go north this summer, but restrict his travels to some sea-side place near hand, I am almost ashamed to tell you that he has gone 'north' after all, and further north than he ever was in all his life before, being on a visit to Sir George Sinclair at Thurso Castle—the northernmost point of Scotland. A trial of Brighton had been made, and had ended abruptly and ignominiously in flight back to Chelsea, to get out of the sound of certain cocks. Of all places in the world, Brighton was the last one could have expected to be infested with poultry. But one week of Brighton had only increased Mr. C.'s desire for sea, and indeed he had got into such a sleepless, excited condition through prolonged over-work, that there could be no doubt about the need of what they call 'a complete change' for him. So he looked about for a sea-residence, where he might be safe from cocks and cockneys, and decided for Thurso Castle, which could moreover be reached by sailing, which he prefers infinitely to railwaying, and whence there had come a pressing invitation for us both to spend a couple of months. Accordingly, he streamed off there a fortnight ago, I remaining behind for several reasons; first, that sailing is as much as my life is worth, and seven hundred miles of railway would have been just about as fatal. Second, if I was going to undertake a long journey, I might take it in directions that would better repay the trouble and expense. And third, the long worry and anxiety I had had with Mr. C.'s nervousness had reduced myself to the brink of a nervous fever, and my doctor was peremptory as to the unfitness of my either going with Mr.

C., or rejoining him at Thurso. Indeed I was not to leave home at all in the state I was in, but to take three composing draughts a day! and go to bed for two hours every forenoon. A fortnight of this and perfect quiet in the house has calmed me down amazingly, only I feel as tired as if I were just returned from the 'thirty years' war.' And now Mr. Barnes does not object to my going away, provided I don't go to Mr. C.! and don't over-exert myself. Mr. C., who is already immensely improved by his residence at Thurso Castle, is all for everybody 'going into the country,' and has made up his mind that, like it or not, I must go 'instantly' to—the Gill (Mary Austin's), which, as it suits his milk-loving habits, he thinks would equally suit me. And I myself would like very well to turn my two or three remaining weeks of liberty to some more agreeable use than superintending the house-cleaning here! But decidedly mooning about, all by myself, at the Gill, lapping milk, which doesn't agree with me, and being stared at by the Gill children as their 'aunt!' is not the happy change for which I would go far, much as I like Mary Austin.

Now, I want to know how you are situated, whether the invitation held out to me, and which I, 'ignorant of the future,' declined for this year, be still open to me; for if I had it in my power to go on to you for a week or so from the Gill, I might give myself the air of a charmingly obedient wife, and agree to go there, without my obedience costing me any personal sacrifice. I could break the long journey by staying a few days at Alderley Park (Lord Stanley's), where I have half engaged to go in any case. But I don't know if you are settled yet, or if you are not gone somewhere for change of air yourself, or if somebody else be not located, for the present, in my room, and unfortunately I am tied to time. I must be back in London—some weeks before Mr. C.; for reasons I will explain later, for they require time to explain them.

In the meanwhile you will, in any case, answer me, as briefly as you like, by return of post! for I shan't answer Mr. C. till I get your letter. And I do beseech you to be perfectly frank, to tell me if you are going anywhere, or if anybody else is coming to you, or if my room is not ready yet, or, worst of all, if you are poorly, and can't be troubled.

I understand that state so thoroughly well.

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 222.

T. Carlyle, Thurso Castle.

Alderley Park, Congleton, Cheshire: Thursday, Aug. 23, 1860.

There! What do you think of this? If you knew all you would admit that I have as much 'courage' as your horse, which 'goes whether he can or not.' But the present is not a moment for entering into details, of how ill I was after my last letter, and of how my illness was complicated with household griefs, and of how it was necessary to leave for here at hardly a day's notice, or give up altogether the idea of going anywhere. All that will keep till I am in better case for writing a long letter, or even till we meet 'on our return from the thirty years' war.' Enough to say, for the present, that I am here on a most kindly pressing invitation from Lady Stanley, to stay 'a week,' and 'be nursed' (you may be sure it was pressing enough when *I* accepted it), and that my intention is, if I get as much better as I hope, to go on from here to the Gill, and from there, after a day or two's rest, to Holm Hill (Mrs. Russell's), where I can remain with advantage as long as I find expedient with relation to the time of your return home.

Mrs. Russell had been urging me to visit them for the

last three months at intervals. And I am always much made of, and very comfortable there. And to have a doctor for one's host was a consideration of some weight with me, under the circumstances, in choosing that ultimate destination. I couldn't have travelled all the way to Dumfriesshire at one fell rush; but the invitation to Alderley broke the journey beautifully for me. It (the coming to Alderley) had been spoken of, or rather written of, by Lady S. before I last wrote to you, but I was afraid to say a word about it in case you had played me the same trick as in the case of Louisa Baring. No time had been specified then. So that when I received a letter on Monday (written in forgetfulness of the intervening Sunday), urging me to be at Chelford station on Tuesday by four o'clock, where Lady S. would send the carriage for me, it quite took away my breath. I could not possibly get myself and the house packed by Tuesday. Besides, Lady Ashburton had offered to come to tea with me on Tuesday, and been accepted, 'in my choicest mood;' so I answered that I would, D.V., be at Chelford station by four on Wednesday.

A more tired human being than myself, when I got into the train at Euston Square yesterday, you haven't seen 'this seven years.' Geraldine and Mr. Larkin escorted me there, and paid me the last attentions. I was hardly out of sight of the station when I fell back in my seat and went to sleep, and slept off and on (me, in a railway carriage!) all the way to Crewe, where I was roused into the usual wide-awakeness by seeing the van containing my portmanteau go off as for good. It came back, however, after much running and remonstrating; and I was put down at Chelford 'all right' in a pouring rain, which indeed had poured without a moment's intermission all day. The carriage was waiting with drenched coachman and footman, who I had the discomfort of thinking must wish me at Jericho, at the least, and I was soon in the hall at Alderley, into which Lady

S., with the girls at her back, came running to welcome me with kisses and good words, a much more human mode of receiving visitors than I had been used to in great houses. In fact, the whole thing is very human, and very humane as well. Lord S. is still in London, Postmaster-General you will have heard—nobody here but Lady S. and the girls, which suits my nervous system, and also my wardrobe (which I had no time or care to get up) much better than company would have done. Indeed, I had made the aloneness and dulness, which Lady S. had complained of, my conditions in accepting her invitation. Mr. Barnes had been saying all he could about 'the excited state of my brain' (I too have a brain it seems?) to frighten me into 'taking better care' of myself, and 'avoiding every sort of worry, and fuss, and fatigue,' as if anybody could avoid worry, and fuss, and fatigue in this world. Worry, and fuss, and fatigue under the name of 'pleasure,' of 'amusement,' that however one certainly may avoid. So I should not have gone wilfully into a houseful of visitors.

I shall write to Mary to-day. I had the kindest little letter from her.

Love to Sir George. I have had no letter from you since —I cannot remember when.

Yours ever,
J. W. C.

F. Chapman will have written about the horse he undertook to break. Silvester says the horse is not broken, has a nasty trick that would break any brougham—turns sharp round, and stands stock still, in spite of all you can do, holding his head to one side as if he were listening. Poor dear Fritz. The breaker, who I suppose desires to be rid of it, says to Chapman it is broken, and Frederick means to try it himself.

LETTER 223.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Alderley Park, Congleton: Saturday, Aug. 25, 1860.

My dearest Mary,—I could sit down and take a good hearty cry. I am not to get to you after all. This morning is come a letter from Mr. C., forwarded from Chelsea, giving me the astounding news that there is every likelihood of his coming home by next Wednesday's steamer. Always the way, whenever I go anywhere to please myself—plump he appears at Chelsea, and, just now, his appearance there in my absence would be (as Lord Ashburton would say) 'the devil!'

I cannot enter into an account of my household affairs just now—being long, and most ridiculous. I was keeping it as an amusing story for you when we met. I will write the story from Chelsea at my first leisure (when will that be?). But just now I am too vexed for making a good story, besides being too busy, having so many letters demanding to be written about this provoking change of plan. When I leave here, it must be straight for Chelsea, and I must go on Tuesday morning. What a pity! I was just beginning to recover my sleep in the fresh air and the absence of worries—have had actually two nights of good sleep; and they are so kind to me, and they to whom I was going would have been so kind to me! But when one has married a man of genius, one must take the consequences. Only there was no need for him to have spoken of staying at Thurso till the beginning of October, and misled me so.

Your loving friend,

J. W. C.

LETTER 224.

T. Carlyle, Thurso Castle.

Alderley Park: Sunday, Aug. 26, 1860.

Oh, dear me! this length of days needed for a letter written to or from Thurso, to get an answer in the course of post, is very trying to impatient spirits! Not on account of the slowness only, but on account of the 'change come o'er the spirit of one's dream' in the interval between the post's going out and coming in. Not once, since you went to that accursedly out-of-the-way place, has a letter from you found me in the same mood and circumstances to which it was addressed, as being the mood and circumstances in which my own letter had left me, and of course it has been the same with my letters to you. For example, your announcement that you might be home immediately, crossing my announcement that I was on the road to Scotland. Now I write to say I am turning back, and shall be at Chelsea, D.V., on Tuesday afternoon, to prepare for you, in case you do come soon, which I shall regret for your sake; a few more weeks of sound sleep would be so good for you. What will be the contents of the letter that crosses this? Something quite irrelevant I have no doubt. Perhaps assurances that you can do perfectly well at Chelsea without me, and that I am to stay in Scotland as long as I like, when I shall be reading the letter at Cheyne Row, and as sure as ever woman was of anything that you could not have done at Chelsea without me for twelve hours.

The week before my departure, which should have been devoted to setting my house in order, was devoted to British cholera, which, coming on the back of low nervous fever, reduced me to a state of exhaustion, which even 'zeal for my house,' couldn't rouse to the requisite activ-

ity. Many things had been begun, but few of them finished—for instance, your bed had been all taken to pieces to look for bugs, and it had been ascertained that not one bug survived there, and the bed had been put together, but the curtains were away being cleaned.

Fancy your coming home to a curtainless bed, and 'Old Jane'[1] would have made no shift! for 'Old Jane,' my dear, I may as well tell you soon as syne, is a complete failure and humbug! Although you provokingly enough attributed the silence I systematically observe on the shortcomings of servants to want of 'care about it,' I still think that until I am arrived at parting with a servant, and have to show reason why, the more I hold my peace about them, and make the best of them, the more for your comfort and for my own credit.[2] 'Old Jane' then disappointed me from the first day. Before you left I had satisfied myself that she was a perfectly incompetent cook and servant, and soon after you left I satisfied myself that she—told lies! and had no more sense of honour in her work than Charlotte. There was no need to worry you with the topic of her, which was to myself perfectly loathsome, until I had to account for replacing her. I mention her now to reconcile you to the idea of my having gone back home to wait for you. You couldn't have done without me, you see. I have engaged a woman of thirty-four, who is really promising (the woman Miss Evans wanted to have), and a remarkably nice-looking girl of sixteen to be under her.[3] She would not have taken a place of 'all work,' and indeed it is very difficult to find even a respectable servant who will take it—natur-

[1] I have quite forgotten.

[2] Alas! can that need to be said?—insane that I was!

[3] Yes, I recollect these two. I had often latterly been urging 'two servants,' but she never till now would comply. The *elder* of these 'two' did not suit either. A conceited fool; got the name 'Perfection,' and (to the great joy of the younger, who continued worthily) had to go in a few months.

ally, when they can find plenty of less confused places. She, the elder woman, comes home on September 14, and I wished the girl to wait till then. I think the house will really be comfortable and orderly by-and-by—at more cost; but that, you said repeatedly, you didn't mind. At all rates, I have taken immense trouble (two journeys to Richmond included), to find respectable and competent servants. If I have failed, it will just be another instance of my ill-luck, rather than my want of zeal.

Maud [1] has been sitting in my room waiting till I am done. Excuse haste and abrupt ending. I can't write on this principle, and I shan't get a chance again before post-time.

Yours,
J. W. C.

LETTER 225.

Surely this is one of the saddest of letters—the misery of it merely slowness of posts, and on both sides hardly bearable heaviness of load. Oh, my own much-suffering little woman!—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Thurso Castle.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Sunday, Sept. 2, 1860.

This is all—'what shall I say? strange, upon my honour!' On Friday morning comes a note from Sir George (that had gone round by Alderley) to the effect that his 'dear friend's pen being more devoted to the service of unborn generations than to mine' (truly! and if the 'unborn generations' will do the answering, I shan't object!), and another expedition to John o' Groats being on foot, he writes to tell me the dear friend has been prevailed upon, &c. &c. Well! 'I am most particularly glad to hear it,' like Archivarius Lyndhorst. The more of Thurso Castle, the better for his sleep, and his head; and, as con-

[1] Stanley.

cerns myself, the more time for putting things straight here, the better for my sleep, and my head! (if so insignificant an individual can be said to have a head!) But certainly on the following morning (Saturday), there would be a few lines from the dear friend's self, snatched from his service to 'unborn generations,' to tell me, 'with his own hand,' of his change of plan! No! On Saturday morning the postman didn't so much as call! and when I ran out at the house door to see if he could really mean it, he merely shook his head from the steps of No. 8. Late at night, however, I hear of a letter from you, received that morning by Neuberg. There had been time found or made to write to him. And he 'thought it his duty to,' not forward your letter to me, but interlard his own note with single words or whole lines of yours 'in ticks'[1] —'means to move *gradually* southward again, wishes *you* could be persuaded to start again, if able at all, and to rectify her huge error!' &c. Who was to 'persuade' me to start again? Neuberg himself, perhaps? Not you it would seem, who send not a single line to, as it were, welcome me home, though come home entirely for your sake! No matter! there is the less to be grateful for!

Meanwhile I am glad to know, even indirectly, that you are positively coming south by land, and 'gradually.' The two notes written after hearing I was at Alderley, and bound for Dumfriesshire, which were received together (on account of the misdirection), within an hour of the time the carriage was ordered to take me to the station, threw no certain light for me on your plans. When you first fixed to go to Thurso, your grand inducement had seemed to be that you 'could sail there, and back, and avoid all that horror of railways.' You had never once in my hearing spoken of taking Dumfriesshire on your road;

[1] Her own Scotch name for double commas.

on the contrary, when I spoke to you of Loch Luichart, you said: 'Oh, that was a great way off! and you shouldn't be going back by land at all!' Then the letter, forwarded to Alderley from Chelsea, written in the belief I was still at home, made no allusion whatever to any intention of taking Dumfriesshire on your road home. You could not remain there longer, without work, and, to get on with your work, you must be 'beside your reservoir of books at Chelsea.' Read that letter yourself—Mary Austin has got it (I sent it to her as my valid excuse for breaking my engagement to come, and as a valid excuse she accepted it)—and say if I was committing any 'huge error,' or error at all, in supposing it in the highest degree probable that you would sail straight from Thurso to London? And granting that high probability, there was but one course for me, under the circumstances (the curtains; the keys, which you could never have known one from another! the imbecile 'Old Jane;' the new servant to come, &c. &c.)—but one course: to go south again instead of north, on the day when my Alderley visit was to terminate: unless, after my resolution was taken, and everybody warned not to expect me in Dumfriesshire, and the new woman who had been put off warned that she must now immediately render herself at Cheyne Row—unless, after all that, I was to unsettle everything over again at the very last hour, when there was no longer time to warn anybody. On the receipt of the two little letters, which came together, taking them as an exposition of your voluntary plans, not of plans which you had been forced to adopt voluntarily by the knowledge of mine—by the dread of going home to a comfortless house, and, simultaneously with that, a kind desire not to interfere with any arrangements of mine by which my health might be benefited. No! I could not be quite certain that, were I at Chelsea instead of half-way to Scotland, you might not still wish

to avoid the 'horror of railways,' and to get back to your 'reservoir of books.' At all events, you should have your free choice, and now you have had it, and I learn, *through Mr. Neuberg*, that it is to be 'in no hurry.' I am very glad of that, as I shall be in better trim for you here than had you come straight.

As to my 'starting again' (on any long expedition at least), you couldn't believe Mr. Neuberg or anyone else could persuade me to do it! I am not 'able at all,' which does not mean, however, that I am ill. My three days at Alderley, before the letter came, did me all the good which I was likely to get from change of scene;—after the letter came, my sleep was no better than at Chelsea. When I am worried about anything, no air nor surroundings can put me to sleep. At present your curtains are come home and put up. The bricklayers have mended the broken tiles on your dressing closet. That dreadful old woman is to be got handsomely rid of next Wednesday; and I feel rather quiet, and am getting to sleep better, and mean to lead a pleasant life in my solitude—taking these 'little excursions so long talked of.'

Lady Stanley was to write to you, the day I left, to tell you I was despatched safely south. My own letter, to say I was going home on Tuesday, would reach you last Monday I suppose. You will write when the 'unborn generations' can spare you for half an hour.

The only news I have to tell is, that the poor 'little darling'[1] has lost the use of an arm and hand by paralysis. He came himself to tell me, with his arm in a sling, and repeatedly broke down into tears, and made me cry too. 'Oh!' he said, 'how I do miss my poor dear!'—I thought he was going to say wife—she died two years since; but, no, it was 'arm!' 'Oh, how I miss my poor dear arm!' He didn't need money, wouldn't even be paid

[1] Her name for a neat and good old gardener that used to work for us.

what was owing him. It was the helplessness that was breaking his heart.

All good be with you.

Yours ever,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

Don't expect another letter for a long time, even should I know the address; writing is very bad for me, and I hate it at present.

LETTER 226.

T. Carlyle, Thurso Castle.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Monday, Sept. 3, 1860.

Two letters from you this morning—one redirected from Alderley. But I must let the long letter I wrote yesterday go, as it is all the same! It is too much writing to throw away, after having given myself a headache over it. Besides, after having read your two letters of this morning, I feel none the less called upon to defend myself against the charge of 'huge error,' 'rashness,' 'precipitancy,' 'folly,' and so on! I maintain that, however unfortunate my course may have been, I could not, under the circumstances, have rightly taken any other! So the letter of yesterday had best go! Nor do I deign to accept the very beggarly apology you make for my 'infatuated conduct,' that I had myself lost heart for the Dumfriesshire visits, and was glad of any excuse to be off from them; that tortuous style of thing is not at all in my line. Had I lost heart I would have said so. On the contrary, feeling myself at Alderley, half-way—all the hateful preparatory lockings up and packings well over—nothing to do but go north at Crewe instead of south, and Mary Austin and Mrs. Russell promising me the very warmest welcome, far from losing heart, I had for the first time gained heart for the further

enterprise; the 'interest' had 'not fallen but risen,' I assure you, and I turned south with real mortification! There! you have provoked that out of me, which, if 'well let alone,' I should never have said.

As for your indignation at my not writing, I don't quarrel with that—only beg to remind you that 'the reciprocity is not all on one side!' I also have been feeling myself extremely neglected—for what shall I say? 'unborn generations?' Let us hope so, and not for just nothing at all!

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 227.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Sept. 7, 1860.

Dearest Mary,—I am so sorry that letter should have arrived to mislead you, for, alas! I have had no thought of starting again, since I found, on my return home, that Mr. C. had made a perfectly wrong impression on me as to his plans! When he talked of 'sailing' by such a steamer, how could I imagine he only meant sailing to Aberdeen, and afterwards making visits in Scotland? He had always declared the attraction of Thurso, for him, to be the possibility of getting there and back by sea, without any horror of 'railwaying.' And he had never once spoken of returning through Dumfriesshire! My error was quite natural, almost inevitable. But that doesn't make it the less mortifying for myself and others.

If I had ordinary powers of locomotion I should, on perceiving the real state of the case, have streamed off again—this time straight to the Gill. But indeed, my dear, I have no such thing as ordinary strength. When I told my doctor that Mr. C. urged me to do this, he fairly swore, though a very mild man by nature! It was not

merely the ground to be gone over, but the fuss and flurry of so much travelling for me, that he entirely protested against. 'Quiet, quiet, quiet' was what I needed above everything else—no change could do me good that involved fatigue or fret of mind. I know he is right in that, and that no purer air nor change of scene could do me good if bought with a new unsettling of myself, and the hurry of mind inseparable from the travelling, especially railway travelling, for a person whose nervous system is in such a preternatural state of excitability as mine is. I should never have had courage to think of going to you at all but for the week's rest in the middle of the journey, offered in the visit to Alderley. It has been a real disappointment to me, having had to turn back, and a great provocation to find my turning back unnecessary. But, now that I am here, I must make the best of it.

I will write you a long letter soon, and tell you several things about my household affairs which will throw more light for you on the supposed necessity for my abrupt return.

God bless you, dear.

Your ever affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 228.

'I did it, sir.'—Blusterous pedagogue, a Welsh Archdeacon Williams, head of the Edinburgh New Academy (who used to call at Comely Bank, reporting to us his dreadful illness he once had, illness miserable and fatal 'unless you can dine for three weeks without wine'—'and I did it, sir!'—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Sunday night, Sept. 10, 1860.

Oh, my dear! was there ever such a game at cross-purposes as this correspondence of ours? It reminds me of

nothing so much as the passages between 'the wee wifie, who lived in a shoe,' and her bairns, so many 'that she didn't know what to do!'

> 'She went to the market to buy them some bread;
> When she came back they were all lying dead!
> She went to the wright's to get them a coffin;
> When she came back they were all sitting laughing!'

Not one letter you have written to me since you went away has hit the right state of things! Do the best that ever you could, your 'sheep's head' and your 'coffin' have been equally out of time! Such being, I suppose, the natural result of going where an answer to one's letters cannot be received in less than six days, in a world where nothing keeps still.

Your last letter, received on Saturday morning, expressing your relief from anxieties about me, found me a more legitimate object of anxiety than I had been at all since your departure!—at least found me thinking myself so! For, thank God, this attack, if very violent while it lasted, has passed off unexpectedly soon. I suppose if I had followed Mr. Barnes's directions about lying down in the middle of the day, instead of yielding to popular clamour about 'change of air,' the thing would have been avoided altogether. On Friday morning down came Geraldine, having had a letter from you, and insisted that we should make one of those 'excursions' I had talked of. I had my 'sickness' (as I call it) worse than usual that morning, and begged to be off from any adventure; but 'a breath of Norwood air would do me so much good!' 'It would take off the sickness to sit on the hillside,' &c., &c. I didn't feel that it would, but foolishly yielded to 'reason' rather than instinct. The movement made me sicker, and sicker; still I had fortitude to order dinner (a nice little roasted chicken, and a bottle of soda-water) at the best hotel, and to force myself to eat some of it too, at an open

bow-window, with such a 'beautiful view.' Bnt, oh, how I wished myself in my bed at home, with no view to speak of! for I had grown all burning-hot and ice-cold, not a square inch of me at the same temperature, and 'my head like a mall!'

I got home, better or worse, and went to bed, and lay, or rather tossed about, all night in a high fever, with a racking headache, severe sickness, and, most questionable of all, a bad sore throat. I only waited for Mr. Barnes being up to send for him, though he had given me up as a patient. Without having had a wink of sleep, however, or anything to do me good, my fever abated of itself as the morning advanced; and, after having had some tea in bed, between seven and eight, 'all very comfortable,' from the new woman, I felt so much better that I should have held my hand from sending for a doctor if it hadn't been for the sore throat, which continued very bad, and frightened me from its unusual nature. Mr. Barnes was out, and didn't come in to get the message till three o'clock, by which time I had transferred myself to the drawing-room sofa.

Meanwhile, long before this, being still in bed, but washed and combed, and the room tidied up in expectation of Mr. Barnes, there was sent up to me the card of Madame ——! two hours after I had read your wish that I should call for her! And I heard her voice in the passage! I sent down polite regrets in the first instance; then, thinking you would be vexed at my not admitting her, I called Charlotte ('Charlotte' the second) back, and said, to tell the lady, if she wouldn't dislike coming to me in my bedroom, that I should be glad to see her 'for a minute.' If I had known that she was to flop down on the bed, and cover my face with kisses (!) the first thing, I should have thought twice of admitting her, with the sore throat I had! However, the thing was done! So I didn't say a word of sore throat to put infec-

tion in her head, and indeed I hoped it mightn't be of an infectious nature. As for the 'minute,' she prolonged it to an hour; talking with an emphasis, and an exaggeration, and a velocity, and cordiality, which left me little to do but listen, and not scream! I will tell you all I remember of her talk when we meet. She will be again in London towards the end of October. She went off with the same, or rather redoubled, embracings and kissings; I, purposely, holding in my breath; and when the door had closed, didn't I fall back on my pillows with a sense of relief!

Mr. Barnes looked into my throat, and said it was bad; but if I had 'courage to swallow the very ugliest, most extraordinary-looking medicine I had ever seen in this world, he thought he could cure it in a day or two;' and there came a bottle containing apparently bright blue oil-paint!! It did need courage, and faith, to take the first dose of that! But 'I did it, sir!' and positively, as if by magic, my throat mended in half an hour! I had a good night; the throat was a little sore only in the morning. The second dose had the same magically sudden effect, and now, after three half-glassfuls of that magical blue oil-paint, my throat is perfectly mended, and I am as well as before I knocked myself up.

Monday.—For the rest, all that has been said and written about my turning back and about my not starting again is kindly meant, but being said or written in total or in partial ignorance of the subject, quite overshoots or undershoots the mark; is, in fact, perfect nonsense, setting itself up for superior sense! 'Why not have left you to "fen" for yourself, if you had come home in my absence?' your sister Jane asks; 'if she had been me, she would have done that.' And I would have done it if I had been she perhaps.

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 229.

T. Carlyle, The Gill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Monday, Sept. 17, 1860.

You will open this, prepared to hear that I went to Forster's,[1] and have been very ill in consequence. If there be a choice betwixt a wise thing and a foolish one, a woman is always expected to do the foolish. Well, I didn't! Very ill I have been, but not from going out to dinner. By one o'clock that day I was quite ill enough to care no more for Fuz's wrath than for a whiff of tobacco! I had taken the influenza, and no doubt about it! So I despatched a message to Montagu Square, and another to Mr. Barnes; went to bed, and have not slept till within the last hour! So provoking! I had been so much better, and hoped to be quite flourishing on your return. *Howsomdever* an influenza properly treated, and an influenza allowed to treat itself, like all my former ones, is a very different affair I find. It has not been allowed to settle down on my chest at all, this one; and, after only three days of sharp suffering, here I am in the drawing-room, looking forward with some interest to the sweet bread I am to dine on, and writing you a letter better or worse.

The new woman is a good nurse, very quiet and kindly, and with sense to do things without being told. I have not had my clothes folded neatly up, and the room tidied, and my wants anticipated in this way since I had no longer any mother to nurse me. In ordinary circumstances I should have felt it horrid to be lying entirely at the mercy of an utter stranger; but, being as she is, I have wished none else to come near me. Even you I rather hope may not come this week. It would worry me so, not to be able

[1] Alluding to close of last letter, omitted.

to run about when you come, and I must be cautious for some days yet—'Mrs. Prudence,' as Mr. Barnes calls me in mockery. The girl is to come to-morrow, but I don't feel to trouble my head about her. Charlotte (2nd) can be trusted to direct her in the way she should go till I am well enough to meddle. Besides, I have every reason to believe her a nice girl. The old Charlotte, poor foolish thing! is still hanging on at her 'mother's,' just as untidy in her person, with nothing to do, as she used to be in her press of work. She has been much about me, and I don't know what I should have done without her, to cook for me, and show me some human kindness, when I was ill under 'Old Jane.' But I am glad at the same time that I had fortitude to resist her tears, and her request to be taken back as cook. I told her some day I might take her back; but she had much to learn and to unlearn first. Still it is gratifying to feel that one's kindness to the girl has not been all lost on her, for she really loves both of us passionately—only that passionate loves, not applied to practical uses, are good for so little in this matter-of-fact world.

Kindest love to dear Mary. Tell her I will make out that visit some day, on my own basis; it is only postponed. 'Thanks God,' you can't get any clothes.

Yours,
J. W. C.

LETTER 230.

I seem to have got home again, September 22. Halted at Alderley a couple of days; of Annandale, the Gill, or Dumfries I remember nothing whatever, except the last morning at the Gill (which is still vivid enough), and my wandering about in manifold sorrowful reflections, loth to quit that kindly, safe *tugurium;* and also privately my making resolution (seeing the fitness of it), not to revisit Scotland till the unutterable Frederick were done—resolution sad and silent, which I believe was kept.—T. C.

Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday, Oct. 19, 1860.

My dear Mary,—The box arrived last night, 'all right.' Many thanks, Mary dear. The things from Dumfries are also all right; but I will write to tell Jane about them to-morrow. Mr. C. doesn't seem to have benefited from his long sojourn by the sea-side so much as I had hoped, and at first thought. He still goes on waking up several times in the night—when he bolts up, and smokes, and sometimes takes a cold bath! And all that is very dismal for him, to whom waking betwixt lying down and getting up is a novelty. For me, my own wakings up some twenty or thirty times every night of my life, for years and years back, are nothing compared with hearing him jump out of bed overhead, once or sometimes twice during a night. Before he went to Thurso, that sound overhead used to set my heart a-thumping to such a degree that I couldn't get another wink of sleep—and I was on the brink of a nervous fever when he left.' Now that my nerves have had a rest, and that I am more 'used to it,' I get to sleep again when I hear all quiet, but God knows how long I may be up to that! And when he has broken sleep, and I no sleep at all, it is sad work here, I assure you.

You will have heard of my setting up a second servant, and think perhaps that I must be more comfortable now, with two people to work and run for us; but I would much rather have made less working and less running do, and kept to my accustomed one servant. I have never felt the house my own since my maid-of-all-work was converted into a 'cook' and 'housemaid,' and don't feel as if I should ever get used to the improvement. It is just as if one had taken lodgers into one's lower story. Often in the dead of night I am seized with a wild desire to clear

[1] Poor loving soul!

the house of these new-comers, and take back my one little Charlotte, who is still hanging on at her mother's, in a wild hope than one or other of them, or both, may break down, and she be reinstated in her place. Poor little Charlotte! if I had seen how miserable she was to be at leaving us, I couldn't have found in my heart to put her away, though she was so heedless, and 'thro' other,'[1] with a grain of method she could have done all the two do, as well or better than they do it, she was so clever and willing.

The new tall Charlotte (the cook) said to me one day 'little Charlotte' had been here: 'What a fool that girl is, ma'am! I said to her to-day, "You seem to like being here!" and, says she, "Of course I do; I look upon this as my home." "But," says I, "you are a nice-looking, healthy girl, you will easily get another place if you try." "Oh," says she, "I know that. I may get plenty of places; but I shall never get another home!" What a poor spirit the girl has! If anybody had been dissatisfied with me, it's little that I should care about leaving them.' 'I can well believe that,' said I, with a strong disposition to knock her down. But I have no pretext for putting the woman away—although I don't like her. She is a good servant as servants go, and I can't put her away merely for being vulgar-minded, and totally destitute of sentiment; and, after all, the faults for which I parted with little Charlotte after twelve months of considering won't have been cured, but rather have been aggravated by three months' muddling at her mother's. Heigh-ho! I feel just in the case of the 'Edinburgh meat-jack:' 'Once I was happ-happ-happ-y! but now I am mee-e-serable!' If one's skin were a trifle thicker, all these worries would seem light. But one's skin being just no skin 'to speak of,' no wonder one falls into the meat-jack humour.

[1] *Durcheinander* (German) as an adjective.

God bless you and all your belongings. Kind regards to your husband.

Ever affectionately yours,
JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 231.

To Miss Margaret Welsh, Auchtertool Manse.

Chelsea: December 8, 1860.

Dearest Maggie,—Having made no sign of myself for the last month, you may be fancying I have succumbed to the general doom; seeing that it has been 'the gloomy month of November, in which the people of England hang and drown themselves!' But I am neither hanged nor drowned yet (in virtue perhaps of being born in Scotland); only, all my energies having been needed to stave off suicide, I had none left for letter-writing. It is now December, and the suicidal mania should have passed off; but I can't see much difference between this December and the gloomiest November on record! the fog, and the mud, and the liquid soot (called rain in the language of flattery), have not abated; and the blood in one's veins feels so thick and dirty! But, shame of my silence must serve instead of inspiration, impossible under the circumstances; and you, dear, good little soul as you are, will not be critical!

In the first place you will be glad to hear I am 'about' anyhow. Except for one week that I had to lie on the sofa on my back, with neuralgia (differing in nothing, so far as I can see, from the old-fashioned 'rheumatiz'), I have not been laid up since you heard of me; and I have had a great fret taken off me, in the removal of that vulgar, conceited woman, and the restoration of little Charlotte. Upon my word, I haven't been as near what they call 'happy' for many a day as in the first flush of little

Charlotte! She looked so bursting with ecstasy as she ran up and down the house, taking possession, as it were, of her old work, and as she showed in the visitors (not her business, but she would open the door to them all the first time, to show herself, and receive their congratulations), that it was impossible not to share in her delighted excitement! Most of the people shook hands with her! and all of them said they were 'glad to see her back'! I had trusted that she would in time humanise the other girl, and that the two would be good friends, when the other girl got over the prejudices the woman who had left had inspired her with! But it needed no time at all. Sarah was humanised, and the two sworn friends in the first half-hour! In the first half-hour Sarah had confided to Charlotte that, if I hadn't given the tall Charlotte warning, she (Sarah) would have given me warning, she disliked 'tall Charlotte' so much!

It is now three weeks since the new order of things; mistress and maid have subsided out of the emotional state into the normal one, but are still very glad over one another; and if the work of the house does not get done with as much order and method as under the tall Charlotte, it is done with more thoroughness, and infinitely more heartiness and pleasantness; and the 'bread-puddings' are first rate. Sarah's tidiness and method are just what were wanted to correct little Charlotte's born tendency to muddle; while little Charlotte's willingness and affectionateness warm up Sarah's drier, more selfish nature. It is a curious establishment, with something of the sound and character of a nursery. Charlotte not nineteen till next March, and Sarah seventeen last week. And they keep up an incessant chirping and chattering and laughing; and as both have remarkably sweet voices, it is pleasant to hear. The two-ness is no nuisance to me now. As neither can awake of themselves, I don't know what

I should have done about that, hadn't Charlotte's friends come to the rescue. An old man who lodges with Charlotte's 'mother' (aunt), raps on the kitchen window till he wakes them, every morning at six, on his way to his work; and Charlotte's 'father' (uncle) raps again on the window before seven, to make sure the first summons had been attended to! to say nothing of an alarum, which runs down at six, at their very bed-head, and never is heard by either of these fortunate girls! So I daresay we shall get on as well as possible in a world where perfection is not to be looked for. I shall be glad to hear that your domesticities are in as flourishing a state!

I hope we shall go to the Grange by-and-by, and make a longer visit than last year. It is such a good break in the long, dreary, Chelsea winter, and stirs up one's stagnant spirits, and rules up one's manners! But Mr. Carlyle won't stay anywhere if he can't get work done; and though Lady Ashburton says he shall have every facility afforded him for working, I don't know how that will be when it comes to be tried. I never saw any work done in that house! Meanwhile, I have sent an azure blue *moire*, that Lady Sandwich gave me last Christmas Day, to be made, in case.

My dear, beautiful Kate Sterling (Mrs. Ross) was buried last week at Bournemouth, where she had been taken for the winter. I had long been hopeless of her recovery, but did not think the end so near, and that I should never see her sweet face again. Julia came to see me yesterday on her return, looking miserably ill. Poor Mr. Ross wrote me a sad, kind letter. I am very sorry for him; and none of the family treat him as if he had anything to do with their loss. He was not a man one would ever have wished Kate to marry, but he has been the most devoted husband, and tenderest nurse to her; and she said to her sister Lotta, the day before her death,

that she had repented doing many things in her life, but she had never for one moment repented her marriage! Surely that should have made them all less hard for him! But, no!

Kindest love to Walter and Star.

Your affectionate

J. W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 232.

Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Dec. 31, 1860.

Dearest Mary,—If there were no other use in a letter from me just now, it will serve the purpose of removing any apprehensions you may have as to the frost having put an end to my life! 'Did you ever?' 'No, I never,' —felt such cold! But then, there being no question for me of ever crossing the threshold, and my time thrown altogether on my hands (my visitors being mostly away, keeping their Christmas in country houses, or, like myself, shut up with colds at home, or too busy with 'the festivities of the season' to get as far as Chelsea, and my two maids leaving me nothing earthly to do in the business of the house), I have time, enough and to spare, for adopting all possible measures to keep myself warm. To see the fires I keep up in the drawing-room and my bedroom! An untopographical observer might suppose we lived within a mile of a coal pit, instead of paying twenty-eight shillings a cart-load for coals! Then I wear all my flannel petticoats at once, and am having two new ones made out of a pair of Scotch blankets! And Lady Sandwich has sent me a seal-fur pelisse (a luxury I had long sighed for, but, costing twenty guineas, it had seemed hopeless!), and a Greek merchant[1] has sent me the softest

[1] Dilberoglue.

grey Indian shawl. And if all that can't warm me, I lie down under my coverlet of racoon skins! (My dear! if you are perishing, act upon my idea of the Scotch blankets; no flannel comes near them in point of warmth.) My doctor told me, in addition to all this outward covering, to drink 'at least three glasses of wine a day'! But I generally shirk the third. And the cough, and faceache, which I had the first week of the frost, is gone this week, at any rate.

Have you seen that Tale of Horror, which ran through the newspapers, about the Marquis of Downshire? Everybody here believed for some days that the Marquis of Downshire had really found the skipper of his yacht kneeling at the side of Lady Alice (his only daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen), and really pitched him into the sea, and so there was an end of him! I was dreadfully sorry, for one. Lord D. is such a dear, good, kind-hearted savage of a man; and it seemed such a fatality that he should be always killing somebody!! He had killed a school companion, without meaning it; and afterwards (they say) a coalheaver, who was boxing with him! The fact is, he is awfully strong, and his strokes tell, as he doesn't expect. But if you knew what a simple, good man he is, you wouldn't wonder that I felt sorrier for him than the skipper, who, after all, had no business to be 'kneeling' there surely! And the little darling daughter, that her young life should be clouded at the outset with such a scandal! I made all sorts of miserable reflections about them all. And the story, all the while, a complete fabrication—equal to the proverbial story of the 'six black crows'! The story was told to Azeglio (the Sardinian Ambassador), who, to give himself importance, said, 'Oh, yes! it had been officially communicated to him from Naples.' And the man he said it to, being Secretary of Legation, made an official despatch of the story to

Lord Cowley at Paris!! Then it flew like wild fire, and people couldn't help believing it; and, of course, all sorts of details were added—that Lady Alice was 'struggling and screaming, that Lord D. wouldn't let a boat be lowered to pick the man up,' &c. &c. One knows how a story gathers like a snowball. They went the length of stating that Lord D. was being brought home to be tried by the Peers, 'the offence having been committed on the high seas!!!' The talk now is all of prosecution of certain newspapers, and certain people. But I shouldn't wonder if it all end in Lord Downshire's giving somebody a good thrashing.

Please to give my good wishes 'of the season' to all my friends at Thornhill and about, and to attend to the old women on New Year's Day. I send a cheque this time. The Japanese trays are for the new drawing-room, if you think them worth a place in it. I took them as far as Alderley on the road in autumn. They are a popular drawing-room ornament here at present. Kindest regards to the Doctor.

Your ever affectionate
JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 233.

To Miss Barnes, King's Road, Chelsea.

5 Cheyne Row: Sunday, April 26, 1861.

Carina,—I was going to you to-day, having been hindered yesterday; but a thought strikes me. You are a Puseyite, or, as my old Scotch servant writes it, a 'Puisht,' and I am a Presbyterian; would it be proper for you to receive me, or for me to pay a visit on Sunday? I don't quite know as to you; but for me it is a thing forbidden certainly. So I write to say that if you could have gone to the gorillas to-morrow, the gorillas would have been 'not at home.' On consulting my order of admission I find it

is for all days except just the two I successively fixed upon, Saturdays and Mondays. My order is available through all the month of May, so it will still be time when you return, provided you do not indefinitely extend your programme, as you are in the habit of doing. I shall fix with the others for Tuesday, 28th, early—say to start between eleven and twelve. Will that do?

Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 234.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday, July 3, 1861.

Decidedly, dearest Mary, I am in a run of bad luck, and entertaining for a moment any idea of pleasure seems to be the signal with me for some misfortune to plunge down.

The longer I thought of it, the more it seemed to me fair and feasible that, since Mr. C. was minded to go nowhere this summer, I should go for two or three weeks by myself where I had been so unreasonably disappointed of going last August. Mr. C. himself said I might, 'if I thought it would be useful to me;' and there could be no question about its being 'useful to me' to have a breath of Scotch air and a glimpse of dear Scotch faces. So, when I had read your cordial letter, I felt my purpose strong to carry itself out, and only delayed answering till I had seen the baking difficulty overcome, and could say, positively, that I would come as soon as you pleased after your visitor had departed. Two visitors at one time is too much happiness, I think, for any not over strong mistress of a house, who gives herself so much trouble as you do to make everything comfortable and pleasant about one.

And, in the meantime, here is what has befallen. My nice trustworthy cook, who inspired me with the confidence

to leave Mr. C., being certain, I thought, to keep him all right, and the house all right, and the young girl all right, in my absence; this treasure of a cook, my dear, who was to be the comfort of my remaining years, and nurse me in my last illness (to such wild flights had my imagination gone), turns out to have come into my service with a frightful neglected disorder—what the doctors call 'strangulated hernia,' making her life (my doctor says) 'not safe for a day'! He could do nothing with it, he said; she must go to St. George's Hospital, and what was possible to do for her would be done there. But I have no hope that the woman will ever be fit for service again. And what she could mean in going into a new service with such a complaint I am at a loss to conceive. And I am also dreadfully at a loss what I am to do with her. She is such a good creature, and hasn't a relation in the world to depend upon. If the doctors take her as an in-patient, of course it would settle the question of her leaving here; but if they don't—! Oh, my gracious, how unlucky it is! In any case, I see no chance for me now of getting to you.

Unless, indeed, she could be cured sufficiently to go on at service. I shall know more about it when she comes back from the hospital, or when I have spoken with one of the surgeons there whom I know. But unless the case is much less grave than Mr. Barnes seemed to consider it, we shall be all at sea again. And the best arrangement I can think of, for the moment, would be to put my new housemaid into the kitchen, for which she is better suited than for her present place, only that she would have the cooking all to learn!—and to take another nice girl I know of for housemaid. But fancy the weeks and months it will take to get even that most feasible scheme to work right, and all the while I must be standing between Mr. C. and new bother, and looking after these girls that they may be kept in good ways! I declare I could take a good cry, or

do a little good swearing! I will stop now till the poor woman comes back from the hospital; and then tell you the news she brings.

No Matilda come yet, and I must take the letters myself now to the post-office, having nobody to send.

I will write soon.

Your much bedevilled, but always loving,

J. CARLYLE.

LETTER 235.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Tuesday, July 16, 1861.

Dearest Mary,—Mr. Dunbar's[1] book was from you, was it not? I used to be able to swear to your handwriting; but latterly one or two people have taken to writing exactly like you, and I need the post-mark to verify the handwriting, and the post-mark was illegible on that book-parcel. Whether from you or not, I am glad of the little book, which I am sure I shall read with pleasure; I like that mild, gentlemanly man so much.

But I am still as far as when I last wrote from sitting down quietly to read a pleasant book. Everything is at sixes and sevens still! My treasure of a servant, who was to 'soothe my declining years,' and enable me to go to Scotland this year, is still lying in St. George's Hospital, certain to lie there 'for some months,' and not certain to be fit for service, even of the mildest form, when the months are over! Mr. ——, the Head Surgeon, found immediately that she had got ulceration of the spine, and the rupture proceeded from that. He says she 'may get over it; but it will be a tedious affair.' I don't think that, even if she were cured nominally, I should like to have her for kitchen servant again; I should live in perpetual terror of her hurt-

[1] I don't recollect.

ing herself at every turn. Meanwhile I have been puddling on with my old 'going-out-to-cook-woman,' coming daily to cook the dinner, and teach the Welsh housemaid, whom I have decided to make kitchen-woman, getting another girl for housemaid. A safe housemaid is so much easier to get here than a cook, who doesn't drink, nor steal, nor take the house to herself! This Welsh girl[1] has, I think, more the shaping of a good cook than of a housemaid, not being good at needlework, and utterly incapable of reading the titles on Mr. C.'s books, so that she can't bring him a book when he wants it. The girl I am getting is more accomplished, whatever else!

The present state of affairs is wretched; for Mr. C., being a man, cannot understand to exact the least bit less attendance, when we are reduced to one servant again, than he had accustomed himself to exact from the two. So I have all the valeting, and needle-womaning, and running up and down to the study for books, &c. &c. &c. to do myself, besides having to superintend the Welsh girl, and to go to St. George's (two miles off) almost every day in my life, to keep up the heart of poor Matilda, who, lying there, with two issues in her back, and nobody but myself coming after her, and her outlooks of the darkest, naturally needs any cheering that I can take her.

Mercifully the plentiful rain keeps things cooler and fresher here than is usual in summer; and I am nothing like so sick and nervous as I was last year at this time. So I am more able to bear what is laid on me—to bear amongst the rest the heavy disappointment of having to give up my visit to you, and stay here at my post, which is a rather bothering one.

God bless you. It does me good anyhow to think that,

[1] *Irish* in reality; a little, black, busy creature, who did very well for some time; but, &c. &c. (some mysterious love-affair, I think)—and went to New Zealand out of sight.

if I could have gone, the kind Doctor and you would have been so kind to me.

Your ever affectionate

J. W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 236.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Mrs. Stokes's, 21 Wellington Crescent, East Cliff, Ramsgate:
Sunday, August 4, 1861.

That is the address, if there be anything to be addressed! Fortune favours the brave! Had one talked, and thought, and corresponded, and investigated about lodgings for a month before starting, I doubt if we could have made a better business of it than we have done. Certainly in point of situation there is no better in Ramsgate or in the world: looking out over a pretty stripe of lawn and gravel walk on to the great boundless Ocean! You could throw a stone from the sitting-room window into the sea when the tide is up! Then there is not the vestige of a bug in our white dimity beds! For the rest, I cannot say it is noiseless! Geraldine says her room looking on the sea is perfectly so; but I consider her no judge, as she sleeps like a top. However, the rooms looking on the sea cannot but be freer from noise than those to the back, looking on roofs, houses, stables, streets, &c.; but the bedrooms to the back are much larger, and better aired. With no sensibilities except my own to listen to them with, I can get used (I think) to the not extravagant amount of crowing and barking, and storming with the wind, and even to occasional cat-explosions on the opposite roofs! If I can't, I can exchange beds with Geraldine; and there I can only have the noise of the sea (considerable!), the possibilities of occasional carriages passing (I have none to-day, but it is Sunday), and 'rittle-tippling' of Venetian blinds! With a great diminution of room, however, and alarming increase of glare. The

people of the house are civil and honest-looking and slow. Oh, my! But we are not come here, Geraldine and I, to be in a hurry! For us the place will answer extremely well for a week, that we had to engage it for, and the sea air and the 'change' will overbalance all the little disagreeables, as well as the *cha-arge*, which is considerable.

If my advice were of any moment, I would strongly advise you to come one day during the week, and see the place under our auspices, and stay one night. I could sleep on the sofa in the drawing-room; and you would not mind any trifling noises with the knowledge that it was only for one night. The mere journey and a sight of the sea and a bathe would do you good.

I am going to seek out the Bains after church. I feel much less tired to-day than I have done for weeks, months back; and though I was awake half the night, first feeling for bugs, which didn't come! and then taking note of all the different sounds far and near, which did come!

Margaret will do everything very well for you, if you will only tell her distinctly what you want; I mean not elaborately, but in few plain words.

Ever yours,

JANE W. C.

LETTER 237.

T. Carlyle, Esq., 5 *Cheyne Row.*

Wellington Crescent, Ramsgate[1]: Tuesday, August 6, 1861.

[1] Very charming doesn't that look, with the sea in front as far as eye can reach? And that seen (the East Cliff), you needn't wish to ever see more of Ramsgate. It is made up of narrow, steep, confused streets like the worst parts of Brighton. The shops look nasty, the people nasty, the smells are nasty! (spoiled shrimps complicated with cesspool!) Only the East Cliff is clean, and genteel,

[1] Written on Ramsgate note-paper, with a print of the harbour, &c.

and airy; and would be perfect as sea-quarters if it weren't for the noise! which is so extraordinary as to be almost laughable.

Along that still-looking road or street between the houses and gardens are passing and repassing, from early morning to late night, cries of prawns, shrimps, lollipops —things one never wanted, and will never want, of the most miscellaneous sort; and if that were all! But a brass band plays all through our breakfast, and repeats the performance often during the day, and the brass band is succeeded by a band of Ethiopians, and that again by a band of female fiddlers! and interspersed with these are individual barrel-organs, individual Scotch bagpipes, individual French horns! Oh, it is 'most expensive!' And the night noises were not to be estimated by the first night! These are so many and frequent as to form a sort of mass of voice; perhaps easier to get some sleep through than an individual nuisance of cock or dog. There are hundreds of cocks! and they get waked up at, say, one in the morning by some outburst of drunken song or of cat-wailing! and never go to sleep again (these cocks) but for minutes! and there are three steeple clocks that strike in succession, and there are doors and gates that slam, and dogs that bark occasionally, and a saw mill, and a mews, &c.—in short, everything you could wish not to hear! And I hear it all and am getting to sleep in hearing it! the bed is so soft and clean, and the room so airy; and then I think under every shock, so triumphantly, 'Crow away,' 'roar away,' 'bark away,' 'slam away; you can't disturb Mr. C. at Cheyne Row, that can't you!' and the thought is so soothing, I go off asleep—till next thing! I might try Geraldine's room; but she has now got an adjoining baby! Yesterday we drove to Broadstairs—a quieter place, but we saw no lodgings that were likely to be quiet, except one villa at six guineas a week, already occupied.

I sleep about, in intervals of the bands, on sofas during the day; and am less sick than when I left home, and we get good enough food very well cooked, and I don't repent coming, on the whole; though I hate being in lodgings in strange places.

I found the Bains; and saw Mrs. George[1] before she left.

Wednesday, Aug. 7, 1861.

I had just cleared my toilet table, and carried my writing-things from the sitting-room to my bedroom window, where there was no worse noise for the moment than carpet beating and the grinding of passing carts, whereas the sitting-room had become perfectly maddening with bagpipes under the windows, and piano-practice under the floor (a piano hired in by 'the first floor' yesterday)! All which received an irritating finishing touch from the rapid, continuous scrape, scraping of Geraldine's pen (nothing more irritating, as you know, than to see 'others' perfectly indifferent to what is driving oneself wild). Had just dipped the pen in the ink when—a 'yellow scoundrel,' the loudest, harshest of yellow scoundrels, struck up under my bedroom window! And here the master power of Babbage has not reached! Indeed, noise seems to be the grand joy of life at Ramsgate. If I had come to Ramsgate with the least idea of writing letters, or doing anything whatever with my head, I might go back at once. But I came to swallow down as much sea air as possible, and that end is attained without fatigue; for lying on the sofa with our three windows wide open on the sea, we are as well aired as if we were sailing on it; and the bedroom is full of sea air all night too. It is certainly doing me good, though I can't ever get slept many minutes together for the noises. I get up hungry for breakfast, and am hungry again for dinner—and a fowl does not serve Ger-

[1] Welsh; her uncle's wife.

aldine and me two days!! I do hope you are getting decently fed. It won't be for want of assiduous will on Margaret's part if things are not as you like them.

We called for the Bains last night and invited them to tea to-night, which they thankfully accepted. They seem entirely occupied in studying their mutual health. Indeed, what else would any mortal stay here for! Mrs. Bain is quite the female of that male,—clear and clever, and cold and dry as tinder! They have 'the only quiet house in Ramsgate.' Mrs. Bain is troubled with nothing but the bleating of sheep to the back; after to-day, however, there will be crying babies in the house, and it is nothing like so airy a situation as ours. What a mercy you did not try Ramsgate!

My compliments to the maids, and say I hope to find them models of virtue and activity when I come on Saturday. Geraldine is clear for staying another week; but I had better have gone to Scotland than that.

Yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 238.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Tuesday, Aug. 30, 1861.

Darling! I want to hear about you; and that is lucky for you, if you be at all wanting to hear about me! For I'll be hanged if mere unassisted sense of duty, and that sort of thing, could nerve me to sit down and write a letter in these days, when it takes pretty well all the sense and strength I have left to keep myself soul and body together, doing the thing forced into my hands to do, and answering when I am spoken to. A nice woman I am! But I know you have been in such depths yourself occasionally, and will have sympathy with me, instead of being contemptuous or angry, as your strong-minded, able-bodied

women would be; and accordingly strong-minded, able-bodied women are my aversion, and I run out of the road of one as I would from a mad cow. The fact is, had there been nobody in the world to consider except myself, I ought to have 'carried out' that project I had set my heart on of streaming off by myself to Holm Hill, and taking a life-bath, as it were, in my quasi-natural air, in the scene of old affections, not all past and gone, but some still there as alive and warm, thank God, as ever! and only the dearer for being mixed up with those that are dead and gone.

Ah, my dear, your kindness goes to my heart, and makes me like to cry, because I cannot do as you bid me. My servants are pretty well got into the routine of the house now, and if Mr. C. were like other men, he might be left to their care for two or three weeks, without fear of consequences. But he is much more like a spoiled baby than like other men. I tried him alone for a few days, when I was afraid of falling seriously ill, unless I had change of air. Three weeks ago I went with Geraldine Jewsbury to Ramsgate, one of the most accessible sea-side places, where I was within call, as it were, if anything went wrong at home. But the letter that came from him every morning was like the letter of a Babe in the Wood, who would be found buried with dead leaves by the robins if I didn't look to it. So, even if Ramsgate hadn't been the horridest, noisiest place, where I knew nobody, and had nothing to do except swallow sea air (the best of sea air indeed), I couldn't have got stayed there long enough to make it worth the bother of going. I had thought, in going there, that if he got on well enough by himself for the few days, I might take two or three weeks later, and realise my heart's wish after all. But I found him so out of sorts on my return that I gave it up, with inward protest and appeal to posterity.

Again a glimmer of hope arose. Lady Sandwich had taken a villa on the edge of Windsor Forest for a month, and invited us to go with her there. Mr. C. is very fond of that old lady, partly for her own sake, and partly for the late Lady Ashburton's (her daughter). He can take his horse with him there, and his books, and if he miss his sleep one night he can come straight home the next. So, on the whole, after much pressing, he consented to go. And the idea came to me, if he were all right there, might not I slip away meanwhile to you. Before however it had been communicated, he said to me one day: 'What a poor, shivering, nervous wretch I am grown! I declare if you were not to be there to take care of me, and keep all disturbance off me, nothing would induce me to go to that place of Lady Sandwich's, though I dare say it is very necessary for me to go somewhere.' Humph! very flattering, but very inconvenient. And one can't console oneself at my age for a present disappointment with looking forward to next year, one is no longer so sure of one's next year.

One thing I can do, and you can do—we can write oftener. It is a deal nicer to speak face to face from heart to heart. But we might make our correspondence a better thing than it is, if we prevented the need of beginning our letters so often with an apology for silence.

Thanks for all your news. Every little detail about Thornhill people and things is interesting to me. And, oh, many, many thanks for your kind messages to us all! God bless you, dear, and love to the Doctor.

Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 239.

The good old dowager Lady Sandwich had this autumn engaged us to go out with her to a pretty little lodge she had hired for a

while in Windsor Forest, to rusticate there. It struck us afterwards, she had felt that this was likely to be her last autumn in this world, and that we, now among the dearest left to her, ought to be there. She was a brave, airy, affectionate, and bright kind of creature; and under her Irish gaieties and fantasticalities concealed an honest generosity of heart, and a clear discernment, and a very firm determination in regard to all practical or essential matters. We willingly engaged, went punctually, and stayed, I think, some twelve or more days, which, except for my own continual state of worn-out nerves, &c., were altogether graceful, touching, and even pleasant. I rode out, and rode back (my Jeannie by railway both times). Windsor Forest sounded something Arcadian when I started, but, alas! I found all that a completely changed matter since the days of Pope and his sylvan eclogues; and the real name of it now to be Windsor Cockneydom unchained. The ride out was nowhere pleasant, in parts disgusting; the ride back I undertook merely because obliged. During my stay I rode daily a great deal; but except within the park, where was a gloomy kind of solitude, very gloomy always to me, I had nowhere any satisfaction in the exercise, nor did Fritz seem to have. Alas! both he and I were getting very sick of riding; and one of us was laden for a long while past and to come far beyond his strength and years. It seems by this letter I was at times a very bad boy; and, alas! my repentant memory answers too clearly Yes. The lumbago, indeed, I have entirely forgotten, but I remember nights sleepless, and long walks, the mornings after which were courageous rather than victorious! I remember the old lady's stately and courteous appearance at dinner, affecting to me, and strange, almost painful. This little scene even to the very name had vanished from me, and Harewood Lodge, when I read it here, reads a whole series of things to me; things sad—now sad as death itself, but good too, perhaps, almost great.

Miss Barnes, King's Road, Chelsea.

Harewood Lodge, Berks: Sept. 22, 1861.

Carina! Oh, Carina! 'Did you ever?' 'No, you never!' It has been an enchantment—a bad spell! the '*quelque chose plus fort que moi*' of French criminals! I don't think a day has passed since I got your letter—certainly not a day has passed since I came here—that I

haven't thought of you; and meant to write to you: only I never did it! And why? Were I to assign the only reason which occurs to me for the moment, it would seem incredible to your well-regulated mind. You could never conceive how a woman 'born of respectable parents, and having enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education' (like Judge somebody's malefactor, who, 'instead of which, had gone about the country stealing turkeys!'), should be withheld from doing a thing by just the feeling that she *ought to!* Although if she had ought to *not to* she would have done it at the first opportunity! No! You have no belief in such a make of a woman, you! You are too good for believing in her! And one can't do better than believe all women born to a sense of duty 'as the sparks fly upwards' as long as one can.

For the rest, I should have enjoyed this beautiful place excessively if Eve hadn't eaten that unfortunate apple, a great many years ago; in result of which there has, ever since, been always a something to prevent one's feeling oneself in Paradise! The 'something' of the present occasion came in the form of lumbago! not into my own back, but into Mr. C.'s; which made the difference so far as the whole comfort of my life was concerned! For it was the very first day of being here that Mr. C. saw fit to spread his pocket-handkerchief on the grass, just after a heavy shower, and sit down on it! for an hour and more in spite of all my remonstrances!! The lumbago following in the course of nature, there hasn't been a day that I felt sure of staying over the next, and of not being snatched away like Proserpine; as I was from the Grange last winter! For what avail the 'beauties of nature,' the 'ease with dignity' of a great house, even the Hero Worship accorded one, against the lumbago? Nothing, it would seem! less than nothing! Lumbago, my dear, it is good that you should know in time, admits of but one consolation

—of but one happiness! viz: 'perfect liberty to be as ugly and stupid and disagreeable as ever one likes!' And that consolation, that happiness, that liberty reserves itself for the domestic hearth! As you will find when you are married, I daresay. And so, all the ten days we have been here, it has been a straining on Mr. C.'s part to tear his way through the social amenities back to Chelsea; while I have spent all the time I might have been enjoying myself in expecting to be snatched away!

To-morrow we go finally and positively, though the lumbago is almost disappeared, and we were to have stayed at least a fortnight. Where are you, then? If you are returned to 'the paternal roof,' no need almost of this letter. But I daresay you are gadding about on the face of the earth; 'too happy in not knowing your happiness' of having a paternal roof to stay under! If your father would take me home for his daughter, and pet me as he does you, would I go dancing off to all points of the compass as you do? No, indeed. God bless you, anyhow! If you are returned, this letter will be worth while, as enabling me to look you in the face more or less.

Yours affectionately,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 240.

January 1, 1862.—'First foot,' perhaps explained already, is a Scotch superstition about good or ill luck for the whole year being omened by your liking or otherwise of the first person that accosts you on New Year's morning. She well knew this to be an idle babble; but nevertheless it had got hold of her fancy in a sort, and was of some real importance to her, as other such old superstitions were. Thus I have seen her, if anybody made or received a present of a knife, insist on a penny being given for it, that so it might become 'purchase,' and not cut the friendship in two. I used to laugh at these practices, but found them beautiful withal; how much more amiable than strong-mindedness (which has needed only deduction of fine qualities) in regard to such things!—T. C.

J. G. Cooke, Esq.

5 Cheyne Row: January 1, 1863.
Ach Gott!

My dear Friend,—What an adorable little proceeding on your part! I declare I can't remember when I have been as pleased. Not only a 'good first foot,' but salvation from any possibility of a 'bad first foot,' with which my highly imaginative Scotch mind (imaginative on the reverse side of things in my present state of physical weakness) had been worrying itself as New Year's Day drew near. I could hardly believe my ears when little Margaret glided to my bedside and said, 'Mr. Cooke, ma'am, with this letter and beautiful egg-cup (!) for you: but he wouldn't come up, as you were in bed!' That, too, was most considerate of Mr. Cooke! The 'egg-cup' ravished my senses with its beauty and perfect adaptation to my main passion. I think you must have had it made on purpose for me, it feels already so much a part of myself. And how early you must have risen to be here at that hour! Dressed, perhaps, by candle-light! Good God! all that for me! Well, I am grateful, and won't forget this. A talismanic remembrance to stand between my faith in your kindness for me and any 'babbles' (my grandfather's word) that may ever attempt, consciously or unconsciously, to shake it. And so God bless you! and believe me

Yours affectionately,
JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 241.

Miss Barnes, King's Road, Chelsea.

5 Cheyne Row: January 24, 1863.

Oh, you agonising little girl! How could you come down upon me in that slap-dash way, demand of poor,

weak, shivery me a positive 'yes' or 'no,' as if with a loaded pistol at my head? How can I tell what I shall be up to on the 18th? After such a three months of illness, and relapses, how can I even guess? If I am alive, and able to stand on my hind legs, and to look like a joyful occasion, I shall be only too happy to attend that solemnity. But in my actual state it would be a tempting of Providence to suppress the *if* in my acceptance of your 'amiable invitation.'

As for Mr. C.—my dear, I must confide to you a small domestic passage. I told him what your father had said weeks ago, and he expressed himself as terrified—as was to be expected—at the idea of his being included in anything joyful! and I thought he had forgotten all about it, three or four days after, when he came into my room with evidently something on his mind, and said, 'My dear, there is a small favour I want from you. I want you to not let me be asked to Miss Barnes's marriage, for it would be a real vexation to me to refuse that bonnie wee lassie what she asked, and to her marriage I could not go; it would be the ruin of me for three weeks!' And that is no exaggeration, I can say, who know his ways better than anyone else. He added that, 'the rational thing to be done' was, that you should 'bring your husband, when you had married him, to spend an evening with him (Mr. C.) in his own house, among quiet things' (me and the cat?).

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 242.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Feb. 23, 1862.

Oh, my dear, what a horrid thing![1] It still makes my flesh creep all over whenever I think of it! and I think

[1] Some accident which had befallen Dr. Russell.

of it a great deal oftener than there is occasion for, since, thank God, he is now on foot again! But I have seen that safe! I can appreciate to the full the crash of its lid, smack down on human fingers! Mercy! what a piece of capital good stuff the Doctor must have been made of originally, that his fingers should have stuck together through such an accident, instead of being all pounded into mush! That is not what surprises me most, however, in the business. What surprises me most is, that the Doctor being a doctor, and a good, skilful one, should have gone about after, braving such a hurt, as though he had never in his life heard of lockjaw, or gangrene, or fever! I don't wonder that you were terrified. I wonder rather that you are not, now when your nursing is no more needed, in a brain fever yourself. The longer I live, the more I am certified that men, in all that relates to their own health, have not common sense! whether it be their pride, or their impatience, or their obstinacy, or their ingrained spirit of contradiction, that stupefies and misleads them, the result is always a certain amount of idiocy, or distraction in their dealings with their own bodies! I am not generalising from my own husband. I know that he is a quite extravagant example of that want of common sense in bodily matters which I complain of. Few men (even) are so lost to themselves as to dry their soaked trowsers on their legs! (as he does) or swallow five grains of mercury in the middle of the day, and then walk or ride three hours under a plunge of rain! (as he does) &c. &c. But men generally, all of them I have ever had to do with—even your sensible husband included, you see—drive the poor women, who care for them, to despair, either by their wild impatience of bodily suffering, and the exaggerated moan they make over it, or else by their reckless defiance of it, and neglect of every dictate of prudence! There! You may tell the Doctor what I say!

It won't do him the slightest good against next time; but it is well he should know what one thinks of him—that one does not approve of such costly heroism at all!

I have nothing new to tell you which is lucky; as the things that have happened this long time back have been of a disastrous sort.

I go out now occasionally for a drive—walking tires me too much. I have even been twice out at dinner last week, and was at a wedding besides! The two dinners were of the quietest: at the one (Miss Baring's), nobody but Lord Ashburton, who had come up from the Grange for a consultation; at the other (Lady Sandwich's), nobody but the Marchioness of Lothian, who, having lived thirty years in Scotland, is as good as a Scotchwoman. But the wedding[1] was an immense affair! It was my doctor's little daughter, who was being married, after a three years' engagement; and as soon as she was engaged, she had made me promise to attend her wedding. I had rather wished to see a marriage performed in a church with all the forms, the eight bridesmaids, &c. &c. But I had renounced all idea of going to the church, for fear of being laid up with a fresh cold; and meant to attend only the breakfast party after, in which I took less interest. But imagine how good the people here are to me. Our rector, in whose church (St. Luke's) the marriage was to take place, being told by his wife I wished to go, but dursn't for fear of the coldness of the church, ordered the fires to be kept up from Sunday over into Tuesday morning! besides a rousing fire in the vestry, where I sat at my ease till the moment the ceremony began! I was much pressed afterwards to acknowledge how superior the English way of marrying was to the Scotch, and asked how I had liked it. I said my feelings were very mixed. 'Mixed?' the rector asked, 'mixed of what?' 'Well,' I said, 'it looked to me something betwixt

[1] Barnes's.

a religious ceremony and a—pantomime!' So it is. There were forty-four people at the breakfast!

Your ever affectionate

J. W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 243.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday, June 5, 1862.

Dearest Mary,—I cannot count the letters I have written to you in my head within the last six weeks, they have been so many; I have written them mostly before getting out of bed in the morning, or while lying awake at night. But in the day-time, with pen and ink at hand, I have been always, always, always too sick or too bothered to put them on paper, have indeed been writing to nobody, if that be any excuse for not writing to you. The beginning of warm weather is as trying for me, in a different way, as winter was, and so many sad things have happened.

Just when the freshness of one sorrow was wearing off, there has come another. First Elizabeth Pepoli, then Lady Sandwich, then Mrs. Twisleton:[1] the three people in all London whose friendship I had most dependence on. Nobody will believe the loss Lady Sandwich is to us. They say 'a woman of eighty! that is not to be regretted.' But her intimate friends know that this woman of eighty was the most charming companion and the loyalest, warmest friend; was the only person in London or in the world that Mr. C. went regularly to see. Twice a week he used to call for her; and now his horse makes for her house whenever he gets into the region of Grosvenor Square, and does not see or understand the escutcheon that turns me

[1] A very beautiful and clever little Boston lady, wife of Hon. Edward Twisleton, and much about us for the six or seven years she lived here. I well remember her affecting funeral (old Fiennes Castle, in Oxfordshire), and my ride thither with Browning, &c.

sick as I drive past. Dear little Mrs. Twisleton, so young, and beautiful, and clever, so admired in society and adored at home, is a loss that everyone can appreciate! And the strong affection she testified for me, through her long terrible illness, has made her death a keener grief than I thought it would be.

I should have been thankful to be away from here—anywhere—at the bottom of a coal-pit, to think over this in quiet, safe from the breaking in of all the idlers 'come up' to that great vulgar show of an 'Exhibition,' and safe from the endless weary chatter about it. Nothing could keep me here for an hour but Mr. C.'s determination to stay;—since at the top of the house he is safe enough from tiresome interruptions, simply refusing to see anybody, which, alas! makes it all the more needful for me to be civil. Here he will stay and work on; (what an idea you have all got in your heads, that, having published a third volume he must be at ease in Zion, when two more volumes are to come, and one wholly unwritten;) and to leave him in the present state of things is what I cannot make up my mind to. If I go on in this way, however, I shall die, and just before it comes to that extremity I shall probably muster the necessary resolution.

Mr. C.'s comfort under the confusion of the Exhibition is that 'It is to be hoped it will end in total bankruptcy.' They say the guarantees will be called on to pay twenty-five per cent.

Kindest love to the doctor; a hearty kiss to yourself.

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 244.

We were with the Ashburtons, she first, for a week or more, then both of us for perhaps a week longer. *Ay de mi!* (October 29, 1869.)

To Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea.

West Cliff Hotel: Wednesday, July 2, 1862.

Thanks, dear! especially for telling me about Mrs. Forster. I had been so vexed at myself for not begging you to go again and send me word.

Lady A. came and sat awhile in my room last night, and, speaking of Miss Bromley's departure, I took occasion to say that, 'As she and I came on the same day, I felt as if I ought to have also gone on the same day.' The answer to which was a very cordial 'Nonsense, my dear friend!' I was expected to stay as long as they did, 'or' (when I shook my head at that) 'as long at all events as I could possibly make it convenient.' There was no doubt whatever about her present wish being to that effect. And then came up the old question as a new one, 'Did I think he would come? It would be such a pleasure to Bingham, now that he could move about.' I said, you might perhaps be persuaded to come for a very short visit, but, &c. &c. That was it! A short visit was evidently what she wanted, and she *does* want that; but she did not see her way through a long one, in the circumstances I could see, and I don't wonder. She would write herself to-day, and urge you to come on Saturday and stay till Monday—'You might surely do that!'

Now that is just what you must do. Even two days of sea will benefit you; and it can be had at little sacrifice of anything. You don't need to trouble about clothes; what you could bring in your carpet-bag would be enough; there is no elaborate dressing for dinner here; and the tide is convenient, and there is a horse! And Lady A. says she can give you 'a perfectly quiet room:'—indeed, mine is quiet as the grave from outside noises; not a cock nor a dog in all Folkestone I think! And the cookery, which is objected to as all too English, would suit you:—

constant loins of roast mutton, and constant boiled chickens! Now pray take no counsel with flesh and blood, but come straight off on Saturday morning, according to the invitation that will reach you (I expect) along with this. And in all likelihood we will go home together on Monday.

If you don't come, I will stay away as long as ever they will keep me, just to spite you!

Look up in your topographical book for Saltwood Castle. Lady A. asked, when we were there to-day, if I thought you would be able to tell us about it; and I said, 'Of course you would:' Saltwood Castle, near Folkestone.

There is here too a review of 'Frederick' in the 'Cornhill,' which would amuse you! Adoring your genius, but absolutely horror-struck at your 'scorn,' which is 'become normal.' How you dare to utter such blasphemy against Messrs. Leibnitz and Maupertius!! I could not help bursting out laughing at the man's sacred horror, as if he had been speaking of Milton's Devil!

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

Horrible paper! I have no other.

LETTER 245.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: July 20, 1862.

Dearest Mary,—When you wrote last you were going somewhere—to see your cousin, I think. Is that visit paid? and what other visits have you to pay? And how are you? I fear but poorly from your late letters; but are you well enough to feel any pleasure in—in—in seeing me if I should come?

Look here! I am not sure about it! But Mr. C. said something this morning that I am determined to view as

permission for me to go away by myself—where I please and when I please for a very little while. We had got into words about an invitation to the Marquis of Lothian's, in Norfolk. I had written a refusal by his (Mr. C.'s) desire, and Lady Lothian had written to me a second letter, holding out as inducements for altering his mind that there was a wonderfully fine library at Blickling Park, and that Lord Lothian's health prevented company; and Mr. C., tempted a little by the library and the no company, had suggested I might write that if the weather got unbearable! and if he got to a place in his work where he could gather up some papers and take them with him! and if—if—if ever so many things, he might perhaps—that is, we might perhaps—come 'by and by'!!! I had said 'by no means. I have written a refusal by your desire; I shall gladly now write an acceptance by your desire; but neither yes nor no, or yes and no both in one, I can't and won't write; you must do that sort of thing yourself!' And then he told me, 'Since I was so impatient about it,' I had better go by myself. To which I answered that it wouldn't be there that I would go by myself, nor to the Trevelyans, nor the Davenport Bromleys; but to Scotland to Mrs. Russell. 'Then go to Mrs. Russell—pack yourself up and be off as soon as you like.'

Now it wasn't a very gracious permission, still it was a permission—at least I choose to regard it as such; and if I had been quite sure how you were situated—whether you were at home, without other visitor, well enough to be bothered with me, &c. &c. I should have said on the spot, 'Thanks! I will go then on such a day!'

I know to my sorrow that, if I should be long absent, things would go to sixes and sevens, and I should find mischievous habits acquired in the kitchen department, which it would take months to reform—if ever. But my week at Folkestone with the Ashburtons passed off with im-

punity;—and their (the servants') moralities might surely hold out for a fortnight or so; which would give plenty of time to see you, and look about on the dear old places, and go round by Edinburgh for a kiss of old Betty.

You see how it is, however, for I have told you exactly what passed;—and you see it is not a very settled question. Without further speech with Mr. C. I can't just say, 'I am coming if you will have me!' But if you say you will have me, can have me soon, without inconvenience; then I will myself open the further speech and ascertain if he means to stand to his word, and look favourably on my going for a week or two.

I say forgive me coming to you, year after year, with these indecisions. Next to being undecided oneself the greatest misery is to be mixed up with undecided people. I myself know always mighty well what I want; and buts and ifs and possiblys are not words in my natural vocabulary, for all so often as I am obliged to use them. If I plague you with my uncertainties, believe me I plague myself quite as much or more.

Affectionately yours,
J. CARLYLE.

LETTER 246.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Saturday, Aug. 2, 1862.

Dearest Mary,—Your letter of this morning had the same effect that a glass of port wine, administered in my babyhood, was recorded to have had on a less dignified organ: 'Port wine' (I was said to have said to my mother, with the suddenness of Balaam's ass) 'mak's inside a' cozy!' So indeed did your cordial letter mak' heart a' cozy. On the strength of the coziness, I said right out to Mr. C., sitting opposite: 'How long had you to wait at Carlisle for the train that put you down at the Gill at

seven in the morning?' No opening could have been better. He was taken quite by surprise; and, before he had time to consider my going as a question, he found himself engaged in considerations of the best way to go. After that he could not well go back upon his implied assent.[1] The only 'demurrer' he could put in, with a good grace, was to ask: 'What did I mean to do with my foot?' I meant it to get well, I said, in a few days; of course I shouldn't think of going from home on one leg. This related to a bruised, or sprained, or someway bedevilled foot, that I came by the very day I had written to you, as if, I almost felt, with a shudder at the time, it was the monition of Providence that I should go on no such journey. I was returning from Islington where I had been to ask after the lamed foot (!) of the little lady who was my honorary nurse[2] last winter. The Islington omnibus put me down within some eighth part of a mile of my own house. I had one rather dark street to pass through first—taking the shortest way—and it was near eleven o'clock at night. I didn't care for being alone so late; but I didn't want to be seen by any of the low people of that street alone. So I stepped off the pavement to avoid passing close to a small group standing talking at a door; when I had cleared these only people to be seen in the whole street, I was stepping back on to the pavement, when, the curbstone being higher than I noticed in the shadow, I struck the side of my right foot violently against it and was tripped over, and fell smack down, full length on the pavement.[3]

Considering how easily I might have broken my ribs, it is wonderful that the fall did me no harm. I scrambled up directly; but the foot I had struck on the curbstone be-

[1] Alas! how little did I ever *know* of these secret wishes and necessities—now or ever!

[2] Mrs. Dilberoglue (?).

[3] I remember, and may well.

fore falling was dreadfully sore, and it was made worse, you may believe, by having to use it, after a sort, to get myself home. How I got home at all, even in holding on to walls and railings, I can't think. But once at home on a chair, I couldn't touch the ground with it on any account. Mr. C. had to carry me to bed, at the imminent risk of knocking my head off against the lintels. So I wouldn't be carried by him any more, my head being of more consequence to me than my foot. It was dreadfully swelled for a couple of days; but to-day, though I still cannot get a shoe on, or walk, it is so much better, that I am sure it will be all right presently. In a few days I hope to be able to write that I am road-worthy, and I will only wait for that. It is a most provoking little accident, for delays are so dangerous. I should have wished after my experiences of late summers to go to you at once, before any 'pigs' have time to 'run through.'

And now I needn't be saying more but that God grant nothing may prevent our meeting this time.

Love to the doctor.

Affectionately yours,
JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 247.

To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Holm Hill, Thornhill: August 13, 1862.

Oh, my dear, I wish they hadn't started that carpet-lifting and chimney-sweeping process so immediately, but left you time to recover my loss (if any) in the usual 'peace and quietness'! That chimney in my bedroom had to be swept, however, before winter came; and no time so good as when I was on my travels. You don't complain: but your few lines this morning make the impression on me of having been written under 'a dark brown shadd!' I told Maria if she observed you to be mismanaging yourself, and going

off your sleep and all that sort of thing, to tell me, and I should be back like a returned sky-rocket.

For myself, I am all right. I was in bed before eleven o'clock struck, with a stiff little tumbler of whisky toddy in my head, and I went to sleep at once, and slept on, with only some half-dozen awakenings, till the maid brought in my hot-water at eight o'clock! My foot, as well as my 'interior,' is benefited by the good night. It was too lame for anything yesterday. But there was no temptation to use it much yesterday; it rained without intermission. To-day is very cloudy, but not wet as yet; and we are going for a drive in the close carriage. Dr. Russell has both an open and a close carriage, the lucky man! Indeed he has as pretty and well-equipped a place here as any reasonable creature could desire. But Mrs. Russell has never ceased to regret the tumble-down old house in Thornhill, 'where there was always something going on!' 'Looking out on the trees and the river here makes her so melancholy,' she says, that she feels sometimes as if she should lose her senses! The wished-for, as usual, come too late! Ease with dignity, when the habits of a lifetime have made her incapable of enjoying it!

Would you tell Maria to put a bit of paper round the little long-shaped paste-board box, in my little drawer next the drawing-room, containing the two ornamental hair-pins, and send them to me by post;—they are quite light; I want them to give away. Also if you were to put a couple of good quill-pens of your own making in beside the hair-pins, 'it would be a great advantage.' I had written to say a word expressly about the tobacco. Oh, please, do go to bed at a reasonable hour, and don't overwork yourself, and consider you are no longer a child!

Faithfully yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 248.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

Holm Hill, Thornhill, Dumfries: Thursday, Aug. 14, 1862.

Oh, my little woman, how glad I was to recognise your face through the glass of the carriage window, all dimmed with human breath! And how frightened I was the train would move, while you were clambering up like a school-boy to kiss me! And how I grudged the long walk there and back for you, and the waiting. Still you did well to come, for it (your coming) quite brightened up my spirits for the last miles of my journey, which are apt to be mortally tiresome. I had meant to wave my handkerchief from the window when we passed the Gill, but I found no seat vacant except the middle one; and disagreeable women, on each side of me, closed the windows all but an inch, so to make any demonstration had been impossible. The more my gladness to catch sight of your very face. And Jane and her husband and daughter were waiting for me at Dumfries, having heard of my coming from Dr. Carlyle. 'So the latter end of that woman' (meaning me) 'was better than the beginning.'

Dr. Russell was waiting for me—had been waiting more than an hour, like everyone else—with his carriage, in which I was conveyed through ways, happily for me, clothed in darkness, so that the first object I saw was Mrs. Russell at the door of their new home. It is a most beautiful house and place they have made of old Holm Hill. And I do not see Templand from the windows as I feared I should. The trees have grown up so high.

The first night I couldn't sleep a bit for agitation of mind, far more than fatigue of body. The next night I slept; last night again not. So to-day I feel rather ghastly. Then it has rained pretty much without intermission. Yes-

terday we took a very short drive between showers, and that was the only time I have crossed the threshold; besides the bad weather I brought away with me a recently sprained foot, which makes walking both painful and imprudent.

Under these circumstances I have not yet formed any plan for my future travels; but shall tell you in a few days whether I will pay you a little visit on the road home, or run down from here, and back again. I will certainly not let that brief meeting stand for all, unless you forbid me to come. But I have all along looked to be guided by circumstances in this journey.

My stay is to be determined by the accounts I get of Mr. C. from himself, and (still more dependably) from my housemaid Maria; and my road back, whether as I came or by Edinburgh, to be decided on when I shall have heard from Lady Stanley and another English friend on the North Western line. But I would not leave you wondering what was become of me, or if it had been really me or my wraith you had seen.

In a few days, then, you will hear further. Meanwhile

Your affectionate

J. W. C.

LETTER 249.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

Holm Hill: Saturday, Aug. 30, 1862.

My dear, ever kind Mary,—In the first place, God bless you and yours. Secondly, I am 'all right,' or pretty nearly so. Thirdly, I forward the proof-sheet of Mrs. Oliphant's book which I promised, and something else which was not promised—a photograph of my interesting self, taken by a Thornhill hairdresser, and not so very bad, it strikes me, as photographs go. This last blessed item of my sending is intended as a present to your husband, 'all to himself,' as the children say.

A letter from Mr. C. to me was forwarded from Scotsbrig to the Doctor, and given to me at the station, and another letter from Mr. C. awaited me at Thornhill; a very attentive Mr. C. really!

I have no time to spare for writing more than the absolutely needful. Six letters by post this morning, most of them needing immediate answer, and we are to drive to Morton Castle before dinner.

God keep you all, well and mindful of me till I come again. Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 250.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Craigenvilla: Tuesday, Sept. 2, 1862.

Oh, you stupid, stupid Good! not to know my handwriting when you see it at this time of day. It was I who directed that photograph and posted it at Thornhill. I just turned my handwriting a little back, and sent it, without a word, to puzzle you, forgetting that the postmark would betray where it came from. It was done by a Thornhill hairdresser; Mrs. Russell and I got taken one day for fun, and if I had dreamt of coming out so well I would have dressed myself better, and turned the best side of my face.

My departure from Nithsdale was like the partings of dear old long ago, before one had experienced what 'time will teach the softest heart, unmoved to meet, ungrieved to part,' as the immortal Mr. Terrot once wrote. And then the journey through the hills to that little lonely churchyard[1]—all that caused me so many tears, that today my eyes are out of my head, and I am sick and sore. And, of course, sleep was out of the question after such a

[1] Crawford, where her mother's grave is.

day of emotion—when so ill to be caught at the best of times—and I have had just one hour of broken slumber (from five till six), and I was up at six yesterday morning. So I mustn't go after Betty to-day; she would be too shocked with my looks. Grace and I will take a short drive in an omnibus (for a change). Neither must I sit writing to you, in detail, for my head spins round, and I could tell you nothing worth the effort of telling it. I left a letter to be posted at Thornhill yesterday.

So Garibaldi—or, as a man in the carriage with me last evening was calling him, Garri-Bauldy—is wounded and captured already—luck, I should say, to the poor fellows he was leading to destruction! Mazzini will be thankful he must have reached Garibaldi; it is to be hoped he is not taken also, but he went with his eyes perfectly open to the madness.

Grace was waiting at the train for me, and instantly found me under my hat and feather in the dark. She said it was by a motion of my hand.

They are all most kind. Elizabeth not so poorly as I expected to find her; Grace and Ann younger-looking than last time—hair raven black, far blacker than mine. Good-bye! I hope to sleep to-night; for I will have a dose of morphia now that I am near Duncan and Flockhart, and then I will be up to a better letter than this. I have left Grace to make out the 'old goose,'[1] and tell me the needful. Your ever

J. W. C.

LETTER 251.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill.

Craigenvilla, Morningside: Tuesday, Sept. 2, 1862.

My darling!—Nature prompts me to write just a line, though I am not up to a letter to-day, at least to any other

[1] Some foolish letter to me.

letter than the daily one to Mr. C., which must be written dead or alive. Imagine! after such a tiring day, I never closed my eyes till after five this morning! and was awake again for good, or rather for bad, before six struck! My eyes are almost out of my head this morning; and tell the Doctor, or rather don't tell him, I will have a dose of morphia to-night!—am just going in an omnibus to Duncan and Flockhart's for it. It will calm down my mind for once—generally my mind needs no calming, being sunk in apathy. And this won't do to go on!

Mr. C. writes this morning that he had received a letter in the handwriting of Dr. Russell (!) (my own handwriting slightly disguised), and 'had torn it open in a fright!! thinking that the Doctor was writing to tell I was ill! and found a photograph of me, really very like indeed,' but not a word 'from the Doctor' inside! He took it as a sign that I was off! (why, in all the world, take it as that?) 'but it would have been an additional favour had the Doctor written just a line!'

Grace was waiting at the station for me, much to my astonishment; and discovered me at once, under the hat and feather, actually! She said by 'a motion of my hand'! The drains are all torn up at Morningside, and she was afraid I would not get across the rubbish in my cab without a pilot. They are all looking well, I think—even Elizabeth. Many friendly inquiries about you, and love to be sent.

Oh, my dear, my dear! My head is full of wool! Shall I ever forget these green hills, and that lonely churchyard, and your dear, gentle face!

Oh, how I wish I had a sleep!

Your own friend,

JANE CARLYLE.

The roots are all in the garden.

LETTER 252.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Craigenvilla, Morningside (Edinburgh): Thursday, Sept. 4, 1862.

'Two afflictions make a consolation'—of a sort! The disappointment of not receiving the usual good words from you this morning comforted my conscience at least for having failed in my own writing yesterday. I could figure you eating your breakfast at Cheyne Row, without any letter from me, with no particular pang of remorse; when I was eating my breakfast here with only the direction on 'Orley Farm' for a relish to my indifferent tea! It was partly the morphia that hindered me yesterday, and partly the rain. The morphia, which answered the end capitally, and procured me the only really sound sleep I have had since I went on my travels, made me feel too listless for writing before going to Betty's; and the walk through the rain to the cab when we returned made me too tired for writing after in time for the Morningside post.

Well, I have seen Betty, and Betty has seen me. Poor dear! It wasn't so 'good a joy' as it might have been; for Ann and Grace in their kindness would not let me go by myself, and the three of us were too many for the wee house and for Betty's nerves, which aren't what they were. But she made the best of that as of everything else. 'It's weel they're so kind to ye, dear; and it's richt,' she said, during a minute we were alone together. She gave me the 'stockns' (beautiful fine white ones), and a little packet of peppermint lozenges were lying beside them, 'in case I ever cam'.' Dear, kind soul! her heart is the same warm loyal heart; but these seven years of nursing have made terrible alterations in her; her hair is white as snow, and her face is so fined away that it looks as if one might

blow it away like powder. I don't think she can stand much longer of it. George (poor patient 'Garg'!) is neither better nor worse; his mind not weakened at all, I think (which is wonderful). Old Braid keeps himself in health by much working in his garden, which is prolific. 'Sic a crapp o' gude peas, dear! Oh, if I could have sent Mr. Carlyle a wee dish o' them to cheer him up when he was alane, poor man!' 'Oh, dear!' she said, again catching my arm excitedly, 'wad onybody believe it? He—yer gudeman—direcks "Punch" till us every week, his ain sell, to sic as us!' Mr. Braid did not know me when I went in at the door the first; and when I taxed him with it he said, 'How should I ken ye? Ye lookit like a bit skelt o' a lassie, wi' that daft wee thing a-tap o' yer heed!'

I mean to get home, please God, at the beginning of next week. I cannot fix the day just yet, being 'entangled in details' with the Auchtertool people. I have seen nobody here but the Braids—indeed, there is nobody I much care to see. A most uninteresting place Edinburgh is become. I would like to spend an hour at Haddington in the dark! But I 'don't see my way' to that. I was glad to hear that Scotsbrig Jenny was getting over her bad fit. Grace has just come in, and sends her regards.

Yours ever,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 253.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Craigenvilla (Edinburgh): Friday, Sept. 5, 1862.

Thanks, dear; here is a nice little letter this morning, which has had the double effect of satisfying my anxieties and delivering me from 'prayers.' I ran up to my room with it, and shut myself in, and when I issued forth again, prayers were over! What luck! My aunts are as kind to me as they can be—all three of them—and they exert

themselves beyond their strength, I can see, to make my visit pleasant to me; but still I am like a fish out of water in this element of religiosity, or rather like a human being *in* water, and the water hot.

I am glad you have heard from my lady at last. I was beginning to not understand it; to fear either you or I must have in some way displeased her. If you could bring yourself to go to the Grange at once I shouldn't at all mind your being away when I arrived; should rather like to transact my fatigues and my acclimatising 'in a place by myself.' And we might still have the 'sacred week' of idling and sightseeing (an exceptional week in our mutual life, it would be) after your return.

I find I cannot get off from Auchtertool. I shouldn't dislike a couple of days there (though many days couldn't be endured) if it weren't for that 'crossing.' But, like it or not, I must just 'cross and recross'! Maggie is returned. Walter has put off joining Alexander at Crawford; they are all expecting me, and the only expedient by which I could have avoided visiting them without giving offence to their kind feelings, viz., inviting them all to spend a day with me here, cannot be 'carried out'—for 'reasons it may be interesting not to state.' After all I have no kinder relative or friend in the world than poor Walter. Every summer, when invitations were not so plenty, his house, and all that is his, has been placed at my disposal. It is the only house where I could go, without an invitation, at any time that suited myself; and, considering all that, I must just 'cross' to-morrow, in the intention, however, of staying only two days. I should have gone to-day but for a letter of Walter's—'mis-sent to Liberton'—and so not reaching me in time.

I am now going off to town with Grace to get her photograph taken—'for Jeannie's book,' she says; but I doubt the singleness of the alleged motive. I shall call for Mrs.

Stirling—who else? Alas, my old friends are 'all wed away'!'

I return the letter, which seems to me perfectly serious and rather sensible; only what of Shakespeare? Shakespeare 'never did the like o't!'

Address here; I shall find it (the letter) on my return from Auchtertool, if I am not here before it. It was thunder and lightning and waterspouts yesterday; terrible for laying the crops, surely.

Yours ever,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 254.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Auchtertool Manse: Monday, Sept. 8, 1862.

So long as I am in Scotland, my darling, I cannot help feeling that my head-quarters is Holm Hill! though I go buzzing here and there, like a 'Bum-bee' in the neighbourhood of its hive. Everywhere that I go I am warmly welcomed, and made much of; but nowhere that I go do I feel so at home, in an element so congenial to me, as with you and the Doctor! At Craigenvilla, though treated as a niece, and perhaps even a favourite niece, I am always reacting against the self-assumption, and the religiosity (not the religion, mind!); and here, though I am 'cousin'—their one cousin, for whom their naturally hospitable and kindly natures are doubly hospitable and kindly—still I miss that congeniality which comes of having mutually suffered, and taken one's suffering to heart! I feel here as if I were 'playing' with nice, pretty, well-behaved children! I almost envy them their light-hearted capacity of being engrossed with trifles! And yet, not that! there is a deeper joy in one's own sorrowful memories surely, than in this gaiety that comes of 'never minding'! Would I, would

[1] *Flowers of the Forest.*

you, cease to regret the dear ones we have lost if we could? Would we be light-hearted, at the cost of having nothing in one's heart very precious or sacred? Oh, no! better ever such grief for the lost, than never to have loved anyone enough to have one's equanimity disturbed by the loss!

I came here on Saturday; was to have come on Friday, but had to wait for a letter of Walter's 'mis-sent to Liberton.' I go back to Morningside to-morrow forenoon, unless it 'rains cats and dogs!' And then to London after one day's rest! And after all my haste—at least haste after leaving Holm Hill—the chances are I shall find Mr. C. just gone to the Grange. He had 'partly decided on going next Tuesday (to-morrow).' And, if I wasn't home in time to go with him, he had engaged I would join him there! Don't he wish he may get me! He will have to stay considerably longer than the 'one week' he talks of, before I shall feel disposed to 'take the road' again! In fact, I should greatly like a few days 'all to myself,' to sleep off my fatigues, and get acclimatised, before having to resume my duties as mistress of the house.

Alex. Welsh came to Crawford the 'next day,' as predicted; but 'his Reverence' never joined him there. And Alex., finding the fishing as bad as possible, went on to spend a few days with the Chrystals in Glasgow, before returning to Liverpool.

God keep you, dearest friend; after the Doctor, there is nobody you are so precious to as to me! I will write from Chelsea. Your loving

J. CARLYLE.

LETTER 255.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row: Tuesday night, Sept. 30, 1862.

Dearest of Friends,—I am writing two lines at this late hour, because I don't want the feeling of closeness that

has outlived the precious three weeks we were together to die out through length of silence. For the rest, I am not in good case for writing a pleasant letter, having had no sleep last night, and the bad night not having been compensated, as my bad nights at Holm Hill were, strangely enough, by a good day. And I am bothered, too, with preparations for a journey to-morrow. What a locomotive animal I have suddenly become! Yes, it is a fact, my dear, that to-morrow[1] I am bound for Dover, to stay till Monday with that lady we call 'the flight of Skylarks,'[2] who was wanting me to come home by her place in Derbyshire. She is now at Dover, in lodgings, for the benefit of sea air; and has invited me there since I wouldn't go to Wooton Hall, and Mr. C., who thought I ought to have come home by her, wishes me to go. And I am sure I have no objections; for I like her much, and I like the sea much. But I 'am not to be staying away this time,' he says, 'and leaving him long by himself again.' No fear! I must return to London on Monday, or I should not see Charlotte Cushman (who is now in Liverpool and returns here on Thursday) before her departure for Rome. Indeed, charming as I think the 'flight of Skylarks,' I should not be unsettling myself again if only I had kept the better health and spirits I brought back from Scotland. It was too much to hope, however, that I could keep all that long. The clammy heavy weather we have had for the last week has put me all wrong somehow. I am sick at stomach, or at heart (I can't tell which), and have a continual irritation in my bits of 'interiors,' and horrid nights, for all which, I daresay, the sea is the best medicine. I shall tell you how it has answered when I come back.

Love to the Doctor. Your own

J. W. C.

[1] Went October 1.

[2] Miss Davenport Bromley; her great-grandfather at 'Wootòn,' in Staffordshire, was the 'Mr. Davenport' who gave shelter to Rousseau.

LETTER 256.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

1 Sidney Villas, Dover: Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 1, 1862.

I may take a reasonable sheet of paper, dear! for, besides being not 'too tired for writing,' I have abundance of time for writing, 'the Larks'[1] being all far up out of sight, beyond the visible sky! looking for me there. My journey was successful, and I stepped out at Dover worth half a dozen of the woman I left Chelsea. Curious what a curative effect a railway journey has on me always, while you it makes pigs and whistles of! Is it the motion, or is it the changed air? 'God knows!'

The first thing that befell me at Dover was a disappointment—no Larks waiting! not a feather of them to be discovered by the naked eye. The next thing that befell me was to be deceived and betrayed and entirely discomfited by—a sailor. After looking about for the Larks some ten minutes, and being persecuted as long by pressing proposals from cabmen and omnibus conductors, I was asking a porter how far it was to Sidney Villas. The porter not knowing the place, a sailor came forward and said he knew it, that it 'was just a few steps; I would be there in a minute if I liked to walk, and he would carry my trunk for me.' And, without waiting to have the question debated, he threw my trunk over his shoulder and walked off. I followed, quite taken by assault. And we walked on and on, and oh, such a distance!—certainly two miles at least, the sailor pretending to not hear every time I remonstrated, or assuring me 'I couldn't find a prettier walk in all Dover than this.' At last we reached Sidney Villas; and when I accused my sailor of having basely misled me that he might have a job, he candidly owned, 'Well, things are

[1] See note, p. 232.

dear just now, and few jobs going,' wiping the sweat from his brow at the same time, and looking delighted with the shilling I gave him. I thought it was all gone to the devil together when the man who answered the bell denied that Miss Bromley was there. On cross-questioning, however, he explained that she did reside there, but was not at home—was 'gone to the railway to meet a lady'—and his eye just then squinting on my portmanteau, he exclaimed, with sudden cordiality, 'Perhaps you are the lady?' I owned the soft impeachment and was shown to the bedroom prepared for me, and have washed and unpacked. Meanwhile Miss B.'s maid, who had gone to one station while Miss B. went to the other to make sure of me, returned and gave me a cup of tea, and then went off to catch the poor dear Larks, who was waiting for me at the wrong station. There being a third station (the one at which I landed), it hadn't occurred to either mistress or maid to ask at which of the three stations the three o'clock train stopped.

Larks come with feathers all in a fluff. 'So dreadfully sorry,' &c. &c. Dinner not till seven, and to be enlivened by the presence of Mr. Brookfield, whom she had met while looking for me. 'Seven!' and I had only one small cup of tea and one slice of etherial bread and butter. But we 'must make it *do*.'

This house is within a stone-cast of the sea, and also, alas! of the pier; so that there is as much squealing of children at this moment as if it were Cheyne Row. Nothing but a white blind to keep out the light of a large window. But with shutters and stillness, and all possible furtherance, I was finding sleep impossible at home; so perhaps it may suit the contradictory nature of the animal to sleep here without them.

Now, upon my word, this is a fairly long letter to be still in the first day of absence. It will, at least, show that

I am less ghastly sick and with less worry in my interior than when I left in the morning.

Yours anyhow,
J. W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 257.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

1 Sidney Villas, Dover: **Friday, Oct. 3, 1862.**

Oh, my dear! I 'did design' to write you a nice long letter to-day. But 'you must just excuse us' again. I am the victim of 'circumstances over which I have no control.' I must put you off with a few lines, and lie down on the sofa of my bedroom, and try to get warm, or it will be the worse for me. You see I am taking every day a warm sea-bath, hoping to derive benefit from it—'cha-arge' half-a-crown. But, never mind, if I can stave off an illness at the beginning of winter, I shall save in doctor's bills! Well, my bath to-day made me excessively sleepy, and I lay down to sleep, and in five minutes I was called down to luncheon, and after luncheon I must go with Miss Bromley to call for Lady Doyle, with whom Miss Wynne, just arrived from Carlsbad, had been yesterday—might still be to-day. Our call executed, it was proposed we should drive on to Shakespeare's Cliff, and when there, we were driven away 'over the heights'—a most alarming road—all this time in an open carriage; and now that we are come in there is not a fire anywhere—never is any fire to warm myself at—and so I am not at all in right trim for letter-writing. And common prudence requires I should lie down and get into heat.

For the rest it is all right. I have slept very fairly both nights in spite of—'many things!' Miss B. is kind and charming, the place is 'delicious,' and I am certainly much better for the change. But, for all that, I am coming home without fail at the time I fixed; not from any

'puritanical' adherence to my word given, but that by Monday I shall have had enough of it and got all the good to be got. Miss B. has pressed me earnestly to stay till Monday week; but no need to bid *me*—'be firm, Alicia!'

What a pity about poor Bessy! She says she 'was always a worshipper of genius, and recollects one day in particular when Mr. Carlyle poured out such a stream of continuous eloquence that she was forcibly reminded of the lady who spoke pearls and diamonds in the fairy tale.' She is very proud of her book and photograph. That absurd corkmaker sends me his photograph. I will bring his letter for you; inclosed in mine it is over-weight.

[*No room to sign*] 'J. W. C.'

LETTER 258.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Monday, October 20, 1862.

Now Mary, dear! pray don't let the echoes of your voice die out of my ears, if you can help it! It makes the difference betwixt feeling near and feeling far away; the difference betwixt writing off-hand, as one speaks, and writing cramped apologies. You may not have anything momentous to tell; but I am not difficult to interest, when it is you who are writing. Just fill a small sheet with such matter as you would say to me, if I were sitting opposite you, and I shall be quite content.

Neither have I myself anything momentous to tell, except, I was going to say, that I had got a new bonnet, or rather my last winter's bonnet transformed into a new one; but it suddenly flashes over me, that is by no means the most momentous thing I have to tell; a new bonnet is nothing in comparison to a new—maid! Ah, my dear! Yes, I am changing my housemaid; I have foreseen for long, even when she was capering about me, and kissing

my hands and shawl, that this emotional young lady would not wear well; and that some fine day her self-conceit and arrogance would find the limits of my patience. Indeed, I should have lost patience with her long ago, if it hadn't been for her cleverness about Mr. C.'s books, which I fancied would make him extremely averse to parting with her, as cleverness of that sort is not a common gift with housemaids. But not at all—at least not in prospect; he says she is 'such an affected fool,' and so heedless in other respects that it is quite agreeable to him 'that she should carry her fantasticalities and incompetences elsewhere!' She had calculated on being indispensable, on the score of the books, and was taking, since soon after my return from Scotland, a position in the house which was quite preposterous—domineering towards the cook, and impertinent to me! picking and choosing at her work—in fact, not behaving like a servant at all, but like a lady, who, for a caprice, or a wager, or anything except wages and board, was condescending to exercise light functions in the house, provided you kept her in good humour with gifts and praises.

When Mr. C.'s attention was directed to her procedure, he saw the intolerableness as clearly as I did; so I was quite free to try conclusions with the girl—either she should apologise for her impertinence and engage (like Magdalen Smith) 'to turn over a new leaf,' or she should (as Mr. C. said) 'carry her fantasticalities and incompetences elsewhere!' She chose, of course, the worser part; and I made all the haste possible to engage a girl in her place, and make the fact known, that so I might protect myself against scenes of reconciliation, which, to a woman as old and nervous as I am, are just about as tiresome as scenes of altercation. All sorts of scenes cost me my sleep, to begin with; and are a sheer waste of vital power, which one's servant at least ought really not to cost one!

I am going to try a new arrangement—that of keeping two women (experienced, or considering themselves so) to do an amount of work between them which any good experienced servant could do singly having hitherto proved unmanageable with me. I have engaged a little girl of the neighbourhood (age about fifteen) to be under the Scotchwoman. She is known to me as an honest, truthful, industrious little girl. Her parents are rather superior people in their station. The father is a collector on the boats. She is used to work, but not at all to what Mr. C.'s father would have called the 'curiosities and niceties' of a house like this. So I shall have trouble enough in licking her into shape. But trouble is always a bearable thing for me in comparison with irritation. The chief drawback is that the mother is sickly, and this child has been her mainstay at home; and though both parents have willingly sacrificed their own convenience to get their child into so respectable a place, my fear is that after I have had the trouble of licking her into shape, the mother, under the pressure of home difficulties, may be irresistibly tempted to take her home again. Well, there is an excellent Italian proverb, 'The person who considers everything will never decide on anything!' Meanwhile, Elizabeth looks much more alive and cheerful since she had this change in view; and I shall be delivered from the botheration of two rival queens in the kitchen at all events. That I shall have to fetch the books, and do the sewing myself, will perhaps—'keep the devil from my elbow.'

I had a letter from my Aunt Ann the other day, the first I have had from any of them since I was at Craigenvilla, in spite of entreaties and remonstrances on my part. She tells me that the maidservant whom Grace 'converted' some years ago is still praying earnestly for Mr. Carlyle. She has been at it a long while now, and must be tired of writing to my aunts to ask whether they had

heard if anything had happened through her prayers. I will send you Ann's letter; burn it before, or having read it—as you like. Does it amuse you to read letters (good in their way) not addressed to yourself? Tell me that; for if it does, I could often, at the small cost of an extra stamp, send you on any letter that has pleased myself, without putting you to the trouble of returning them. I am afraid you will not have so many visitors to enliven you in the winter; and then you will take to thinking it was livelier at Thornhill, with your window looking on the street. Oh my dear! I wonder how the Doctor is so angelically patient with your hankering after the old house, when he has made the new one so lovely for you. Yet I can understand all that about the old house. I can, who am a woman!

LETTER 259.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday, Oct. 23, 1862.

Blessings on you, dear! These eggs have been such a deliverance. Can you believe it of me? I have been in such a worry of mind of late days, that were it asked of me, with a loaded pistol at my breast, whether or not I had written again after receiving your letter, I could not tell! So in case I did not, I write to-night, while I have a little breathing-time.

Lord Ashburton, whom we had been led to suppose out of danger, made no progress in convalescence and then began to sink. Lady A., who has had the news of her mother's death since his illness, was alone to nurse him day and night. Her sister, who had gone to her at Paris, was obliged to hurry back to London, to attend to her own husband, who is confined to bed. She told me I was the only other person whom her sister (Lady A.) would like to have

beside her. Would I write and ask if I might come? It was a serious undertaking for me, at this season, who had never crossed the Channel, and suffering so from sailing, and whose household affairs were in such a muddle; a servant to go away and no one yet found to replace her—but what else could I do but go to her if she would have me? Mr. C., too, thought I could do nothing else. So I wrote and offered to come immediately, and you may think if I have not been perfectly bewildered while waiting her answer—'seeing servants,' as the phrase is, all the while. This morning I had a few hurried lines from her—No—I was not to come, 'it could do her no good and would knock me up;' for the rest, she was 'past all human help,' she said, 'and past all sympathy.' And the poor dear soul had drawn her pen through the last words. So like her, that she might not seem unkind, even in her agony of grief and dread she thought of that.

Their doctor's last two letters to me were very despondent, and neither to-day nor yesterday has there been any word from him, as there would have surely been, could he have imparted a grain of hope. We dread now that the next post will bring the news of our dear Lord Ashburton's death. Carlyle will lose in him the only friend he has left in the world, and the world will lose in him one of the purest-hearted, most chivalrous men that it contained. There are no words for such a misfortune.

Meanwhile one's own poor little life struggles on, with its daily petty concerns, as well as its great ones. About these eggs, which mustn't be neglected, if the solar system were coming to a stand—I do not think, dear, it was the fewness of the eggs that kept them safe so much as the plentifulness of the hay. Depend on it, your woman's plan of making the eggs all touch each other was a bad one. We have still eggs for a week—and then? I know of two hens in the neighbourhood that have begun to lay, but

they do it so irregularly, so I mustn't trust to them. I don't think it would be safe to send the butter and eggs in the same box; a coarse basket would do as well as a box for the eggs—the difficulty of getting them sent doesn't seem to be the carriage so much as things to pack them in. If we were but nearer, I might send what the Addiscombe gardener calls the empties back again at trifling cost. I must inquire what it would cost to send empty baskets, as it is; I could take them myself to the office.

Oh dear me! what a pleasure it is when one is away from home and has no servants to manage, and no food to provide. Mr. C. gets more and more difficult to feed, and more and more impatient of the imperfections of human cooks and human housewives. I sometimes feel as if I should like to run away. But the question always arises, where to?

Kind regards to Jamie and the girls. What a pleasant time I had with you all, those nice evening drives!—Carlaverock Castle! How like a beautiful dream it all is, when I look back on it from here!

Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 260.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday, Nov. 21, 1862.

Dearest Mary,—The last of the four notes I inclosed, which had come a few hours before I wrote to you, made us expect the worst; and as the day went on, we could not help expecting the worst with more and more certainty. The same night we were talking very sadly of Lord Ashburton, almost already in the past tense; Mr. C. saying, 'God help me! since I am to lose him, the kindest, gentlest, friendliest man in my life here! I may say the one friend I have in the world!' and I, walking up

and down in the room, as my way is when troubled in mind, had just answered, 'It's no use going to bed and trying to sleep, in this suspense!' when the door opened and a letter was handed me. It was from Paris, a second letter that day! I durstn't open it. Mr. C. impatiently took it from me but was himself so agitated that he couldn't read it, when he had it. At last he exclaimed, '"Better!" I see the one word "better," nothing else! look there, is not that "better"?' To be sure it was! and you may imagine our relief! and our thankfulness to Lady A. and Mrs. Anstruther for not losing a moment in telling us! The letters go on more and more favourable. The doctors say 'they cannot understand it.' When do these grand doctors understand anything? But no matter about them, so that he is recovering, whether they understand it or not!

I may now tell you of my household crisis, which has been happily accomplished. Maria has departed this scene, and little 'Flo' (!) has entered upon it; not a little dog, as you might fancy from the name, but a remarkably intelligent, well-conditioned girl between fourteen and fifteen, who was christened 'Florence'—too long and too romantic a name for household use! She is so quick at learning that training her is next to no trouble. And Mr. C. is so pleased with the clever little creature, that he has been much less aggravating than usual under a change. Maria wished to make me a scene at parting (of course). But I brutally declined participating in it, so she rushed up to the study with her tears to Mr. C., who was 'dreadfully sorry for the poor creature.' The 'poor creature' had been employing her mind latterly in impressing on Elizabeth, who is weak enough to believe what mischief-makers tell her, rather than the evidence of her own senses, that she was going to be overworked (!) with only an untrained girl instead of a fine lady housemaid for fel-

low-servant, and in making herself so charming and caressing for Elizabeth that her former tyrannies were forgotten; and Elizabeth, who had looked quite happy at the idea of Maria's going 'and a girl under her,' turned suddenly round into wearing a sullen look of victimhood, and declining silently to give me the least help in training the girl! All the better for the girl; and perhaps also all the better for me!

But it is a disappointment to find that my Scotch blockhead is no brighter for having her 'Bubbly Jock' taken off her! Such a woman to have had sent four hundred miles to one! Mr. C. always speaks of her as 'that horse,' 'that cow,' 'that mooncalf!' But upon my honour, it is an injustice to the horse, the cow, and even the mooncalf! For sample of her procedure: there is a glass door into the back court consisting of two immense panes of glass; the cow has three several times smashed one of these sheets of glass, through the same carelessness, neglecting to latch it up! three times, in the six months she has been here! and nobody before her ever smashed that door! Another thing that nobody before her ever did, in all the twenty-eight or nine years I have lived in the house, was to upset the kitchen table! and smash, at one stroke, nearly all the tumblers and glasses we had, all the china breakfast things, a crystal butter-glass (my mother's), a crystal flower vase, and ever so many jugs and bowls! There was a whole washing-tub full of broken things! Surely honesty, sobriety, and steadiness must have grown dreadfully scarce qualities, that one puts up with such a cook; especially as her cooking is as careless as the rest of her doings. No variety is required of her, and she has been taught how to do the few things Mr. C. needs. She can do them when she cares to take pains; but every third day or so there comes up something that provokes him into declaring, 'That brute will be the death of me! It is

really too bad to have wholesome food turned to poison.' But I suppose she understands herself engaged by the half-year, though I never had any explanation with her, as to the second half year. And so, Heaven grant me patience!

What a pack of complaints! but, my dear, there is nobody but you that I would think of making them to! and it is a certain easing of nature to utter them; so forgive the mean details.

Love to the Doctor.

Your ever affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 261.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Nov. 1862.

Dearest Mary,—The box of eggs came yesterday. Another perfect success; not a single egg broken or cracked! The barrel arrived to-day; and Mr. C. has already eaten a quarter of one of the fowls, and found less fault with his dinner than he is in the habit of doing now. In fact, I look forward to his dinner-time with a sort of panic, which the event for most part justifies. How I wish this long, weary book were done, for his own sake and for everybody's near him. It is like living in a madhouse on the days when he gets ill on with his writing.

I have a new woman coming as cook next Tuesday, and intense as has been Mr. C.'s abhorrence of the present 'mooncalf,' 'cow,' 'brute-beast,' I look forward with trepidation to having to teach the new-comer all Mr. C.'s things, which every woman who comes has to be taught, whether she can cook in a general way or not. If the kitchen were only on the same floor with the room! but I have to go down three pairs of stairs to it, past a garden-door kept constantly open in all weathers; and at this season of the year, with my dreadful tendency to catch interminable

colds, running up and down these stairs teaching bread-making, and Mr. C.'s sort of soup, and Mr. C.'s sort of puddings, cutlets, &c., &c., is no joke. My one constant terror is lest I should fall ill and be unable to go down to the kitchen at all. I dream about that at nights. Really

> If I were dead,
> And a stone at my head,
> I think I should be *be*-tter.[1]

There is the anxiety about dear Lord Ashburton too; that has been going on now some five weeks; sometimes relieved a little, then again worse than ever. I have a note in my pocket at this moment which Mr. C. does not know of, leaving scarce a hope of his recovery. As it was not from the doctor, but from Lady A.'s niece, who expresses herself very confusedly, and might have made the case worse than it is, I decided not to unsettle Mr. C. at his writing with a sight of it; and it has felt burning in my pocket all day; and every knock at the door makes my heart jump into my throat, for it may be news of his death.

As this letter won't reach you any sooner for being posted to-night, I will keep it open till to-morrow in case of another from Paris. And if I have more to say I had better keep that till to-morrow too. I write with such a weight on my spirits to-night.

But always
Most affectionately yours,
JANE CARLYLE.

A note has just come from Lady Ashburton's sister in London, forwarding a telegram just received: 'My Lord has passed a better night. Dr. Quain thinks him no worse.' So there is still hope—for those who have a talent for hoping.

[1] Old beggar's rhyme on entering:
'I'm a poor helpless craiture,
If I were &c. . . . . better (baiture!)'

LETTER 262.

To Mrs. Russell.

5 Cheyne Row: December 15, 1862.

I should not be at all afraid that after a few weeks my new maid would do well enough if it weren't for Mr. C.'s frightful impatience with any new servant untrained to his ways, which would drive a woman out of the house with her hair on end if allowed to act directly upon her! So that I have to stand between them, and imitate in a small, humble way the Roman soldier who gathered his arms full of the enemy's spears, and received them all into his own breast.[1] It is this which makes a change of servants, even when for the better, a terror to me in prospect, and an agony in realisation—for a time.

LETTER 263.

Mrs. Braid, Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Christmas Day, 1862.

Dearest Betty,—Here we are, you and I, again at the end of a year. Still alive, you and I, and those belonging to us still alive, while so many younger, healthier, more life-like people, who began the year with us, have been struck down by death. Can we do better, after thanking God that we are still spared, than embrace one another across the four hundred miles that lie between, in the only fashion possible, that is on paper.

'Merry Christmases,' and 'Happy New Years,' are words that produce melancholy ideas rather than cheerful ones to people of our age and experience. So I don't wish you a 'mirth,' and a 'happiness,' which I know to have passed out of Christmas and New Year for such as us for evermore; passed out of them along with so much

[1] Oh heavens, the comparison! it was too true.

else; our gay spirits, our bright hopes, living hearts that loved us, and the fresh, trusting life of our own hearts. It is a thing too sad for tears, the thought how much is past and gone, even while there is much to be cared for. And that is all the dismals I am going to indulge in at this writing.

For the rest, we have been in great anxiety about Lord Ashburton. It is six weeks past on Monday that he has been hanging betwixt life and death, at an hotel in Paris, where he was taken ill of inflammation of the lungs, on his way to Nice; and all the time I have been receiving a letter from Lady A.'s sister by her directions, or from their travelling physician, Dr. Christison (son of that Robert Christison, who used to visit at my uncle Benjamin's in your time), every day almost, sometimes two letters in one day; such constant changes there have been in the aspect of his illness! The morning letter would declare him 'past all human help,' and in the evening would come news of decided 'improvement,' so that we couldn't have been kept in greater suspense if we had been in the same house with him. The last three days there has been again talk of 'a faint hope,' 'a bare possibility of recovery.' And their London physician, who has been five times telegraphed for to Paris, called here to-day immediately on his return, directed by Lady A., to go and tell us of his new hopes. When I was told Dr. Quain was in the drawing-room, I went in to him with my heart in my mouth, persuaded he had been sent to break the news of Lord A.'s death. My first words to him (he had never been in the house before) were, 'Oh, Dr. Quain, what has brought you here?'—a reception so extraordinary that he stood struck speechless, which confirmed me in my idea, and I said, violently, 'Tell me at once! you are come to tell me he is dead?' 'My dear lady, I am come to tell you no such thing, but quite the contrary! I am come by Lady

Ashburton's desire to explain to you the changes which again have raised us into hope that he may recover.' Then, in the reaction of my fright, I began to cry. What a fool that man must have thought me! Poor Lady A., who is devotedly attached to her husband, has nursed him day and night, till she is so worn out that one could hardly recognise her (her sister writes). Next to her and their child, it is to us, I believe, that he would be the greatest loss. He is the only intimate friend that my husband has left in the world—his dearest, most intimate friend through twenty years now.

I told you in my last—did I not?—that I had got a little girl of fifteen in place of my fine-lady housemaid; and that the East Lothian woman, instead of coming out in a better light when left to her own inspirations, was driving Mr. C. out of his senses with her blockheadisms and carelessness; and that, much as I disliked changes in the dead of winter, there was no help for it, but to send that woman back to a part of God's earth where she had been 'well thought of' (Jackie Welsh had said), and where she 'could get plenty of good places' (the Goose herself said). A sorry account of the style of service now going in East Lothian, I can only say.

I hope I shall be more comfortable now—for a while, at least. The little girl is extremely intelligent, and active, and willing; is a great favourite with her master, thank Heaven! and has never required a cross word from me during the six weeks or so that she has been in the house. The other is a girl of twenty-four, with an excellent three years' character, whom I confess I chose out of some dozen that offered, more by character than outward appearance; she is only on a month's trial as yet. I rather hope she will do; but it is too soon to make up my mind in the four days she has been with me.

I inclose a post-office order for a sovereign to buy

what you need most, and wear it for the sake of your loving

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Best regards to your husband and dear George.

LETTER 264.

Dr. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Jan. 6, 1863.

My dear Dr. Russell,—At last I send you the promised photograph. It goes along with this note. You were meant to have it on New Year's Day; but I needed to go out for the sheet of millboard, and then to cut it to the proper size; and all that, strange to say, took more time than I had at my disposal. You wonder, perhaps, what a woman like me has to take up her time with. Here, for example, is one full day's work, not to say two. On the New Year's morning itself, Mr. C. 'got up off his wrong side,' a by no means uncommon way of getting up for him in these overworked times! And he suddenly discovered that his salvation, here and hereafter, depended on having, 'immediately, without a moment's delay,' a beggarly pair of old cloth boots, that the street-sweeper would hardly have thanked him for, 'lined with flannel, and new bound, and repaired generally!' and 'one of my women'—that is, my one woman and a half—was to be set upon the job! Alas! a regular shoemaker would have taken a whole day to it, and wouldn't have undertaken such a piece of work besides! and Mr. C. scouted the idea of employing a shoemaker, as subversive of his authority as master of the house. So, neither my one woman, nor my half one, having any more capability of repairing 'generally' these boots than of repairing the Great Eastern, there was no help for me but to sit down on the New Year's morning, with a great ugly beast of a man's boot in my lap, and scheme, and stitch,

and worry over it till night; and next morning begin on the other! There, you see, were my two days eaten up very completely, and unexpectedly; and so it goes on, 'always a something' (as my dear mother used to say).

The accounts from Paris continue more favourable. But they sound hollow to me somehow.

Love to Mary.

Your ever affectionate
JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 265.

The following letter has been forwarded to me by a gentleman who modestly desires that his name may not be mentioned.—J. A. F.

To J. T.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Feb. 11, 1863.

I wish, dear sir, you could have seen how your letter brightened up the breakfast-time for my husband and me yesterday morning, scattering the misanthropy we are both given to at the beginning of the day, like other nervous people who have 'bad nights.' I wish you could have heard our lyrical recognition of your letter—its 'beautiful modesty,' its 'gentleness,' and 'genuineness;' above all I wish you could have heard the tone of real feeling in which my husband said, at last, 'I do think, my dear, that is the very nicest little bit of good cheer that has come our way for seven years!' It might have been thought Mr. C. was quite unused to expressions of appreciation from strangers, instead of (as is the fact) receiving such almost every day in the year—except Sundays, when there is no post. But, oh, the difference between that gracious, graceful little act of faith of yours, and the intrusive, impertinent, presumptuous letters my husband is continually receiving, demanding, in return for so much 'admiration,' an autograph per-

haps! or to read and give an opinion on some long, cramped MS. of the writer's; or to—find a publisher for it even! or to read some idiotic new book of the writer's [that is a very common form of letter from lady admirers]—say a translation from the German (!) and 'write a review of it in one of the quarterlies!' 'It would be a favour never to be forgotten!' I should think so indeed.

Were I to show you the 'tributes of admiration' to Mr. C.'s genius, received through the post during one month, you, who have consideration for the time of a man struggling, as for life, with a gigantic task—you, who, as my husband says, are 'beautifully modest,' would feel your hair rise on end at such assaults on a man under pretence of admiring him; and would be enabled perhaps, better than I can express it in words, to imagine the pleasure it must have been to us when an approving reader of my husband's books came softly in, and wrapped his wife in a warm, beautiful shawl, saying simply—'There! I don't want to interrupt you, but I want to show you my good-will; and that is how I show it.'

We are both equally gratified, and thank you heartily. When the shawl came, as it did at night, Mr. C. himself wrapped it about me, and walked round me admiring it. And what think you he said? He said, 'I am very glad of that for you, my dear. I think it is the only bit of real good my celebrity ever brought you!'

Yours truly,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

The letter which called out so many praises was this:—

'Mrs. Thomas Carlyle. Madam,—Unwilling to interrupt your husband in his stern task, I take the liberty of addressing you, and hope you will accept from me a woollen long shawl, which I have sent by the Parcel Delivery Co., carriage paid, to your address. If it does not reach you, please let me know, and I shall make inquiries here, so that it be traced and delivered. I hope the pat-

tern will please you, and also that it may be of use to you in a cold day.

'I will also name to you my reason for sending you such a thing. My obligations to your husband are many and unnameably great, and I just wish to acknowledge them. All men will come to acknowledge this, when your husband's power and purpose shall become visible to them.

'If high respect, love, and good wishes could comfort him and you, none living command more or deserve more.

'You can take a fit moment to communicate to your husband my humble admiration of his goodness, attainments, and great gifts to the world; which I wish much he may be spared to see the world begin to appreciate.

'I remain, &c.,

'J. T.'

LETTER 266.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row: Thursday, Feb. 26, 1863.

I promised you a voluntary letter, Mary dear; and after all the waiting you are going to get a begging letter, which is nothing like so pleasant for either the writer or the receiver. But those London hens! they are creatures without rule or reason. I had just made an arrangement with a grocer, who keeps a lot of them, to let me have at least seven new-laid eggs a week; and the very day the bargain was concluded the creatures all struck work again, 'except one bantam!' So we are eating away at yours, without any hope of reinforcement from this neighbourhood. Jane, in a letter to Mr. C., kindly offered to send a second supply from Dumfries! but, as she does not lay them 'within herself' (as an old lady at Haddington used to say), it seems more natural that I should apply to you who do! We have still enough to last about a week. There! I have done my begging at the beginning of my letter, instead of reserving it for a postscript, the common dodge, which deceives nobody. And now my mind is free to tell any news I may have.

You would hear of my incomparable small housemaid having turned out an incomparable small demon. People say these wonderfully clever servants, whether old or young, are always to be suspected. Perhaps; still a little cleverness is much nicer than stupidity to start with. Anyhow I don't need to live in vague apprehensions about either of my present servants on the ground of cleverness.

But I am well enough content with them as servants go. I have arranged things on a new footing, which I am in hopes ('hope springing eternal in the human mind') may work better than the old one; I have made the cook, who came in place of the Scotch one, a general or upper servant; she does all the work upstairs, the valeting, &c., besides the cooking; and the new girl is a sort of kitchen-maid under her. On this plan there cannot be the same room for jealousies and squabbles for power, which have tormented me ever since I kept two.

I had a visit the other day which turned me upside down with the surprise of it! I was putting on my bonnet to go out early in the day, when Mary came to say there was 'a lady at the door, who would like if I would see her for a few minutes.' The hour being unusual for making calls, and the message being over-modest for a caller, I thought it might be some 'good lady' with a petition, a sort of people I cannot abide, so I asked: 'Is she a lady, do you think?' 'Well—no, ma'm—I think hardly;' said Mary. 'She wouldn't give her name; but she said she came from fishshire, or something like that!' 'Fishshire?—could it be Dumfriesshire?' I said with a veritable inspiration of genius. 'Show her up,' and I heard a heavy body passed into the drawing-room. I hastened in and saw, standing in the middle of the floor, a figure like a haystack, with the reddest of large fat faces, the eyes of which were straining towards the door. The woman was

dressed in decent country clothes and bore no resemblance to any 'lady' 'in the created world,' but looked well-to-do. I stared; I didn't know the woman from Adam (as the people here say)!

But she spoke—'Eh!!' she said; 'Lord keep me! Is that you?'—and there was something strangely familiar in the voice. I stared again and said—'Nancy?'—'Atwéel and it's just Nancy,' answered the haystack! and then followed such shaking of hands, as if we had been the dearest friends. Do you know who it was? Not the little Nancy we used to call 'piggy' at Craigenputtock, but the great coarse Nancy with the beard. She who said she 'never kenned folk mac sic a wark aboot a bit lee as we did!' She left Craigenputtock to marry an old drunken butcher at Thornhill, who, happily for her, died in a few years, and then (as she phrased it) she 'had another chance,' and she just took it, as she 'thocht it might be her last,' that is, she married again a very respectable man of her own age, who is something in the Duke's mines at Sanquhar. She bore him one son, who is well educated, and clerk in the Sanquhar bank. He had been at Holm Hill on some bank business just before I was there last year, and Mrs. Russell had him to tea, and said he was a 'nice gentlemanly lad.' Well done, Nancy, beard and all the rest of it! Her man had been married before, as well as herself, and had a son, who is a haberdasher 'on his own account' in this neighbourhood, and he had married, and his wife was being confined; and Nancy had been sent up for to 'take care of her.' She met one of the Miss W——s on the road before leaving home, and made her 'put down my address on a bit of paper;' and so there she was—the first day she crossed the threshold after being in London five weeks! I was really glad to see the creature! she looked so glad to see me; except for the shock my personal appearance manifestly was to her!

I gave her wine and cake, and a little present, and she went away in a transport.

I slept away from home last night. I had gone to a place called Ealing, some seven miles out of London, to visit Mrs. Oliphant—she who wrote the 'Life of Edward Irving'—and it was too far to come back at night. Indeed I never go out after sunset at this season. She is a dear little homely woman, who speaks the broadest East Lothian Scotch, though she has lived in England since she was ten years old! and never was in East Lothian in her life, except passing through it in a railway carriage!!! But her mother was an East Lothian woman. I wish to heaven I had any place out of London, near hand, that I could go to when I liked; I am always so much the better for a little change. Life is too monotonous, and too dreary in the valley of the shadow of Fredcrick the Great! I wonder how we shall live, what we shall do, where we shall go, when that terrible task is ended.

Kindest regards to Jamie and the bonnie lassies.

Your affectionate

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 267.

To Miss Grace Welsh, Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Monday, March 2, 1863.

My dear Grace,—You say you have sent me 'them,' and you have only sent me *it*, and you say 'the head' is thought a good likeness, and I have got only a standing figure. Was it an involuntary omission on your part, or did you fall away from your good intention to send 'them'? Revise it if you did, for I want very much to see the likeness of the young man which is considered the best. I should like much to see the young man himself; for me as for you, a certain melancholy interest attaches to the last

of so large and so brave a family.[1] Don't wait till you have time and heart to write me another nice long letter; but put 'the head' in an envelope, and send it at once.

Mr. C. was again laid hold of by Mr. A—— the other day in the King's Road, and escorted by him all the way to Regent Street. 'Really a good, innocent-hearted man! very vulgar, but he can't help that, poor fellow!' I have never once met him in the street since I made up my mind to speak to him, and invite him to call for me, which Mr. C. hadn't the grace to do. I used never to walk out without meeting him; but this winter I have taken my walk early in the forenoon—when he is busy, I suppose; just once I saw him pass the butcher's door when I was giving him directions about a piece of beef. He had a pretty young lady with him, on whom he was 'beaming' benevolence and all sorts of things.

I was away a day and night last week at Ealing, visiting Mrs. Oliphant. Even that short 'change of air and scene' did me good. On the strength I got by it I afterwards went to a dinner party at the Rectory, and am to dine out again to meet Dickens, and nobody else. The people send their carriage for me, and send me home; so in this mild weather the enterprise looks safe enough.

Such a noise about that 'Royal marriage!' I wish it were over. People are so woefully like sheep—all running where they see others run, and doing what they see others do. Have you heard of that wonderful Bishop Colenso? Such a talk about him too. And he isn't worth talking about for five minutes, except for the absurdity of a man making arithmetical onslaughts on the Pentateuch, with a bishop's little black silk apron on!

Dear love to you all. Your affectionate

JEANNIE W. CARLYLE.

[1] Robert Welsh's second son: he too is dead; died shortly before her own departure out of vale of sorrow.

LETTER 268.

Miss Grace Welsh, Craigenvilla, Morningside, Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: March 17, 1863.

My dear Grace,—I am wanting to know if your pains keep off. I hardly dare to hope it in these trying east winds, which are the worst sort of weather for that sort of ailment. The last ten days have been horrid with us; all the worse for coming after such a summery February. My own head has been in a very disorganised state indeed. The cold first came into my tongue, swelling it, and making it raw on one side, so that for days I had to live on slops, and restrict my speech to monosyllables; then it got into my jaws and every tooth in my mouth; and that is the present state of me. I am writing with my pocket-handkerchief tied over my lower face, and my imagination much overclouded by weary gnawing pain there. Decidedly a case for trying your remedy, and I mean to; have been thinking of realising some chlorodyne all the week. But either it has been too cold for me to venture up to the druggist's in Sloane Square, or I have had to go somewhere else.

It is a comfort to reflect, anyhow, that I have not brought these aches on myself by rushing 'out for to see' the new Princess, as the rest of the world did, or to see the illuminations. I had an order sent me from Paris for seats for myself and 'a friend' in the balcony erected at Bath House—the best for seeing in the whole line of the procession. But, first, I have no taste for crowds; and, secondly, I felt it would be so sad, sitting there, when the host and hostess were away in such sickness and sorrow; and, thirdly, I was somewhat of Mr. C.'s opinion: That this marriage, the whole nation was running mad after,

was really less interesting to every individual of them than setting a hen of one's own on a nest of sound eggs would be!

The only interest I take in the little new Princess is founded on her previous poverty and previous humble, homely life. I have heard some touching things about that from people connected with the Court. When she was on her visit to the Queen after her engagement, she always wore a jacket. The Queen said, 'I think you always wear a jacket; how is that?' 'Oh,' said little Alexandra, 'I wear it because it is so economical. You can wear it with any sort of gown; and you know I have always had to make my own gowns. I have never had a lady's-maid, and my sisters and I all made our own clothes; I even made my bonnet!' Two or three days after the marriage she wrote to her mother: 'I am so happy! I have just breakfasted with Bertie' (Albert, her husband); 'and I have on a white muslin dressing-gown, beautifully trimmed with pink ribbon.' Her parents were not so rich as most London shopkeepers; had from seven hundred to a thousand a year. That interests me; and I also feel a sympathy with her in the prospect of the bother she will have by-and-by.

You have never found the missing photograph? I am so sorry about it. Please write, ever so little; but I want to know if you keep free of pain. I am not up to a long letter. I am glad you are going to the Bridge of Allan. It will do Ann good for certain, and you probably; and you will be able to judge of Grace's[1] health with your own eyes, which are better than other people's reports.

I have seen nothing of Mrs. George[2] lately, though, of course, she would be in at the show. Love to you all.

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

[1] One of Robert Welsh's daughters who also died.
[2] Welsh (of Richmond).

LETTER 269.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Friday, March 21, 1868.

Yes, my dear, the Doctor was right; the cold in my mouth was symptomatic of nothing but just cold in the mouth! I was afraid myself, for some days, it might turn to a regular influenza; the only time I ever had the same sort of thing as bad before being in the course of that dangerous influenza I had a good many years ago, when I had first to call in Mr. Barnes. But I have got off with the ten days of sore tongue and faceache, which is almost cured by the west wind we have had for the last two days.

My aunt Grace has 'suffered martyrs' (as a French friend of mine used to express it) from faceache, and pains of the head, during this last winter; and cured herself (she believes) in a day by the new pet medicine chlorodyne. She was in an agony that could no longer be borne, and invested half-a-crown in a small bottle of chlorodyne; and took ten drops every two hours, till she had taken as many as fifty; and then fell into a refreshing sleep, and (when she wrote) had had no return of the pain for three weeks. I haven't much faith in medicines that work as by miracle; and am inclined to believe that her pain, having reached its height, had been ready to subside of itself when the chlorodyne was taken. Still, as there might be some temporary relief, more or less, in the thing, I, too, invested in a small phial, and took ten drops when I was going to bed one night; and the only effect traceable in my case was a very dry dirty mouth next morning. To the best of my taste, it was composed of chloroform, strong peppermint, and some other carminatives. Has the Doctor used it? The apothecary here told me it was not sold much by itself, but that a great deal was used in the doctors' prescriptions.

Did I tell you that Mr. C.'s horse came down with him one day, and cut its knees to the bone, and had been sold for nine pounds! It cost fifty, and was cheap at that. My aunt Grace writes, that 'Mrs. Fergusson is still praying diligently for Mr. C., and that perhaps it was due to her prayers that Mr. C. was not hurt on that occasion!!'

Your ever affectionate

J. W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 270.

Mrs. Braid, Green End, Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: May 22, 1863.

My own Betty,—I am wearying for some news of you. I never could lay that proverb 'No news is good news' sufficiently to heart. Whenever I am feeling poorly myself (and I should be almost ashamed to say how often that is the case), I fall to fancying that you are perhaps ill, and nobody to tell me of it, and I so far away! It is so stupid of Ann and Grace, who take so much fatigue on themselves, in visiting about in their 'district,' and attending all sorts of meetings, that they don't take a walk out of their district now and then to see how you are going on, and tell me when they write. Some news of Betty would make a letter from them infinitely more gratifying than anything they can say about Dr. Candlish, and this and the other preacher and pray-er; and would certainly inspire me with more Christian feelings. But, once for all, it is their way, and there is no help for it.

When I came in from a drive one day lately, I was told 'a person' was waiting for me; and, on opening the dining-room door, where the 'person' had been put to wait, I saw, sitting facing me, Helen D——, the Sunny Bank housemaid. It was such a surprise! I never liked Helen so well as Marion, the cook; but anyone from dear old

Sunny Bank was a welcome sight to me now. She has been for some years in charge of some children at a clergyman's in Hampshire, and was passing through London with the children and their father, who was returned from India, on their way to an aunt's near Peebles. She would go on to Haddington, she said, 'just to look in on them all, but she wouldn't like to stay there now—oh, no!' She was grown very stout and consequential. I took her into my bedroom to show her my picture of Sunny Bank, which hangs there, and another of the Nungate Bridge; and, while looking about, she suddenly exclaimed, 'I declare there is Mrs. Braid!' You, too, are framed in a gilt frame, and hung on the wall. The likeness must be very good that she knew you at once, for she had only seen you twice, she said, 'when you came to breakfast.' Her fine talk will astonish the Haddington people when she 'looks in upon them.' She spoke very respectfully of Miss Donaldson; 'Miss Jess,' she said, 'hadn't the same balance of mind that Miss Donaldson had!' But she was no favourite with Miss Jess, and knew it.

Poor Jackie Welsh has lost her aunt, who had been more than a mother to her all her life; and she seems quite crushed to the earth with her grief. No wonder; she is so much in need of some one to sympathise with her and nurse her in her frequent illnesses; and that one aunt was the only person on earth that she felt to belong to, and that belonged to her. Her mother is still alive; but her mother has never done anything for her but what she had better have left alone—brought her into being! And now she (the mother) is past being any good to anybody—quite frail and stupefied.

Oh, Betty! do you remember the little green thing that I left in your care once while I was over in Fife? And when I returned you had transplanted it into a yellow

glass, which I have on my toilet-table to this hour, keeping my rings, &c., in it. Well! I must surely have told you long ago that the little thing, with two tiny leaves, from my father's grave, had, after twelve months in the garden at Chelsea, declared itself a gooseberry-bush! It has gone on flourishing, in spite of want of air and of soil, and is now the prettiest round bush, quite full of leaves.[1] I had several times asked our old gardener if there was nothing one could do to get the bush to bear, if it were only one gooseberry; but he treated the case as hopeless. 'A poor wild thing. No; if you want to have gooseberries, ma'am, better get a proper gooseberry-bush in its place.' The old Goth! He can't be made to understand that things can have any value but just their garden value. He once, in spite of all I could beg and direct, rooted out a nettle I had brought from Crawford Churchyard, and with infinite pains got to take root and flourish. But, I was going to tell you, one day Lizzy, my youngest maid, came running in from the garden to ask me had I seen the three little gooseberries on the gooseberry-bush? I rushed out, as excited as a child, to look at them. And there they were—three little gooseberries, sure enough! And immediately I had settled it in my mind to send you one of them in a letter when full grown. But, alas! whether it was through too much staring at them, or too much east wind, or through mere delicacy in 'the poor wild thing,' I can't tell; only the result, that the three bits of gooseberries, instead of growing larger, grew every day less, till they reached the smallness of pin-heads, and then dropped on the ground! I could have cried when the last one went.

You remember my little Charlotte? I had a visit from her yesterday; and she looks much more sedate and proper

[1] It still stands there, green and leafy, and with berries; how strange and memorable to me now!

than when I had to put her away. She is 'third housemaid at the Marquis of Camden's,' and lives in the country, which is good for her. She sent her compliments to 'Betty.'

My present pair of girls go on very peaceably. They are neither of them particularly bright; but they are attentive, and willing, and well behaved. I often look back with a shudder over the six months of that East Lothian Elizabeth! Her dinners blackened to cinders! her constant crashes of glass and china! her brutal manners! her lumpish insensibility and ingratitude! And to think that that woman must have been considered above the average of East Lothian servants, or Jackie Welsh wouldn't have sent her to me. What an idea it gives one of the state of things in East Lothian!

And now good-bye, Betty, dear. There is a long letter for you; which will, I hope, soon draw me a few lines from you in return. I am anxious to know how yourself, and your husband, and George have stood these cold spring weeks. My kind regards to them.

Your ever affectionate

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 271.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: June 3, 1863.

I had something to tell you which did not find room in my last letter. The name of Mrs. Oliphant's publisher is Blackett; and he has a smart wife, who came with him to dinner at Mrs. Oliphant's when I was there. They were very (what we call in Scotland) 'up-making' to me, and pressed me to visit them at Ealing, which I hadn't the least thought of doing. Well, some weeks ago, Mr. C. was just come in from his ride, very tired, and, to do him jus-

tice, very ill-humoured, when Mary put her head in at the drawing-room door and said, 'Mrs. Blackett wished to know if she could see me for a few minutes?' I went out hurriedly, knowing Mr. C.'s temper wouldn't be improved by hearing of people he didn't want coming after me. I told Mary to take the lady into the dining-room (where was no fire), and before going down myself put a shawl about me, chiefly to show her she mustn't stay. On entering the room, the lady's back was to me; and she was standing looking out into the (so-called) garden; but I saw at once it wasn't the Mrs. Blackett I had seen. This one was very tall, dressed in deep black, and when she turned round, she showed me a pale beautiful face, that was perfectly strange to me! But I was no stranger to her seemingly, for she glided swiftly up to me like a dream, and took my head softly between her hands and kissed my brow again and again, saying in a low dreamlike voice, 'Oh, you dear! you dear! you dear! Don't you know me?' I looked into her eyes in supreme bewilderment. At last light dawned on me, and I said one word—'Bessy?' 'Yes, it is Bessy!' And then the kissing wasn't all on one side, you may fancy. It was at last Bessy—not Mrs. Blackett, but Mrs. B——, —who stood there, having left her husband in a cab at the door, till she had seen me first. They were just arived from Cheshire, where they had gone to see one of his sons, who had been dangerously ill, and were to start by the next train for St. Leonards. They had only a quarter of an hour to stay. He is a good, intelligent-looking man; and while he was talking all the time with Mr. C., Bessy said beautiful things about him to me, enough to show that if he wasn't her first love, he was at least a very superior being in her estimation. They pressed me to come to them at St. Leonards, and I promised indefinitely that I would.

About a fortnight ago, Bessy walked in one morning

after breakfast. She 'had had no peace for thinking about me; I looked so ill, she was sure I had some disease! Had I?' I told her 'None that I could specify, except the disease of old age, general weakness, and discomfort.' Reassured on that head, she confided to me that 'I looked just as Mrs. B—— had looked when she was dying of cancer!!' And she had come up, certain that I had a cancer, to try and get me away to be nursed by her, and attended by her husband. Besides she had heard there was so much small-pox in London; 'and if I took it, and died before she had seen me again, she thought she would never have an hour's happiness in the world again!' Oh, Bessy, Bessy! just the same old woman—an imagination morbid almost to insanity! 'Would I go back with her that night anyhow?' 'Impossible!' 'Then when would I come? and she would come up again to fetch me!' That I would not hear of; but I engaged to go so soon as it was a little warmer. And to-day I have written that I will come for two or three days on Monday next. She is wearing mourning for the mother and eldest brother of her husband, who have both died since her marriage.

And now I mustn't begin another sheet.

Your ever affectionate

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 272.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Sunday, July 5, 1863.

My dear little woman,—Every day, since I got your letter, I have put off answering it till the morrow, in hope always that the morrow would find me more up to writing an answer both long and pleasant. But, alas! I had best not wait any longer for 'a more convenient season,' but just

write a stupid little note, according to my present disability; as a time when my head will be clearer, and my heart lighter, and my stomach less sick, is not to be calculated on.

I went some three weeks ago to St. Leonards, the pleasantest place I know; and stayed from Monday to Saturday, in circumstances the most favourable to health that could be desired. The finest sea air in the world—a large, airy, quiet house close on the shore; a carriage to drive out in twice a day; a clever physician for host, who dieted me on champagne and the most nourishing delicacies; and for hostess, a gentle, graceful, loving woman, who, besides being full of interest for me as a heroine of romance, has the more personal interest for me of having been my—servant, about thirty years ago; and of having been sincerely mourned by me as—dead!

Well, I returned from that visit quite set up; and the improvement lasted some two or three days. Then I turned as sick as a dog one evening, and had to take to bed; and the sickness not abating after two days, during which time, to Mr. C.'s great dismay, I could eat nothing at all (nothing in the shape of illness ever alarms Mr. C. but that of not eating one's regular meals), Mr. Barnes was sent for, who ordered mustard blisters to my stomach, and unlimited soda-water 'with a little brandy in it.' In about a week I was on foot again—but weak as a dishclout! And that is my condition to the present hour. I don't see much chance of bettering it here—and Mr. C. seems determined to stick to his 'work' all this summer and autumn, as he did the last. It is very bad for him, and very bad for the work. He would get on twice as fast if he would give himself a holiday. But there is no persuading him, as you know; 'vara obstinate in his own wae!'[1] And as I was away last autumn a whole month by myself, I cannot have the face to leave him again this year, unless for

[1] Cumberland man's account of the Scotch.

a few days at a time, when I am hardly missed till I am back again. Besides, the present servants are not adapted to being left to their own devices. They do very well with overlooking and direction; and the week I was at St. Leonards nothing went wrong; but, for that long, they could have their orders for every day; and as I did not tell them for certain what day I should be back, there was a constant wholesome expectation of my return.

Mr. Carlyle has got his tent up in the back area, and writes away there without much inconvenience, as yet, from the heat. He has changed his dinner hour to half-past three instead of seven; then he sleeps for an hour, and then goes for his ride in the cool of the evening.

The horse Lady Ashburton sent him is a pretty, swift little creature, and very sure-footed, which is the first quality for a horse whose rider always goes at a gallop. But Mr. C. draws many plaintive comparisons between this horse and poor old Fritz, as to moral qualities. This one 'shows no desire to please him whatever; only goes at its best pace when its head is turned towards its own stable! Fritz was always endeavouring to ascertain his wishes and to gain his approbation; it was a horse of very superior sense and sensibility, and had a profound regard for him.'

Kindest love to you all.

Your ever affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 273.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Wednesday night, Sept. 16, 1863.

How absurd of you, my dearest Mary, to make so many apologies about a trifling request like that! Why, if you had asked for twenty autographs, Mr. C. would have written them in twenty minutes, and would have written

them for you with pleasure. Certainly, my dear, as I have often said before, faith is not your strong point!

Well, we have done our 'outing,' as the people here call going into the country; and it is all the 'outing' we are likely to do till next summer (if we live to see next summer), unless Lord Ashburton should be well enough, and myself well enough, to make another expedition to the Grange during the winter.

I had some idea of going to Folkestone, where Miss Davenport Bromley has a house at present, and pressed me to come and take some tepid sea-water baths. But my experience of the wretchedness of being from home, with this devilry in my arm, has decided me to remain stationary for the present. In spite of the fine air and beauty of the Grange, and Lady Ashburton's superhuman kindness, I had no enjoyment of anything all the three weeks we stayed: being in constant pain, day and night, and not able to comb my own hair, or do anything in which a left arm is needed as well as a right one! I think I told you I had had pain more or less in my left arm for two months before I left London. It was trifling in the beginning; indeed, nothing to speak of, when I did not move it backwards or upwards. I did not think it worth sending for Mr. Barnes about it at first, and latterly he was away at the sea-side for some weeks, having been ill himself. There was nobody else I liked to consult; besides, I always flatter myself that anything that ails me more than usual is sure to be removed by change of scene, so I bore on, in hope that so soon as I got to the Grange the arm would come all right. It did quite the reverse, however; for it became worse and worse, and I was driven at last to consult Dr. Quain, when he came down to see Lord A. He told me, before I had spoken a dozen words, that it wasn't rheumatism I had got, but neuralgia (if any good Christian would explain to me the difference between these

two things I should feel edified and grateful). It had been produced, he said, by extreme weakness, and that I must be stronger before any impression could be made on it. Could I take quinine? I didn't know; I would try; so he sent me quinine pills from London, to be taken twice a day if they gave me no headache, which they don't do, and an embrocation of opium, aconite, camphor, and chloroform (I tell you all this that you may ask your Doctor if he thinks it right, or can suggest anything else); moreover, I was to take castor oil every two or three days. I have been following these directions for a fortnight, and there is certainly an improvement in my general health. I feel less cowardly and less fanciful, and feel less disgust at human food; but although the embrocation relieves the pain while I am applying it, and for a few minutes after, it is as stiff and painful as ever when left to itself.

Yours ever affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

Of all these dreary sufferings and miseries, which had been steadily increasing for years past, I perceive now, with pain and remorse, I had never had the least of a clear notion; such her invincible spirit in bearing them, such her constant effort to hide them from me altogether. My own poor existence, as she also well knew, was laden to the utmost pitch of strength, and sunk in perpetual muddy darkness, by a task too heavy for me—task which seemed impossible, and as if it would end me instead of I it. I saw no company, had no companion but my horse (fourteen miles a day, winter time, mainly in the dark), rode in all, as I have sometimes counted, above 30,000 miles for health's sake, while writing that unutterable book. The one bright point in my day was from half an hour to twenty minutes' talking with her, after my return from those thrice dismal rides, while I sat smoking (on the hearthrug, with my back to the jamb, puffing firewards—a rare invention!) and sipping a spoonful of brandy in water, preparatory to the hour of sleep I had before dinner. She, too, the dear and noble soul, seemed to feel that this was the eye of her day, the flower of all her daily endeavour in the world. I found her oftenest stretched

on the sofa (close at my right hand, I between her and the fire), her drawing-room and self all in the gracefullest and most perfect order, and waiting with such a welcome; ah, me! ah, me! She was weak, weak, far weaker than I understood; but to me was bright always as stars and diamonds; nay, I should say a kind of cheery sunshine in those otherwise Egyptian days. She had always something cheerful to tell me of (especially if she had been out, or had had visitors); generally something quite pretty to report (in her sprightly, quiet, and ever-genial way). At lowest, nothing of unpleasant was ever heard from her; all that was gloomy she was silent upon, and had strictly hidden away. Once, I remember, years before this, while she suffered under one of her bad influenzas (little known to me how bad), I came in for three successive evenings, full of the 'Battle of Molwitz' (which I had at last got to understand, much to my inward triumph), and talked to her all my half-hour about nothing else. She answered little ('speaking not good for me,' perhaps); but gave no sign of want of interest—nay, perhaps did not quite want it, and yet confessed to me, several years afterwards, her principal thought was, 'Alas, I shall never see this come to print; I am hastening towards death instead!' These were, indeed, dark days for us both, and still darker unknown to us were at hand. One evening, probably the 1st or 2nd of October, 1863—but for long years I had ceased writing in my note books, and find nothing marked on that to me most memorable of dates—on my return from riding, I learned rather with satisfaction for her sake that she had ventured on a drive to the General Post Office to see her cousin, Mrs. Godby, 'matron' of that establishment; and would take tea there. After sleep and dinner, I was still without her; 'Well, well, I thought, what a nice little story will she have to tell me soon!' and lay quietly down on the sofa, and comfortably waited—still comfortably, though the time (an hour or more) was longer than I had expected. At length came the welcome sound of her wheels; I started up—she rather lingered in appearing,—I rang, got no clear answer, rushed down, and, oh, what a sight awaited me! She was still in the cab, Larkin speaking to her (Larkin lived next door, and for him she had sent, carefully saving me!) Oh, Heavens! and, alas! both Larkin and I were needed. She had had a frightful street-accident in St. Martin's, and was now lamed and in agony! This was the account I got by degrees.

Mrs. Godby sent a maid-servant out with her to catch an omni-

bus; maid was stupid, unhelpful, and there happened to be some excavation on the street which did not permit the omnibus to come close. Just as my poor little darling was stepping from the kerb-stone to run over (maid merely looking on), a furious cab rushed through the interval; she had to stop spasmodically, then still more spasmodically try to keep from falling flat on the other side, and ruining her poor neuralgic arm. In vain, this latter effort; she did fall, lame arm useless for help, and in the desperate effort she had torn the sinews of the thigh-bone, and was powerless to move or stand, and in pain unspeakable. Larkin and I lifted her into a chair, carried her with all our steadiness (for every shake was misery) up to her bed, where, in a few minutes, the good Barnes, luckily found at home, made appearance with what help there was. Three weeks later, this letter gives account in her own words.

The torment of those first three days was naturally horrible; but it was right bravely borne, and directly thereupon all things looked up, she herself, bright centre of them, throwing light into all things. It was wonderful to see how in a few days she seemed to be almost happy, contented with immunity from pain, and proud to have made (as she soon did) her little bedroom into a boudoir, all in her own likeness. She sent for the carpenter, directed him in everything, had cords and appliances put up for grasping with and getting good of her hand, the one useful limb now left. It was wonderful what she had made of that room, by carpenter and housemaid, in a few hours—all done in her own image, as I said. On a little table at her right hand, among books and other useful furniture, she gaily pointed out to me a dainty little bottle of champagne, from which, by some leaden article screwed through the cork, and needing only a touch, she could take a spoonful or tea-spoonful at any time, without injuring the rest: 'Is not that pretty? Excellent champagne (Miss Bromley's kind gift), and does me good, I can tell you.' I remember this scene well, and that, in the love of gentle and assiduous friends, and their kind little interviews and ministrations, added to the hope she had, her sick room had comparatively an almost happy air, so elegant and beautiful it all was, and her own behaviour in it always was. Not many evenings after the last of these two letters, I was sitting solitary over my dreary Prussian books, as usual, in the drawing-room, perhaps about 10 P.M., room perhaps (without my knowledge) made trimmer than usual, when suddenly, without warning given, the double

door from her bedroom went wide open, and my little darling, all radiant in graceful evening dress, followed by a maid with new lights, came gliding in to me, gently stooping, leaning on a fine Malacca cane, saying *silently* but so eloquently, 'Here am I come back to you, dear!' It was among the bright moments of my life —the picture of it still vivid with me, and will always be. Till now I had not seen her in the drawing-room, had only heard of those tentative pilgrimings thither with her maid for support. But now I considered the victory as good as won, and everything fallen into its old course again or a better. Blind that we were! This was but a gleam of sunlight, and ended swiftly in a far blacker storm of miseries than ever before.

That 'bright evening' of her re-entrance to me in the drawing-room must have been about the end of October or beginning of November, shortly following these two letters, 'Monday evening, November 23' (as I laboriously make out the date); 'the F——s,' F—— and his wife, the pleasantest, indeed almost the only pleasant evening company we now used to have; intelligent, cheerful, kindly, courteous, sincere (they had come to live near us, and we hoped for a larger share of such evenings, of which probably this was the first? Alas, to me, too surely it was in effect the last!) Cheerful enough this evening was; my darling sat latterly on the sofa, talking chiefly to Mrs. F——; the F——s gone, she silently at once withdrew to her bed, saying nothing to me of the state she was in, which I found next morning to have been alarmingly miserable, the prophecy of one of the worst of nights, wholly without sleep and full of strange and horrible pain. And the nights and days that followed continued steadily to *worsen*, day after day, and month after month, no end visible. It was some ten months now before I saw her sit with me again in this drawing-room—in body weak as a child, but again composed into quiet, and in soul beautiful as ever, or more beautiful than ever, for the rest of her appointed time with me, which indeed was brief, but is now blessed to look back upon, and an unspeakable favour of Heaven. I often think of that last evening with the F——s, which we hoped to be the first of a marked increase of such, but which to me was essentially the last of all; the F——s have been here since, but with her as hostess (in my presence) never more, and the reflex of that bright evening, now all pale and sad, shines, privately incessant, into every meeting we have.

Barnes, for some time, said the disease was 'influenza, merely

accidental cold, kindling up all the old injuries and maladies,' and promised speedy amendment; but week after week gave dismally contrary evidence. 'Neuralgia!' the doctors then all said, by which they mean they know not in the least what; in this case, such a deluge of intolerable pain, indescribable, unaidable pain, as I had never seen or dreamt of, and which drowned six or eight months of my poor darling's life as in the blackness of very death; her recovery at last, and the manner of it, an unexpected miracle to me. There seemed to be pain in every muscle, misery in every nerve, no sleep by night or day, no rest from struggle and desperate suffering. Nobody ever known to me could more nobly and silently endure pain; but here for the first time I saw her vanquished, driven hopeless, as it were looking into a wild chaotic universe of boundless woe—on the horizon, only death or worse. Oh, I have seen such expressions in those dear and beautiful eyes as exceeded all tragedy! (one night in particular, when she rushed desperately out to me, without speech; got laid and wrapped by me on the sofa, and gazed silently on all the old familiar objects and me). Her pain she would seldom speak of, but, when she did, it was in terms as if there were no language for it; 'any honest pain, mere pain, if it were of cutting my flesh with knives, or sawing my bones, I could hail that as a luxury in comparison!'

And the doctors, so far as I could privately judge, effected approximately to double the disease. We had many doctors, skilful men of their sort, and some of them (Dr. Quain, especially, who absolutely would accept no pay, and was unwearied in attendance and invention) were surely among the friendliest possible; but each of them—most of all each new one—was sure to effect only harm, tried some new form of his opiums and narcotic poisons without effect; on the whole I computed, 'Had there been no doctors, it had been only about half as miserable.' Honest Barnes admitted in the end, 'We have been able to do nothing.' We had sick-nurses, a varying miscellany, Catholic 'Sisters of Mercy' (ignominiously dismissed by her third or fourth night, the instant she found they were in real substance Papist propagandists. Oh, that '3 A.M.,' when her bell awoke me too, as well as Maggie Welsh, and the French nun had to disappear at once, under rugs on a sofa elsewhere, and vanish altogether when daylight came!) Maggie Welsh had come in the second week of December, and continued, I think, at St. Leonards latterly, till April ended. December was hardly out till there began to be speech among the

doctors of sea-side and change of air: the one hope they continued more and more to say; and we also thinking of St. Leonards and our Dr. B—— and bountiful resources there, waited only for spring weather, and the possibility of flight thither. How, in all this tearing whirlpool of miseries, anxieties, and sorrows, I contrived to go on with my work is still an astonishment to me. For one thing, I did not believe in these doctors, nor that she (if let alone of them) had not yet strength left. Secondly, I always counted 'Frederick' itself to be the prime source of all her sorrows as well as my own; that to end it was the condition of new life to us both, of which there was a strange dull hope in me. Not above thrice can I recollect when, on stepping out in the morning, the thought struck me, cold and sharp, 'She will die, and leave thee here!' and always before next day I had got it cast out of me again. And, indeed, in all points except one I was as if stupefied more or less, and flying on like those migrative swallows of Professor Owen, after my strength was done and coma or dream had supervened, till the Mediterranean Sea was crossed! But the time altogether looks to me like a dim nightmare, on which it is still miserable to dwell, and of which I will after this endeavour only to give the dates.—T. C.

LETTER 274.

To Miss Grace Welsh, Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1863.

Thank you a thousand times, dearest Grace, for your long, most moving letter. It is not because of it that I write to-day, for I was meaning to write to-day at any rate; indeed, it rather makes writing more difficult to me: I have cried so over it, that I have given myself a bad headache in addition to my other lamings. But a little letter I will write by to-day's post, and a bigger one when I am more able.

I wrote a few lines to Mrs. Craven, in answer to her announcement of that dear girl's angel death. I told her of my accident, and was trusting to her telling you; but as I told her I had kept you in ignorance of it in the begin-

ning, lest Elizabeth and you and Ann,' with your terrible experience of such an accident, might be alarmed and distressed for me more than (I hoped) there would prove cause for; she thought, perhaps, I wished you to remain unaware of it, even when I reported myself progressing more favourably than could have been predicted. I need not go into the *how* of the fall; I will tell you all 'particulars' when I gain more facility in writing; enough to say that exactly this day three weeks I was plashed down on the pavement of St. Martin-le-Grand (five miles from home) on my left side (the arm of which couldn't break the fall), and hurt all down from the hip-joint so fearfully, and on the already lamed shoulder besides, that I couldn't stir; but had to be lifted up by people who gathered round me (a policeman among them) and put into a cab. Elizabeth can fancy my drive home (five miles), and the getting of me out of the cab and upstairs to bed! Wasn't I often thinking of her all the time?

'My' doctor came immediately, and found neither breakage of the leg nor dislocation; but the agony of pain, he said, would have been less had the bone broken: I thought of Elizabeth, and doubted that! Still, for three days and three sleepless nights it was such agony as I had never known before; after that, the pain went gradually out of the leg, unless when I moved it, for some bed operations, &c., &c. But the arm, with its complication of sprain and neuralgia, has given me a sad time, till these last two days that it has returned almost to the state it was in before the fall. A week ago Mr. Barnes made me get out of bed for fear of 'a bad back,' and *sit on end* on a sofa in my bedroom, like Miss Biffin (the little egg-shaped

[1] Poor Elizabeth had slipped and fallen on the street; dislocated her thigh-bone; got it wrong set; then, after long months of misery, undergone a setting of it 'right'—but is lame to this day.

woman that used to be shown); and two days ago he compelled me to walk a few steps, supported with his arms, and to do the same thing at least twice a day. It has been a case of 'lacerated sinews;' and he said the tendency of the muscles was to contract themselves after such a thing, and if I did not force myself to put down my foot now and then, I should never be able to walk at all! Such a threat, and his determined manner, enable me to make the effort, which *costs*, I can tell you. But, at whatever cost of pain and nervousness, I have to-day passed through the door of my bedroom (which opens into the drawing-room luckily), using one of the maids as a crutch; so you see I am already a good way towards recovery, for which I feel, every moment, deep thankfulness to God. To have experienced such agony, and to be delivered from it comparatively, makes one feel one's dependence as nothing else does.

For the rest, as dear Betty is always saying, 'I have many mercies.' My servants have been most kind and unwearied in their attentions; my friends more like sisters or mothers than commonplace friends. Oh, I shall have such wonderful kindnesses to tell you of when I can write freely! My third cousin, Mrs. Godby, and several others, wished to stay with me; but the 'nursing' I needed was of quite a menial sort; I should still have sought it from my servants, and a lady-nurse would only have given them more to do, and been dreadfully in the way of Mr. C. My great object, after getting what waiting on I absolutely needed, has been that the usual quiet routine of the house should not be disturbed around Mr. C., who thinks, I am sure, that he has been victimised enough in having to answer occasional letters of inquiry about me. And now I must conclude for the present. I am so sorry for poor Robert's fingers. Be sure to send me the copy of Grace's[1]

[1] The poor niece's.

words to her mother. Oh, poor souls! what woe, and what mercy!

Your loving niece,
JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 275.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Monday, Oct. 26, 1863.

Dearest Mary,—Though I still write to you in pencil I have progressed. I walk daily from my bedroom to the drawing-room, after a fashion; my sound arm round Mary's neck, and her arm round my waist. I think there is more nervousness than pain in the difficulty with which I make this little journey. For the rest, I don't lie much on my sofa, but sit on end. I cannot, however, sit up at table to write with pen and ink; I must write with cushions at my back, and with the paper on my knees; in which circumstances a pencil is less fatiguing than pen and ink, as well as less destructive to my clothes.

The unlucky leg will in a week or two, I hope, be all right. I have no pain whatever in it now, except when I try to use it; and then the pain is not great, and gets daily a trifle less. But my arm is still a bad business; especially at night I suffer much from it. It spoils my sleep, and that again reacts upon it and makes it worse. I cannot satisfy myself how much of the pain I am now suffering is the effect of the fall—how much that of the old neuralgia; and Mr. Barnes can throw no light on that for me, or suggest any remedy: at least he doesn't. It seems to me he regards my leg as his patient, and my arm as Dr. Quain's patient, which he has nothing to do with; and he is rather glad to be irresponsible for it, seeing nothing to be done! He did once say in a careless way that plain bark and soda, 'one of the most nauseous mixtures he knew of in this

world,' was better than 'my quinine;' but when I asked, would it have as good an effect on my spirits as the quinine had had, he said, 'Oh, I can't promise you that; it would probably make you sick and low; better keep to your lady-like quinine!'

Ask the Doctor if he sees any superiority in plain bark and soda? I don't care how nauseous a medicine is if it do me good.

Another of my uncle Robert's daughters has died of consumption. Grace (my aunt) has written me a long, minute account of her death-bed—one of the saddest things I ever read in my life. It quite crushed down the heart in one for days. The poor young woman's sufferings, and the deaf mother's, and, oh, such a heap of misery is set before one so vividly; and then the consolation! It is a comfort to know that the dying girl was supported through her terrible trial by her religious faith and hope; a comfort, and the only comfort possible, conceivable—if it had stopped there. But you know my feelings about religious excitement—ecstatics; I cannot regard that as a genuine element of religion. Was not Christ Himself, on the cross, calm, simple? Did He not even pray that, if it were possible, the cup might pass from Him? Was there ever in the whole history of His life a trace of excitement? The fuss and excitement that seem to have gone on about this poor young death-bed, then, jars on my mind; the working up of the sufferer herself, and the working up of themselves (the onlookers) into a sort of hysterical ecstasy is almost as painful to me as the rest of the sad business; I feel it to be a getting-up of a death-bed scene to be put into a tract! And in the heart of it all such an amount of real terrible anguish; and the grand solemn faith that could bear all, and triumph over all, harassed by earthly interference and excitations! I will send the letter; perhaps you will find all this wrong in me; we could never agree

about the 'revivals.' Never mind; we love one another all the same.

My kindest regards to the Doctor.

Your affectionate
JANE CARLYLE.

Send back Grace's letter.

LETTER 276.

To Miss Margaret Welsh, Liverpool.

Chelsea: November 2, 1863.

Dearest Maggie,—The very sight of your letter was a relief to me, for I knew that unless dear Jackie had been a little better you couldn't have written as much! Next time do write a mere bulletin, or I can't press you to 'be quick!' From the account you give, I draw far better hope about him than, I dare say, you meant to give in writing it. But there seems to be so much vitality in the poor little fellow; his caring to be read to, his little speech, all that sounds as if there were a good basis of life at the bottom of all this illness. God grant he may soon be pronounced convalescent!

I am very convalescent! I can move about the room with a stick, and the pain in my arm has been considerably less for the last few days, when I make no attempt to move it more than it likes. I attribute the improvement to a new medicine, recommended to me by Carlyle's friend, Mr. Foxton, who had been cured by it. Before taking it I asked the advice of Dr. B—— at St. Leonards (a man of real ability), and he sent me a proper prescription, and directions about using it. It is called Iodide of Potash, and is taken with quantities of fluid; and along with it have to be taken pills of Valeriate or Quinine. If it cures me, and you ever need curing, you shall have the prescription.

In the beginning of the arm-business, some four months

ago now, I fancied I had given my arm an unconscious sprain, as the pain in attempting to move it preceded any aching or shooting, independent of attempting to move it. The Doctor persuaded me 'it was all neuralgia.' Since my accident that sprained feeling has been dreadful, till within the last few days. And though Mr. Barnes always declared 'it was all rheumatism,' it has been impossible to persuade me that the same blow received on my shoulder and hip-joint at the same time, and damaging the sinews in my thigh, would not damage the sinews in my arm also. 'That stands to reason' (as old Helen used to say).

Of course, if rheumatism is about in one, it will gather to any strained part; and so there has been plenty of rheumatic pain, besides the pain from the hurt. But I am certain it is more than rheumatism that hinders me from lifting my arm. And having a faculty of remembering things long after date, I remembered the other day that I took to using the dumb-bells for two or three days, to make myself stronger *par vive force*, when I was feeling so weak and ill early in summer (it must have been just before I noticed the stiffness of my arm), and that I left them off because my arms felt too weak to use them, and ached after. It would be a comfort to my weak mind to be assured that I, then and there, sprained some sinew in my arm, and all the rest would have followed in the course of nature; and I might give up vague terrors about angina pectoris, paralysis, disease of the spine, &c. &c. Best stop.

Yours affectionately,

J. W. C.

LETTER 277.

Mrs. Simmonds, Oakley Street, Chelsea.

5 Cheyne Row: Nov. 3, 1863.

My darling,—I am so thankful that you are all right. And to think of your writing on the third day after your

confinement the most legible—indeed, the only legible—note I ever had from you in my life!

Now about this compliment offered me, which you are pleased to call a 'favour' (to you), I don't know what to say. I wish I could go and talk it over; but, even if I could go in a cab one of these next dry days, I couldn't drive up your stairs in a cab! I should be greatly pleased that your baby bore a name of mine. But the Godmotherhood? There seems to me one objection to that, which is a fatal one—I don't belong to the English Church; and the Scotch Church, which I do belong to, recognises no Godfathers and Godmothers. The father takes all the obligations on himself (serves him right!). I was present at a Church of England christening for the first time, when the Blunts took me to see their baby christened, and it looked to me a very solemn piece of work; and that Mr. Maurice and Julia Blunt (the Godfather and Godmother) had to take upon themselves, before God and man, very solemn engagements, which it was to be hoped they meant to fulfil! I should not have liked to bow and murmur, and undertake all they did, without meaning to fulfil it according to my best ability. Now, my darling, how could I dream of binding myself to look after the spiritual welfare of any earthly baby? I, who have no confidence in my own spiritual welfare! I am not wanted to, it may perhaps be answered—you mean to look after that yourself without interference. What are these spoken engagements then? A mere form; that is, a piece of humbug. How could I, in cold blood, go through with a ceremony in a church, to which neither the others nor myself attach a grain of veracity? If you can say anything to the purpose, I am very willing to be proved mistaken; and in that case very willing to stand Godmother to a baby that on the third day is not at all red! Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 278.

Mrs. Simmonds, 82 *Oakley Street, Chelsea.*

5 Cheyne Row: Friday, Nov. 27, 1863.

Dear Pet,—I am not the least well, and should just about as soon walk overhead into the Thames as into a roomful of people! At the same time, I wish to pay my respects to the baby on this her next grand performance after getting herself born, and to place in her small hands a talisman worthy of the occasion, and suitable to a baby born on 'All Saints' Day' (whatever sort of day that may be). As I shouldn't at all recommend running a long pin into the creature, I advise you to wear the brooch in its present form till the baby is sufficiently hardened, from its present pulpy condition, to bear something tied round its throat, without fear of strangulation! And then you may remove the pin, and attach the talisman to a string in form of a locket. But what is it? 'What does it do' (as a servant of mine once asked me in respect of 'a lord'). What it is, my dear, is an emblematic mosaic, made from bits of some tomb of the early Christians, and representing an early Christian device: the Greek cross, the palm leaves, and all the rest of it. Worn by the like of me, I daresay it would have no virtue to speak of; but worn by a baby born on All Saints' Day! it must be a potent charm against the devil and all his works one would think, for it is a perfectly authentic memorial of the early Christians.

I hope you didn't go and drop the 'Jane' after all! Bless you and it.

Affectionately yours,

JANE BAILLIE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTERS 279-282.

Four Short Letters.

About the beginning of January (1864) there were thought to be perceptible some faint symptoms of improvement or abatement; which she herself never durst believe in; and indeed to us eager on-lookers they were faint and uncertain—nothing of real hope, except in getting to St. Leonards so soon as the season would permit.

Early in March, weather mild though dim and wettish, this sad transit was accomplished by railway; I escorting, and visiting at every stage; Maggie Welsh and our poor patient in what they called a 'sick carriage,' which indeed took her up at this door, and after delays and haggles at St. Leonards, put her down at Dr. B——'s; but was found otherwise inferior to the common arrangement for a sick person (two window-seats, with board and cushion put between), though about five or six times dearer, and was never employed again. She was carried downstairs here in the bed of this dreary vehicle (which I saw well would remind her, as it did, of a hearse, with its window for letting in the coffin); she herself, weak but clear, directed the men. So pathetic a face as then glided past me at this lower door I never saw nor shall see! And the journey—and the arrival. But of all this, which passed without accident, and which remains to myself unforgetable enough, and sad as the realms of Hades, I undertook to say nothing.

Her reception was of the very kindest; her adjustment, with Maggie and one of our maids (in fine, airy, quiet rooms, in the big house, with the loving and skilful hosts), I saw in a few hours completed to my satisfaction, far beyond expectation. She herself said little; but sat, in her pure, simple dress, &c., looking, though sorrowful, calm and thankful. At length I left the house (or indeed they almost pushed me out, 'not to miss the last train,' which I saved only by half a moment by hot speed and good luck), and got home in a more hopeful mood than I had come away. Solely, in my last cab (from Waterloo Station), I had stuck my cap (a fine black velvet thing of *her* making) too hurriedly into my pocket, and it had hustled out, and in the darkness been left. Loss irrecoverable, not noticed till next morning, and which I still regret. 'Oh, nothing!' said she, cheerily and yet mournfully, at our next meet-

ing. 'I will make you a new cap when I am able to sew again.' But I think, in effect, she never sewed more.

Maggie's daily bulletin was indistinct and ambiguous, but strove always to be favourable, or really was so. I sat busy here; generally wrote to my poor darling some daily line; got from her now and then some word or two, but always on mere practical or household matters; seldom or never any confirmation of Maggie's reading of the omens. In the last week of March (as covenanted) I made my first visit (Friday till Monday, I think). Forster and Mrs. F. went with me, but did not see her. I stayed at Dr. B——'s, they at a hotel, where was dining, &c. Whether this was my first visit to her there I strive to recollect distinctly, but cannot. I seem to have even seen but little of her, and certainly learned nothing intimate; as if she rather avoided much communication with me, unwilling to rob me of the doctor's confident prognostications, and much unable to confirm them. Her mood of fixed quiet sorrow, with no hope in it but of enduring well, was painfully visible. I had just got rid of my vol. v., deeply disappointed latterly on finding that there must be a sixth. Hades was not more lugubrious than that book too now was to me; and yet there was something in it of sacred, of Orpheus-like (though I did not think of 'Orpheus' at all, nor name my darling an 'Eurydice'!) and the stern course was to continue—what else?

In the end of April brother John came to me. Before this it had been decided (since the B——s, who at first pretended that they would, now evidently would not, accept remuneration from us) that a small furnished hou e should be rented, and a shift made thither; which was done and over about the time John came. I was to remove thither with my work (so soon as liftable). He by himself made a preliminary visit thither; then perhaps another with me; and at his return I could notice (though he said nothing) that he meant to try staying with us there; which he did, and surely was of use to me there.

Early in May this (Chelsea) house was left to Larkin's care (who at last came into it, letting his own); and all of us had reassembled in the poor new hospice ('117 Marina, St. Leonards'), studious to try our best and utmost there. Maggie Welsh had to return to Liverpool (to nurse a poor little child-nephew who was dying). I did not find Maggie at St. Leonards; but the good Mary Craik (Professor's Mary, from Belfast), by my Jeannie's own suggestion,

was written to, came directly, and did as well; perhaps more quietly, and thus better.

In those seven or eight months of martyrdom (October 1863—May 1864) there is naturally no record of the poor dear martyr's own discoverable; nothing but these small, most mournful notes written with the left hand, as if from the core of a broken heart, and worthy to survive as a voice *de profundis*. Maggie's part, which fills the last two pages, I omit. The address is gone, but still evident on inference.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

St. Leonards: Friday, April 8, 1864.

Oh, my own darling! God have pity on us! Ever since the day after you left, whatever flattering accounts may have been sent you, the truth is I have been wretched—perfectly wretched day and night with that horrible malady. Dr. B. knows nothing about it more than the other doctors. So, God help me, for on earth is no help!

Lady A. writes that Lord A. left you two thousand pounds—not in his will, to save duty—but to be given you as soon as possible. 'The wished for come too late!' Money can do nothing for us now.

Your loving and sore suffering

JANE W. CARLYLE.

To-day I am a little less tortured—only a little; but a letter having been promised, I write.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

St. Leonards: April 19, 1864.

It is no 'morbid despondency;' it is a positive physical torment day and night—a burning, throbbing, maddening sensation in the most nervous part of me ever and ever. How be in good spirits or have any hope but to die! When I spoke of going home, it was to *die* there; here were the place for *living*, if one could! It was not my

wish to leave here. It was the B——s' own suggestion and wish that we should get a little house of our own.

Oh, have pity on me! I am worse than ever I was in that terrible malady. I am,

Yours as ever,

JANE CARLYLE.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

St. Leonards-on-Sea: April 25, 1864.

Oh, my husband! I am suffering torments! each day I suffer more horribly. Oh, I would like you beside me! I am terribly alone. But I don't want to interrupt your work. I will wait till we are in our own hired house; and then if am no better, you must come for a day.

Your own wretched

J. W. C.

To the Misses Welsh, Edinburgh.

St. Leonards-on-Sea: [1] end of April, 1864.

My own dear Aunts,—I take you to my heart and kiss you fondly one after another. God knows if we shall ever meet again; and His will be done! My doctor has hopes of my recovery, but I myself am not hopeful; my sufferings are terrible.

The malady is in my womb—you may fancy. It is the consequence of that unlucky fall; no disease there, the doctors say, but some nervous derangement. Oh, what I have suffered, my aunts! what I may still have to suffer! Pray for me that I may be enabled to endure.

Don't write to myself; reading letters excites me too much. And Maggie tells me all I should hear. I commit you to the Lord's keeping, whether I live or die. Ah, my aunts, I shall die; that is my belief!

JANE CARLYLE.

[1] Probably still in Dr. B——'s house there. The next letter is expressly dated from the new hired house. Maggie still there, but just about to leave.

LETTER 283.

With a violent effort of packing and scheming (e.g., a box of books with cross-bars in it, and shelves which were to be put in, and make the box a press, &c. &c.), in all which Larkin and Maggie Welsh assisted diligently, I got down to Marina on one of the first days of May. Dreary and tragic was our actual situation there, but we strove to be of hope, and were all fixedly intent to do our best. The house was new, clean, light enough, and well aired; otherwise paltry in the extreme—small, misbuilt every inch of it; a despicable, cockney, scamped edifice; a rickety bandbox rather than a house. But that did not much concern us, tenants only for a month or two—nay, withal there were traces that the usual inhabitants (two old ladies, probably very poor) had been cleanly, neat persons, sensible, as we, of the sins and miseries of their scamped, despicable dwelling-place, poor, good souls!

In a small back closet, window opposite to door, and both always open, I had soon got a table wedged to fixity, had set on end my book-box, changing it to a book-press, and adjusted myself to work, quite tolerably all along, though feeling as if tied up in a rack. One good bedroom there was in the top story, looking out over the sea—this was naturally hers; mine below and to rearward was the next best, and, by cunning adjustments curtains improvised out of rugs and ropes were made to exclude the light in some degree and admit freely the air currents. We made with our knives about a dozen little wedges as the first thing to keep the doors open or ajar at our will, their own being various in that respect! To put up with the house was a right easy matter, almost a solacement, in sight of the deep misery of its poor mistress, spite of all her striving.

The first day she was dressed waiting my arrival, and came painfully resolute down to dinner with us, but could hardly sit it out; and never could attempt again. With intellect clear and even inventive, her whole being was evidently plunged in continual woe, pain as if unbearable, and no hope left; in spite of our encouragements no steady hope at all. On the earth I have never seen so touching a sight! She drove out at lowest three or four times a day—ultimately long drives (which John took charge of to Battle, to Bexhill regions seeking new lodgings—alas, in vain!). Her last daily drive from four to half-past five was always with me, my day's

work now done. She was evidently thankful, but spoke hardly at all; or, if she did for my sake, on some indifferent matter, naming to me some street oddity, locality, or the like; those poor efforts now in my memory are the saddest of all, beautiful to me, and sad and pathetic to me beyond all the rest. On setting her down at home I directly stepped across to the livery stable, and mounted for a rapid obligato ride of three hours: rides unlike any I have ever had in the world; more gloomy and mournful even than the London ones, though by no means so abominable even, one's company here being mainly God's sky and earth, not cockneydom with its slums, enchanted aperies and infernalries. I rode far and wide, saw strange old villages (a pair of storks in one), saw Battle by many routes (and even began to understand the Harold-William duel there. Strange that no English soldier, scholar, or mortal ever yet tried to do it). Battle, town and monastery, in the calm or in the windy summer gloaming, was a favourite sight of mine; only the roads were in parts distressing (new cuts, new cockney scamped edifices, and railways and much dust). Crowhirst and its yew, that has seen (probably) the days of Julius Cæsar as well as William the Conqueror's, and ours. But that is not my topic. In the green old lanes with their quaint old cottages, good old cottagers, valiant, frugal, patient, I could have wept. In the disastrous, dust-covered, cockneyfying parts my own feeling had something of rage in it, rage and disgust. It was usually after nightfall when I got home. Tea was waiting for me; and silently my Jeannie (as I at length observed) to preside over it (ah, me! ah, me!), directly after which she went up to bed. Hastings, St. Leonards, Battle, Rye, Winchelsea, Beachy Head, intrinsically all a beautiful region (when not cockneyfied, and turned to cheap and nasty chaos and the mortar tubs), and yet in the world is no place I should so much shudder to see again.

We had various visitors—Forster, Twisleton, Woolner—and none of these could she see; not even Miss Bromley, who came twice for a day or more, but in vain—except the last time, just one hurried glimpse. Nothing could so indicate to what a depth of despair the ever gnawing pain and boundless misery had sunk this once brightest and openest of human souls. The B——s continued with unwearied kindness doing, and hoping, and endeavouring; but that also, even on the Doctor's part, much more on her own, began to seem futile, unsuccessful; good old Barnes came once (fast falling into imbecility and finis, poor man), said: 'Hah!

intrinsically just the same; however, tho disease will burn itself out!'

About the middle of June (lease was to end with that month, and her own house, especially her own room there, had grown horrible to her thoughts) she moved that wo should engage tho house till end of July; which was done. But, alas! before June ended things had grown still more intolerable; sleep moro and moro impossible, and she wished to be off from the July bargain—would the people havo consented? (which they would not)—so that tho question what to do became darker and darker. 'If your room at Chelsea had a new paper?' somebody suggested; and Miss Bromley had undertaken to get it done. This of tho 'new paper' went into my heart as nothing else had done, 'so small, so helpless, faint;' and to the present hour it could almost make me weep! It was done, however, by-and-by; and under changed omens. Thank God.

But in the meanwhile, hour by hour, things were growing moro intolerable. Twelve successive nights of burning summer, totally without sleep; morning after the eleventh of them she announced a fixed resolution of her own, and the next morning executed it. Set off by express train, with John for escort, to London; would try Mrs. Forster's instead of her own horrible room; but would go (we could all see) or else die. Miss Bromley, who had again come, she consented to see in passing into the train; one moment only, a squeeze of the hand, and adieu. With a stately, almost proud step, my poor martyred darling took her place, John opposite her, and shot away.

At the Forsters' she had some disturbed sleep, not much; and next morning ordered John to make ready for the evening train to Dumfries (to sister Mary's, at the Gill), and rushed along all night, 330 miles at once—a truly heroic remedy of nature's own prescribing, which did by quick steps and struggles bring relief.

The Gill, sister Mary's poor but ever kind and generous *human* habitation, is a small farmhouse, seven miles beyond Annan, twenty-seven beyond Carlisle, eight or ten miles short of Dumfries, and, therefore, twenty-two or twenty-four short of Thornhill, through both of which the S. W. Railway passes. Scotsbrig lies some ten miles northward of the Gill (road at right angles to the Carlisle and Dumfries Railway): passes by Hoddam Hill, oven as of old—and at Ecclefechan, two miles from Scotsbrig, crosses the Carlisle, Moffat or Caledonian Railway—enough for the topography of these tragic things.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., 117 *Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea.*

The Gill: July 15, 1864.

Oh, my dear, I am quite as amazed as you to find myself here, so promiscuous! I had given up all idea of Scotland when I left St. Leonards; felt neither strength nor courage for it; but postponed projects till I saw what lay for me at Palace-Gate House. I found there much kindness, and much state, and a firm expectation that I was merely passing through! And if they had wanted me ever so much to stay, there was not a bed in the house fit to be slept in from the noise point of view! Cheyne Row full of Larkins; and my old room in the same state: horrible was the idea to me! The Blunts perhaps out of town; London very hot! I did sleep some human sleep in my luxurious bedroom, all crashing with wheels; but only the having had no sleep the night before made me so clever! I could not have slept a second night. No, there was nothing to be done but what I did—turn that second night to use, travel through it, and not try for any sleep until there was some chance of getting it; that night on the road was nothing like so wretched as those nights at Marina. I drank four glasses of champagne in the night! and took a good breakfast at Carlisle. John was dreadfully ill-tempered: we quarrelled incessantly, but he had the grace to be ashamed of himself after, and apologise. On the whole, it was a birthday of good omen. My horrible ailment kept off as by enchantment.

Mary is all that one could wish as hostess, nurse, and sister. She has had something of the sort herself, and her sympathy is intelligent.

I am gone in for milk diet: took porridge and buttermilk in quantity last night, and slept, with few awakenings, all night; had a tumbler of new milk at eight, and got up to breakfast at nine. I am very shaky, you will

see, but, oh, so thankful for my sleep and ease—would it but last! John went to Dumfries yesterday afternoon; and all who had been about me being gone, I felt like a child set down out of arms, but am contriving to totter pretty well so far. John was to be here to-day some time.

I am very sorry for you with those idiot servants. Mary[1] proved herself of no earthly use to me, besides being sulky and conceited. Mary Craik is your only present stay; kiss her for me, dear, kind, good girl. I will write to her next. I am so sorry at having had to leave her in such a mess.

James Austin had already got a nice carriage for Mary to drive me about in. Oh, they are so kind, and so polite!

Your own
J. W. C.

Extracts from Letters.

Mrs. Carlyle's letters, during the remainder of the summer, are a sad record of perpetually recurring suffering. The carriage broke down in her second drive with her sister-in-law, and she was violently shaken. Mrs. Austin gave her all the care that love had to bestow; but in a farmhouse there was not the accommodation which her condition required, and her friend Mrs. Russell carried her off to Holm Hill, where she would be under Dr. Russell's immediate charge. A series of short extracts from the letters to her husband will convey a sufficient picture of her condition in body and mind. The most touching feature in them is the affection with which she now clung to him. Carlyle's anxiety, at last awake, had convinced her that his strange humours had not risen from real indifference. John Carlyle, the doctor, with whom she had travelled, had been rough and unfeeling.—J. A. F.

To T. Carlyle.

Holm Hill, July 23, 1864.—I have arrived safe. They met me at the station, and are kind, as so many are. John

[1] Servant now (privately) in a bad way, as turned out!

offered to accompany here, but I declined. Fancy him telling me in my agony yesterday that if I had ever done anything in my life this would not have been; that no poor woman with work to mind had ever such an ailment as this of mine since the world began![1] Oh, my dear, I think how near my mother I am! How still I should be laid beside her.[2] But I wish to live for you, if only I could live out of torment.

July 25.—Mary Craik will go to-day, and you will be alone with town maids; and if I were there I could but add to your troubles. We are sorely tried, and God alone knows what the end will be. It is no wonder if my stock of hope and courage is quite worn out.

July 27.—I could not write yesterday; I was too ill and desperate. Again, without assignable cause, I had got no wink of sleep. I am terribly weak. If I had not such kind people beside me I should be wretched indeed. I do not feel so agitated by the sights about here as I used to do. I seem already to belong to the passed-away as much as to the present; nay, more.

God bless you on your solitary way.

July 28.—When will I be back? Ah, my God! when? for it is no good going back to be a trouble to you and a torment to myself. I must not look forward, but try to bear my life from day to day, thankful that for the present I am so well cared for.

August 2.—I am cared for here as I have never been since I lost my mother's nursing; and everything is good for me: the quiet airy bedroom, the new milk, the beautiful drives; and when all this fails to bring me human sleep or endurable nervousness, can you wonder that I am in the lowest spirits about myself. So long as I had a

[1] Poor John! well-intending, but with hand unconsciously rough, even cruel, as in this last instance, which she never could forget again.

[2] Oh, Heaven!

noisy bedroom or food miscooked even, I had something to attribute my sleeplessness to; now I can only lay it to my diseased nerves, and at my age such illness does not right itself.

August 5.—Except for this wakefulness I am better than when I left Marina, and it is unaccountable that I should be so well in spite of getting less sleep than I ever heard of anyone, out of a medical book, getting and living with. I was weighed yesterday, and found a gain of five pounds since April. If sleep would come I think I should recover—the first time I have had this hope seriously; but if it won't come I must break down sooner or later, being no Dutchman nor Jeffrey;[1] and I fear not for my life, but for my reason. It is almost sinfully ungrateful, when God has borne me through such prolonged agonies with my senses intact, to have so little confidence in the future; but courage and hope have been ground out of me. Submission! Acknowledgment that my sufferings have been no greater than I deserved is just the most that I am up to.

Oh, my dear, I am very weary! My agony has lasted long! I am tempted to take a long cry over myself—and no good will come of that.

August 22.—I have no wholly sleepless nights to report now. I don't sleep well, by any means; but to sleep at all is such an improvement. I continue to gain flesh. A—— declares that in the last ten days I have gained four pounds! But that must be nonsense.

August 26.—Walking is hardly possible for me at present, the change of the weather having produced rheumatic pains and stiffness in my knees. I did the best I could for myself in buying a good supply of woollen under-gar-

[1] In Cabanis, case of a Dutch gentleman who lived twenty years without sleep! which I often remembered for my own sake and hers. Jeffrey is Lord Jeffrey: sad trait of insomnia reported by himself.

ments—not new dresses, not a single new dress, nor anything for the outside. The mercury of my mental thermometer has not risen to care for appearances, only to the hope of living long enough to need new flannels. I did once turn over the idea of a new bonnet, the one I have having lasted me three years! But I sent it to the daughter of your old admirer, Shankland the tailor, and she took out the 'clures' and put in a clean cap for tenpence!

August 29.—The thought of how I am ever to make that long journey back which I made here in the strength of desperation, troubles me night and day; and what is to become of me when I am back, with my warm milk and my nursing and my doctoring taken away? Oh, I am frightened—frightened! a perfect coward am I become—I, who was surely once brave! But I cannot, must not, stay on here through the winter. Besides the unreasonableness of inflicting such a burden on others, it would be too cold and damp for me here in the valley of the Nith. So, dear, though I would fain spare you this and all troubles with me, I must go to the subject of the papering [of her room in Cheyne Row], and you must forgive what may strike you as weakly fanciful in my desire to have 'a new colour about me.' You must consider that I was carried out of those rooms to be shoved into a sort of hearse, and (to my own feelings) buried out of that house for ever; and that I have not had time yet, nor got strength enough yet, to shake off the associations that make those rooms terrible for me. To give them somewhat of a different appearance is the most soothing thing that can be done for me.[1]

August 30.—No sleep at all last night; had no chance of sleep, for the neuralgic pains piercing me from shoul-

[1] Poor, forlorn darling! All this was managed to her mind—all this yet stands mournfully here, and shall stand.

der to breast like a sword. I am profoundly disheartened. Every way I turn it looks dark, dark to me. I had dared to hope, to look forward to some years of health—no worse, at least, than I had before. I cannot write cheerfully. I am not cheerful.

September 6.—Oh, that it was as easy to put tormenting thoughts out of one's own head as it is for others to bid one do that! I wish to heaven you were delivered from those paper-hangers. I did not think it would have been so long in the wind. I, the unlucky cause, am quite as sorry for the botheration to you as —— expresses herself, though I have more appreciation of the terrible half-insane sensitiveness which drove me on to bothering you. Oh, if God would only lift my trouble off me so far that I could bear it all in silence, and not add to the troubles of others!

September 7.—I cannot write. I have passed a terrible night. Sleeplessness and restlessness and the old pain (worse than it has ever been since I came here); and, in addition to all that, an inward blackness of darkness. Am I going to have another winter like the last? I cannot live through another such time: my reason, at least, cannot live through it. Oh, God bless you and help me!

September 9.—I am very stupid and low. God can raise me up again; but will He? Oh, I am weary, weary! My dear, when I have been giving directions about the house then a feeling like a great black wave will roll over my breast, and I say to myself, whatever pains be taken to gratify me, shall I ever more have a day of ease, of painlessness, or a night of sweet rest, in that house, or in any house but the dark narrow one where I shall arrive at last.

September 16.—Oh, if there was any sleep to be got in that bed wherever it stands! [alluding to a change in the position of her bed at Chelsea.] But it looks to my ex-

cited imagination, that bed I was born in, like a sort of instrument of red-hot torture; after all those nights that I lay meditating on self-destruction as my only escape from insanity. Oh, the terriblest part of my suffering has not been what was seen, has not been what could be put into human language!

September 26, 1864.—Oh, my dear! I thank God I got some little sleep last night! for I had been going from bad to worse, till I had reached a point that seemed to take me back to the time just before I left Marina, and to give to that time additional poignancy. I had the quite recent remembrance of some weeks of such comparative ease and well-ness! Oh, this relapse is a severe disappointment to me, and, God knows, not altogether a selfish disappointment! I had looked forward to going back to you so much improved, as to be, if not of any use and comfort to you, at least no trouble to you, and no burden on your spirits![1] And now God knows how it will be! Sometimes I feel a deadly assurance that I am progressing towards just such another winter as the last! only what little courage and hope supported me in the beginning, worn out now, and ground into dust, under long fiery suffering!

Dr. Russell says, as Dr. B—— said, that the special misery will certainly wear itself out in time; if I can only eat and keep up my strength, that it may not wear out me! But how keep up my strength without sleep?

Oh dear! you cannot help me, though you would! Nobody can help me! Only God: and can I wonder if God take no heed of me when I have all my life taken so little heed of Him?

John is coming to-day to settle about the journey. When I spoke so bravely about going alone, I was much better than I am at present. I am up to nothing of the sort now,

[1] Oh, my poor martyr darling!

and must be thankful for his escort, the best that offers. He says Saturday is the best day. But I don't incline to arriving on a Sunday morning, so I shall vote for Friday night. But you will hear from me again and again before then. Your ever affectionate

J. W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 284.

Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London.

Holm Hill: Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1864.

Again a night absolutely sleepless, except for a little dozing between six and seven. There were no shooting pains to keep me awake last night, although I felt terribly chill, in spite of a heap of blankets that kept me in a sweat; but it was a cold sweat. I am very wretched to-day. Dr. Russell handed me the other night a medical book he was reading, open at the chapter on 'Neuralgia' that I might read, for my practical information, a list of 'counter-irritants.'

I read a sentence or two more than was meant, ending with 'this lady was bent on self-destruction.' You may think it a strange comfort, but it was a sort of comfort to me to find that my dreadful wretchedness was a not uncommon feature of my disease, and not merely an expression of individual cowardice.

Another strange comfort I take to myself under the present pressure of horrible nights. If I had continued up till now to feel as much better as I did in the first weeks of my stay here, I should have dreaded the return to London as a sort of suicide. Now I again want a change—even that change! There lies a possibility, at least, of benefit in it; which I could not have admitted to myself had all gone on here as in the beginning.

I am very sorry for Lady Ashburton, am afraid her health is irretrievably ruined. Pray do write her a few lines.[1]

[1] Is again in vigorous health.

It has been a chill mist, from the water all the morning, but the sun is trying to break through.

God send me safe back to you, such as I am.

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 285.

Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London.

Holm Hill: Thursday, Sept. 29, 1864.

This, then, is to be my last letter from here. Where will the next letter be from, or will there be a next? Blind moles! With our pride of insight too! we can't tell even that much beforehand.

If I had trusted my power of divination yesterday I should have renounced all hope of seeing you this week. I had to go to bed at five in the afternoon, in a sort of nervous fever from want of sleep. The irritation, too, unbearable! That clammy, deathly sweat, in which I had passed the previous night, as if I had been dipped in ice-water, then placed under a crushing weight of frozen blankets, seemed to have taken all warm life out of me. So I gave up and went to bed. At night I took one of Dr. B——'s blue pills (the larger dose had ceased to be beneficial) and about twelve I fell asleep, thank God! and went on sleeping and waking till half-past seven. It was healing sleep, besides being a good deal of it. My first reflection this morning was: 'And there are beggars—nay, there are blackguards, or both in one—who get every night of their lives far better sleep than even this, which is such an unspeakable mercy to me. *Ach!* it is no discovery that much in this world quite surpasses one's human comprehension.

I have been thrown out of my reckoning. I had calculated that on the principle of a bad night, and a less bad, the less bad would fall to-night; and that I should have

some sleep in me to start with. But two waking nights coming together changes the order; and to-night, in the course of nature (second nature), no rest is to be expected.

Tell Mary I now take coffee to breakfast (John takes tea); and to have a little cream in the house that one may fall soft.

And now good-bye till we meet. Oh, that I had been a day and night (and the night a good one) in the house! No mortal can imagine the thoughts of my heart in returning there, where I was *buried* from! and my life still unrenewed! only the hope, often overcast, that it is in the way of being renewed.

Your ever affectionate
JANE CARLYLE.

My little maid asked me this morning, when about to draw on my stockings: 'What d'ye think? wouldn't it be a good thing to hae the taes (toes) clippet again, afore ye gang away?' I shall so miss that kind, thoughtful girl!

LETTER 286.

Saturday, October 1, 1864, a mild, clear (not sunny) day. John brought her home to me again to this door—by far the gladdest sight I shall ever see there, if gladness were the name of any sight now in store for me. A faint, kind, timid smile was on her face, as if afraid to believe fully; but the despair had vanished from her looks altogether, and she was brought back to me, my own again as before.

During all this black interval I had been continuing my 'comatose flight' without intermission, and was not yet by four months got to land. To extraneous events my attention was momentary, if not extinct altogether; for months and years I had not written the smallest letter or note except on absolute compulsion. But here was an event extraneous to 'Frederick,' which could not be extraneous to 'Frederick's' biographer, never so worn out and crushed into stupefaction. This again woke me into life and hope, into vivid and grateful recognition, and was again a light, or the

sure promise of a light from above on my nigh desperate course. (Oh, what miserable inapplicable phrasing is this! or why speak of myself at all?)

My poor martyred darling continued to prosper here beyond my hopes—far beyond her own; and in spite of utter weakness (which I never rightly saw) and of many fits of trouble, her life to the very end continued beautiful and hopeful to both of us—to me more beautiful than I had ever seen it in her best days. Strange and precious to look back upon, those last eighteen months, as of a second youth (almost a second childhood with the wisdom and graces of old age), which by Heaven's great mercy were conceded her and me. In essentials never had she been so beautiful to me; never in my time been so happy. But I am unfit to speak of these things, to-day most unfit (August 12, 1869), and will leave the little series of letters (which were revised several days ago) to tell their own beautiful and tragical story.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Monday, Oct. 3, 1864.

Oh, my darling! my darling! God forever bless you—you and dear Dr. Russell, for your goodness to me, your patience with me, and all the good you have done me! I am better aware now how much I have gained than I was before this journey; how much stronger I am, both body and mind, than I was on my journey to Scotland. I felt no fatigue on the journey down, but I made up for it in nervous excitement! On the journey up, all my nervousness was over when I had parted with you two. Even when arrived at my own door (which I had always looked forward to as a most terrible moment, remembering the hearse-like fashion in which I was carried away from it) I could possess my soul in quiet, and meet the excited people who rushed out to me, as gladly as if I had been returned from any ordinary pleasure excursion!

Very excited people they were. Dr. C. had stupidly told his brother he might look for us about ten, and, as we did not arrive till half after eleven, Mr. C. had settled it

in his own mind that I had been taken ill somewhere on the road, and was momentarily expecting a telegram to say I was dead. So he rushed out in his dressing-gown, and kissed me, and wept over me as I was in the act of getting down out of the cab (much to the edification of the neighbours at their windows, I have no doubt); and then the maids appeared behind him, looking timidly, with flushed faces and tears in their eyes; and the little one (the cook) threw her arms round my neck and fell to kissing me in the open street; and the big one (the housemaid) I had to kiss, that she might not be made jealous the first thing!

They were all astonished at the improvement in my appearance. Mr. C. has said again and again that he would not have believed anyone who had sworn it to him that I should return so changed for the better. Breakfast was presented to me, but though I had still Holm Hill things to eat, I had not my Holm Hill appetite to eat them with. All Saturday there was nothing I cared to swallow but champagne (Lady Ashburton had sent me two dozen, first-rate, in the winter); so I took the B—— blue pill that first night, as Dr. Russell had advised. And, oh, such a heavenly sleep I had! awoke only twice the whole night! It is worth while passing a whole night on the railway to get such blessed sleep the night after. Last night, again, I slept; not so well as the first night, of course, but wonderfully well for me; and this morning my breakfast was not contemptible. But it is a great hardship to have lost my warm milk in the morning. I thought by paying an exorbitant price it might have been obtained; but no; the stuff offered me yesterday at eight o'clock it was impossible to swallow. And my poor 'interior,' perfectly bewildered by all the sudden changes put on them, don't seem to have any clear ideas left; so I am driven back into the valley of the shadow of pills!

I had a two-hours' drive yesterday in Battersea Park and Clapham Common. When one hasn't the beauties of nature, one must content one's self with the beauties of art. To-day my drive must be townward; so many things wanted at the shops! There is hardly a kitchen utensil left unbroken; all broken by 'I can't imagine who did it!' Still, it might have been worse; there seems to have been no serious mischief done.

Wasn't it curious to have your eternal 'Simpson' given me for fellow-traveller?

Oh, my darling, if I might continue just as well as I am now! But that is not to be hoped. Anyhow, I shall always feel as if I owed my life chiefly to your husband and you, who procured me such rest as I could have had nowhere else in the world.

Your own

JANE W. C.

LETTER 287.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday, Oct. 6, 1864.

Dearest,—At Holm Hill, at this hour, I should have just drunk my glass of wine, and been sitting down at the dining-room table to write the daily letter to Mr. C. The likest thing I can do here is to sit down at the drawing-room table and write to you. I feel the same sort of responsibility for myself to you, as to him, and to you only, of all people alive! and feel, too, the same certainty of being read with anxious interest. Oh, my dear Mary, it is an unspeakable blessing to have such a friend as you are to me! Often, when I have felt unusually free from my misery of late, it has seemed to me that I could not be grateful enough to God for the mercy; unless He inspired me with a spiritual gratitude, far above the mere tepid human gratitude I offered Him! And just so with you: I

feel as if I needed God's help to make me humanly capable of the sort of sacred thankfulness I ought to feel for such a friend as yourself! I wanted to say to you and your dear husband something like this when I came away, but words choked themselves in my throat at parting.

I have been wonderfully well since I came home; have slept pretty well—not as on the first night (that was sleep for only the angels, and for the mortal who had travelled from three to four hundred miles through the night!), but quite tolerably for me, every night till the last. The last was very bad. But I had the comfort of being able to blame something for it, and that was my own imprudence.

I wearied myself putting pictures to rights, which were hung up all crooked (Dr. Russell will sympathise with me), and then worried myself with the shortcomings of my large beautiful housemaid, who justifies (and more) all Mr. C.'s tirades against her! This creature, with her goosishness, and her self-conceit, is unendurable after little Mary.

Only think! I get my new milk again, at eight, as usual!! Our Rector's wife keeps a cow for her children, and I have a key to her grounds; and, going through that way, it is not three minutes' walk for my cook to take a warm tumbler and fetch it back full of real milk, milked into it there and then. I get plenty of cream, quite good, paying for it exorbitantly; but no matter, so that I get it. My eight stones eleven-and-a-half would soon have had a hole made into it without the milk and cream.

I go out in a nice brougham, with a safe swift horse, whom I know, every day from one till three. And, when I come in, I have added your little tumbler full of excellent champagne to the already liberal allowance of drink!!! It is to make up for the difference in the purity of the air!!

The letters Dr. Russell forwarded were from Dr. B—— and Maria (the maid). I send them back, the doctor's for Dr. Russell, and Maria's for you, to amuse you with

the girl's presumption! My 'eternal good.' Help us! if Maria is to preach to me! Here is a letter from Grace Welsh, too. Everybody 'praying for me.' Burn them all—I mean the letters—when you have done with them.

God bless my darling.

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 288.

'Curiosities and niceties of a civilised house.'—Old phrase of my father's.

'Elise's.'—Madame Elise, she often told me, was an artist and woman of genius in her profession; and of late years there had sprung up a mutual recognition, which was often pleasant to my dear one.—T. C.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Monday, Oct. 10, 1864.

Dearest,—Nature prompts me to begin the week with writing to you, though I have such a pressure of work ahead as I can't see daylight through, with no help in putting to rights; for my large, beautiful housemaid is like a cow in a flower-garden amongst the 'curiosities and niceties' of a civilised house! Oh, thank God, for the precious layer of impassivity which that stone weight of flesh has put over my nerves! I am not like the same woman who trembled from head to foot, and panted like a duck in a thunder-storm, at St. Leonards whenever a human face showed itself from without, or anything worried from within. Indeed, my nerves are stronger than they have been for years. Just for instance, yesterday, what I went through without having the irritation increased, or my sleep worsened! As soon as I was in the drawing-room George Cooke came—the same who wrote to tell you of my accident. Now this George Cooke is a man between thirty and forty; tall, strong, silent, sincere;

has been a sailor, a soldier, a New Zealand settler, a 'man about town,' and a stockbroker! The last man on earth one would have expected to make one 'a scene.' But lo! what happened? I stood up to welcome him, and he took me in his arms, and kissed me two or three times, and then he sank into a chair and—burst into tears! and sobbed and cried for a minute or two like any schoolboy. Mercifully I was not infected by his agitation; but it was I who spoke calmly, and brought him out of it! He accompanied me in my drive after, and when I had come home, and was going to have my dinner, a carriage drove up. Being nothing like so polite and self-sacrificing as you, I told Helen to say I was tired, and dining, and would see no one. She returned with a card. 'Please, ma'am, the gentleman says he thinks you will see him.' The name on the card was Lord Houghton, a very old friend whom you may have heard me speak of as Richard Milnes. 'Oh, yes! he might come up.' Nobody could have predicted sentiment out of Lord Houghton! but, good gracious! it was the same thing over again. He clasped me in his arms, and kissed me, and dropped on a chair—not crying, but quite pale, and gasping, without being able to say a word.

When the emotional stage was over, and we were talking of my stay at Holm Hill, I mentioned the horrid thing that befell just when I was leaving—the death of Mrs. ——. 'Where?' said Lord Houghton. 'At —— Hall.' He sprang to his feet as if shot, and repeated, 'Dead? dead? dead?' till I was quite frightened. 'Oh, did you know her?' I asked. 'I am sorry to have shocked you.' 'Know her? I have known her intimately since she was a little girl! I was to have gone to visit her this month.'

He told me she had had a romantic history. She was granddaughter to a brother of the —— who was Secretary of State at Naples. The family got reduced, but struggled

bravely to keep up their rank in Naples; chiefly helped by this girl who was 'most brave and generous.' They afterwards came to England, and here, too, it was a struggle. 'The girl' went on a visit, and at her friend's house Mr. —— saw her, fell in love with her, and proposed to her. 'The girl' shuddered at him. He was a coarse, uncultivated man, perfectly unlike her, and she would not hear of such a marriage; but the father and mother gathered round her, and implored, and reasoned, and impressed on her that with so rich a husband she would be able to lift them out of all their difficulties, and make their old age comfortable and happy, till at length she gave in. Having once married the man, Lord H. said, she made him a good wife and he was a good husband.

After these two enthusiastic meetings, I was sure I should get no sleep. But I slept much as usual during the last week; not at all as I slept the first night, but better than my fraction of sleep during the last weeks with you.

My bedroom is extremely quiet; my comfort well attended to by—myself. I miss little Mary for more things than 'the clipping o' the taes,' bless her! I was at Elise's, to get the velvet bonnet she made me last year, stripped of its finery. White lace and red roses don't become a woman who has been looking both death and insanity in the face for a year. I told her (Elise) that I had seen two of her bonnets on a Mrs. H—— in Scotland. 'Oh, yes, she has every article she wears from here!' 'You made her court dress, didn't you, that was noticed in the "Morning Post"?' 'Yes, yes, I dressed the whole three. Mrs. H——'s dress cost three hundred pounds! but she doesn't mind cost.'

Dear love to the Doctor.

Your affectionate
J. Carlyle.

LETTER 289.

John Forster, Esq., Palace-Gate House, Kensington.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: October 1864.

Dearest Mr. Forster,—Now that Mr. C. has me here before his eyes, in an upright posture, he considers it not only my business, but my wifely duty to answer all inquiries about me, myself. I have then the melancholy pleasure of informing you and dear 'Small Individual' that I am returned to this foggy scene of things with no intentions of further travels for the present. I not only 'stood' the long night journey (they always bid me travel by night) very well, but, as on the journey down, it procured me one night of heavenly sleep; and, as nervous illness is more benefited by change than anything else, I felt, for the first week after my return, even better than in the first weeks of my stay in Scotland. The almost miraculous improvement is now wearing off. I have again miserable nights, and plenty of pain intermittently. Still I am a stone heavier (!); and, in every way, an improved woman from what I was when you *did not* see me at Marina. But you will soon be here to take a look at me, and judge for yourself. I hope you won't be so shocked as my carpenter, who told me yesterday: 'I am very sorry indeed, ma'am, to see you fallen so suddenly into infirmity! There is a sad change since I saw you last!' And me a stone heavier!

Best love to her.

Yours ever affectionately

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 290.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row: Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1864.

Oh, little woman! you will come to our aid, if possible; but if impossible, what on earth are we to do for eggs? At

this present Mr. C. is breakfasting on shop-eggs, and doesn't know it; and I am every morning expecting to hear in my bed an explosion over some one too far gone for his making himself an illusion about it. All the people who kept fowls round about have, the maids say, during my absence ceased to keep them, and the two eggs from Addiscombe three times a week are not enough for us both; I, 'as one solitary individual,' needing three in the day—one for breakfast, one in hot milk for luncheon, and one in my small pudding at dinner. When I left Holm Hill, Mrs. Russell was in despair over her hens; thirty of them yielded but three eggs a day. Yours, too, may have struck work; and in that case never mind. Only if you could send us some, it would be a mercy.

Only think of my getting here every morning a tumbler of milk warm from the cow, and all frothed up, just as at the Gill and at Holm Hill, to my infinite benefit. The stable-fed cow does not give such delicious milk as those living on grass in the open air; but still it is milk without a drop of water or anything in it, and milked out five minutes before I drink it. Mr. C. says it is a daily recurring miracle. The miracle is worked by our Rector's wife, who keeps two cows for her children, and she has kindly included me as 'the biggest and best child;' and with a key into their garden my cook can run to their stable with a tumbler and be back at my bedside in ten minutes. Indeed, it is impossible to tell who is kindest to me; my fear is always that I shall be stifled with roses. They make so much of me, and I am so weak. The Countess of Airlie was kneeling beside my sofa yesterday embracing my feet, and kissing my hands! A German girl[1] said the other day, 'I think, Mrs. Carlyle, a many many peoples love you very dear!' It is true, and what I have done to deserve all that love I haven't the remotest conception.

[1] Reichenbach's daughter, probably.

All this time I have been keeping better—getting some sleep, not much nor good; but some, better or worse, every night, and the irritation has been much subsided. Yesterday afternoon and this afternoon it is troubling me more than usual. Perhaps the damp in the air has brought it on, or perhaps I have been overdone with people and things; I must be more careful. I have always a terrible consciousness at the bottom of my mind that at any moment, if God will, I may be thrown back into the old agonies. I can never feel confident of life and of ease in life again, and it is best so.

I cannot tell you how gentle and good Mr. Carlyle is! He is busy as ever, but he studies my comfort and peace as he never did before. I have engaged a new housemaid, and given warning to the big beautiful blockhead who has filled that function here for the last nine months; this has been a worry too. God bless you all.

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Ever so few eggs will be worth carriage.

LETTER 291.

For years before this there had been talk from me of a brougham for her; to which she listened with a pleased look, but always in perfect silence. Latterly I had been more stringent and immediate upon it; and had not I been so smothered under 'Frederick,' the poor little enterprise (finance now clearly permitting) would surely have been achieved. Alas, why was not it? That terrible street accident, for instance, might have been avoided. But she continued silent when I spoke or proposed, with a noble delicacy all her own; forebore to take the least step; would not even by a shake of the head, or the least twinkle of satire in her eyes, provoke me to take a step. Those 'hired flys,' so many per week, which were my lazy *succedaneum*, had to be almost forced upon her, and needed argument. It was in vain that I said (what was the exact truth), 'No wife in England deserves better to have a

brougham from her husband, or is worthier to drive in it. Why won't you go and buy one at once?' After her return to me the propriety and necessity was still more evident; but her answer still was (and I perceived would always be) that fine, childlike silence, grateful, pleased look, and no word spoken.

'Whereupon at length—what I ever since reckon among the chosen mercies of Heaven to me—I did at last myself stir in the matter, and in a week or little more (she also, on sight of this, skilfully co-operating, advising me, as she well could) the long talked of was got done. God be forever thanked that I did not loiter longer! She had infinite satisfaction in this poor gift; was boundlessly proud of it, as her husband's testimony to her; believed it to be the very saving of her, and the source of all the health she had, &c. &c. The noble little soul! So pitiful a bit of tribute from me, and to her it was richer than kingdoms.

Oh, when she was taken from me, and I used in my gloomy walks to pass that door where the carriage-maker first brought it out for her approval, the feeling in me was (and at times still is) deeper than tears; and my heart wept tragically loving tears, though my gloomy eyes were dry! And her mare, named 'Bellona!' There is a bitter-sweet in all that, and a pious wealth of woe and love that will abide with me till I die. No more of it here (August 14, 1869).—T. C.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Monday, Oct. 31, 1864.

Dearest,—I am not tied to two hours now for my drive, which was long enough to stay out in a 'fly,' costing, as it did, six shillings! I have now set up a nice little Brougham, or Clarence (as you call it), all to myself, with a smart grey horse and an elderly driver (in Mr. C.'s old brown surtout)! I was at half-a-dozen coachmakers' yards seeking that carriage, examining with my own eyes, on my own legs! Of course, I took advice as to the outside quality. Mr. Fairie and the livery-stable man, who has kept Mr. C.'s horse these dozen years, both approved my choice, and considered it a great bargain. Sixty pounds, and perfectly new, and handsome in a plain way.

It needs no unbleached linen to protect it, being dark blue morocco and cloth inside, which won't dirty in a hurry; and it is all glass in front like Mrs. Ewart's, so you will see finely about you when I drive you to see the lions here. That prospect is one of my pleasures in the new equipage. I have nothing to show you like the drive to Sanquhar; but the parks here are very beautiful, and I never drive through them now without fancying you at my side and seeing them with your fresh eyes. Mr. C. expects to actually finish his book about New Year, and then—please God that I keep well enough for it—we go to Lady Ashburton's, at a new place she has got in Devonshire, where it will be warmer than here, and evidently I can't have too much change! When we come back, and the weather is fit for the journey, the Doctor and you must come.

It has been moist, even rainy, of late; and damp seems to suit me worst of anything. My appetite defies quinine to bring it back, and the *irritation* has been more distressing. Still, I am no worse, on the whole, than when I left you; and I force myself to take always the new milk and the custard at twelve. There is a weighing-machine at our green-grocer's, at the bottom of the street, but I dare not get myself weighed.

I don't like that photograph of Mary at all. The crinoline quite changes her character and makes her a stranger for me. I want the one that is, as I have always seen her, a sensible girl with no crinoline. I would like her, if she would get herself done for me, as she is on washing mornings—in the little pink bed-gown and blue petticoat. I send a shilling in stamps for the purpose, but don't force her inclinations in the matter.

My friend Mr. Forster was at Müller's trial the last day—saw him receive his sentence, and said he behaved very well. When the sentence was pronounced he bowed to

the judge, and walked away with the turnkey. But at the little door leading down from the court he stopped, and said to the turnkey that he wished to say a few words to the judge; and the turnkey led him back; and he said something which could not be heard, on account of his keeping his hand at his mouth to steady it. Forster said the only sign of emotion he had given, all through the business, was a quivering of his lips. When told to speak out he removed his hand, and said courteously to the judge: 'I have had a most fair trial! but I cannot help saying some of the worst things said by the witnesses against me are gross falsehoods.' Then he seemed to break down, and hurried out. I am certain, had it not been that every juryman felt his personal safety on the railway compromised by the acquittal of this man, he would not have been condemned to death on the evidence. It is clear to everybody he had no premeditation of murder, and that Mr. Briggs threw himself out of the carriage, and probably caused his own death thereby. The poor wretch, returning from his visit to his 'unfortunate,' having taken a second-class ticket, had seen Mr. Briggs with his glittering watch-chain get into the first-class carriage, and jumped in after him, thinking the chain would take him to America. It was to take him to a far other land! Curious that he got off, that night, without the discovery of his ticket being second-class. The train had been very late, and, contrary to all use and wont, the tickets were not asked for in the carriages.

I send you a nice letter from Thomas Erskine, the author of many religious books—which I never read, except the first ('Evidences of Christianity'). He is a fine old Scotch gentleman, such as are hardly to be found extant now. Also one from Lady A.

Love to the Doctor. Has the 'young man' from Laich been to call for you?

Tell me about the poor woman in Thornhill who was to have the operation. Mrs. Beck, was that the name?

Kind regards to Mrs. Ewart, and compliments to —— Mrs. Macgowan.

Your loving
JANE CARLYLE.

Dr. Carlyle left for Lancashire this morning. He will be back in Dumfries shortly, and said he would go up to tell you about me.

LETTER 292.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Saturday, Nov. 12, 1864.

Dearest Mary,—At the beginning of this cold, during the time I was constantly retching, and could swallow nothing, I got a moral shock which would, I think, have killed me at St. Leonards; and all it did to me, I think, was to astonish and disgust me. I told you I was parting with my big beautiful housemaid because she was an incorrigible goose, and destructive and wasteful beyond all human endurance. As a specimen of the waste, figure three pounds of fresh butter at twenty pence a pound regularly consumed in the kitchen, and half a pound of tea at four shillings made away with in four days! Then, as a specimen of the destruction—figure all, every one of my beautiful, fine, and some of them quite new, table napkins actually 'worn out' of existence! Not a rag of them to be found; and good sheets all in rags; besides a boiler burst, a pump-well gone irrecoverably dry, a clock made to strike fourteen every hour, and all the china or crockery in the house either disappeared or cracked! To be sure, the housemaid was not alone to bear the blame of all the mischief, and the cook was to be held responsible for the waste of victuals at least. But Mary—the one who at-

tended me at St. Leonards—though the slowest and stupidest of servants, had so impressed me with the idea of her trustworthiness, and her devotion to me, that I could accuse her of nothing but stupidity and culpable weakness in allowing the other girl, seven years her junior, to rule even in the larder! Accordingly I engaged an elderly woman to be cook and housekeeper, and Mary was to be housemaid, and wait on me as usual. Helen (the housemaid) meanwhile took no steps about seeking a place, and when I urged her to do so, declared she couldn't conceive why I wanted to part with her. When I told her she was too destructive for my means, she answered excitedly: 'Well! when I am out of the house, and can't bear the blame of everything any longer, you will then find out who it is that makes away with the tea, and the butter, and all the things!' As there was nobody else to bear the blame but Mary, and as I trusted her implicitly, I thought no better of the girl for this attempt to clear herself at the expense of nobody knew who; especially as she would not explain when questioned. When I told slow, innocent Mary, she looked quite amazed, and said: 'I don't think Helen knows what she is saying sometimes; she is very strange!'

Well, Mary asked leave to go and see her family in Cambridgeshire before the new servant came home, and got it, though very inconvenient to me. When she took leave of me the night before starting, she said in her half-articulate way: 'I shall be always wondering how you are till I get back.' She was to be away nearly a week. Mrs. Southam, who sat up at night with me last winter, my Charlotte's mother, came part of the day to help Helen. She is a silent woman, never meddling; so I was surprised when she said to me, while lighting my bedroom fire, the day my cold was so bad: 'Helen tells me, ma'am, you are parting with her?' 'Full time,' said I; 'she is a perfect goose.'

'You know best, ma'am,' said the woman; 'but I always like ill to see the innocent suffering for the guilty!' 'What do you mean?' I asked; 'who is the innocent and who is the guilty?' 'Well, ma'am,' said the woman, 'it is known to all the neighbours round here; you will be told some day, and if I don't tell you now, you will blame me for having let you be so deceived. Mary is the worst of girls! . . . . . and all the things you have been missing have been spent on her man and her friends. There has been constant company kept in your kitchen since there was no fear of your seeing it; and whenever Helen threatened to tell you, she frightened her into silence by threats of poisoning her and cutting her own throat!'

Now, my dear, if you had seen the creature Mary you would just as soon have suspected the Virgin Mary of such things! But I have investigated, and found it all true. For two years I have been cheated and made a fool of, and laughed at for my softness, by this half-idiotic-looking woman; and while she was crying up in my bedroom—moaning out, 'What would become of her if I died?' and witnessing in me as sad a spectacle of human agony as could have been anywhere seen; she was giving suppers to men and women downstairs; laughing and swearing—oh, it is too disgusting!

God bless you, dearest.

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 293.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Monday, Dec. 20, 1864.

Dearest Friend,—If it is as cold, and snows as hard, there as here, you will be fancying me broken down if I don't write and tell you I am taking all that very easily; driving out every day from two to three hours, as usual.

The cold is not so trying for me as the damp, I find. My horse has not stood it nearly so well! I had him roughened the first day of the frost and snow, but nevertheless he managed to get a strain in one of his hind legs, and is now in great trouble, poor beast, with a farrier attending him, and his leg 'swollen awful!' He is a beautiful grey horse, given me, whether I would or no, by Lady Ashburton; but young, and, I am afraid, too sensitive for this world! 'Whenever he is the least put out of his way, he goes off his food,' the groom says. Nobody can say when he will be fit for work again—if ever. Meanwhile I get a horse from the livery stables.

The most spirited thing I have done since you last heard of me was driving to Acton with—Madame Elise! to see her beautiful place there, and take a dinner-tea with her, and back with her, arriving at home as late as six o'clock! It was a pleasant little excursion. Elise, as a woman, with a house and children, is charming. It is a magnificent house, with a dining-room about three times the size of the Wallace Hall dining-room, and a drawing-room to match; both rooms fitted up with the same artist-genius she displays in her dresses! It is an old manor house, with endless passages; and at every turn of the passage there is a bust—Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Pope, Milton, Locke.

The drawing-room opens into a conservatory that would take Mrs. Pringle's into a small corner of it. There is an immense garden round the house, with greenhouses, and a great green field beyond the garden, with sheep in it—clean sheep! A middle-aged, ladylike governess took charge of the three children: perfect little beauties! and the nurse and other maids had the air of a 'great family' about them. They all treated 'Madame' as if she had been a princess! A triumph of genius!

The only drawback to my satisfaction was a dread of

catching cold. The immense rooms had immense fires in them. But their size, and the knowledge that they were only lived in from Saturday till Monday in a general way, gave me a sense of chill; and then being abroad so late at this season was very imprudent. I went to bed with a pain in my shoulder and much self-upbraiding; but got some sleep, and no harm was done.

Do you know that bottle of whisky you gave me has been of the greatest use! Things affect one so differently at different times? Whisky seemed to fever me at Holm Hill. Here it calms me, and helps me to sleep. I take a tablespoonful raw when I get desperate about sleeping, and invariably, hitherto, with good effect. I take no quinine, nor other medicine, at present, except the aperient pills. Half a one I have to take every night. The potash-water I like very much with my wine and my milk, and take from one to two bottles of it every day.

I have not been weighed again; but I don't think I can have lost any more, as I eat better since the new cook took me in hand. She continues to be a most comfortable servant: such courtesy! such equability of temper! such obligingness! and all that so cheap! for the weekly bills are less than when I had ignorant servants. The housemaid is also a good servant, but not so agreeable a one. The droop at the corners of her mouth, indicating a plaintive, even peevish, nature, does not belie her I think. When Mr. C. finds fault, instead of going to do what he wants, she cries and sulks. When are you going to give me little Mary? My compliments to her and to Lady Macbeth.

My grateful and warm love to your husband. To yourself a hundred kisses. I will write soon again.

Your true friend,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 294.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Dec. 27, 1864.

Oh, darling, I have been wanting to write to you every day for a week, but the interruptions have been endless, and the unavoidable letters many. On Christmas Day I thought I should have a quiet day for writing, Mr. C. being to dine at Forster's. But a young German lady of whom I am very fond 'could not let me be left alone,' and came at eleven in the morning and stayed till nine at night; and then our Rector—bless him!—came when he left church and sat with me till eleven.

I wonder how you would have taken a thing that befell me last Wednesday? I was waiting before a shop in Regent Street for some items of stationery; and a young woman, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, with a child in her arms, thrust herself up to the carriage window and broke forth in a paroxysm of begging: refusing to stand aside even when the shopman was showing me envelopes. Provoked at her noise and pertinacity, I said: 'No, I will give you not a single penny as an encouragement to annoy others as you are annoying me.' If there be still such a thing as the evil eye, that beggar-woman fixed the evil eye on me, and said slowly, and hissing out the words: 'This is Wednesday, lady; perhaps you will be dead by Christmas Day, and have to leave all behind you! Better to have given me a little of it now!' and she scuttled away, leaving me with the novel sensation of being under a curse.

Would you have minded that after the moment? I can't say I took it to heart. At the same time, I was rather glad when, Christmas Day being over, I found myself alive and just as well as before.

Dr. B—— writes that his wife had been dreaming about

me again. Bessie is a most portentious dreamer. If I had been told this between the Wednesday and Christmas Day, it would really have frightened me, I think.

My dear, I have got five drops of my heart's blood congealed and fastened together to encircle your wrist, as a memorial of my last visit and as a New Year's blessing. I am hesitating whether to send it by post or by railway. I never lost, or knew personally of anything being lost by post except the Whigham butterfly, so I had best risk it; there is such confusion of parcels by rail at this time of year. Only I will not register it, as I always think that just points out to the covetous postman what is worth stealing.

Please to send a single line or an old newspaper by return of post, that I may be sure the thing has not misgone.

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 295.

Sunday night, January 5, 1865, went out to post-office with my last leaf of 'Frederick' MS. Evening still vivid to me. I was not joyful of mood; sad rather, mournfully thankful, but indeed half killed, and utterly wearing out and sinking into stupefied collapse after my 'comatose' efforts to continue the long flight of thirteen years to *finis*. On her face, too, when I went out, there was a silent, faint, and pathetic smile, which I well felt at the moment, and better now! Often enough had it cut me to the heart to think what she was suffering by this book, in which she had no share, no interest, nor any word at all; and with what noble and perfect constancy of silence she bore it all. My own heroic little woman! For long months after this I sank and sank into ever new depths of stupefaction and dull misery of body and mind; nay, once or twice into momentary spurts of impatience even with her, which now often burn me with vain remorse: Madame Elise, e.g.—I sulkily refused to alight at the shop there, though I saw and knew she gently wished it (and right well deserved it); Brompton Museum (which she took me to, always so glad to get me with her,

and so seldom could). Oh, cruel, cruel! I have remembered Johnson and Uttoxeter, on thought of that Elise cruelty more than once; and if any clear energy ever returned to me, might some day imitate it.—T. C.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Feb. 1865.

My dear,—The box is come, and this time the eggs have been a great success, not a single one broken! Neither were the cakes broken to any inconvenient degree. Already they are half eaten, by myself. Mr. C. wouldn't take a morsel because 'there was butter in them—a fatal mistake on the part of poor Mary!' I told him I believed it was not butter but cream, and no 'mistake' at all; as the cakes you made for me in that way at the Gill agreed with me quite well. It was so kind of you to take immediate note of my longing! My dear little woman, you not only do kind things, but you do them in such a kind way! Many a kind action misses the grateful feelings it should win by the want of graciousness in the doing.

I continue improving; but a week of terrible pain has given me a good shake, and I don't feel in such good heart about the Devonshire visit as I did. Still it stands settled at present that we go on the 20th, God willing. For how long will depend on how Mr. C. gets on with his sleep, &c.

I shall take my housemaid with me as lady's-maid; for I shudder at the notion of being at the mercy of other people's servants when I am so weak and easily knocked down. She is a very respectable woman, the new housemaid, and both she and Mrs. Warren (the cook) were as kind to me as kind could be when I was laid up. I never was so well cared for before, and with so little fuss, since I left my mother's house. It is a real blessing to have got good, efficient, comfortable servants at last, and I may say

I have earned it by the amount of bad servants I have endured.

I have a great deal to do to-day, and little strength; so good-bye. I will write soon again.

Affectionately yours,
JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 296.

Mrs. Braid, Green End, Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Feb. 14, 1865.

My own dear Betty! Oh, I am sorry for you! sorrier than I can say in words! I know what a crushing sorrow this will be for you. I, who know your affectionate, unselfish heart, know that the consolations, which some would see for you in poor suffering George's death, will be rather aggravations of the misery! That you should have found at last rest from the incessant, anxious, wearing cares, that have been your lot for years and years—oh, so many years—will be no relief, no consolation to you! This rest will be to you, at first and for long, more irksome, more terrible than the strain on body and mind that went before. He that is taken from you was not merely your own only son, but he was too the occupation of your life, and that is the hardest of all losses to bear up under! Oh, Betty darling, I wish I were near you! If I had my arm about your neck, and your hand in mine, I think I might say things that would comfort you a little, and make you feel that, so long as I am in life, you are not without a child to love you. Indeed, indeed, it is the sort of love one has for one's own mother that I have for you, my dearest Betty! But here I am, four hundred miles away; and with so little power of locomotion compared with what I once had! And the words fall so cold and flat on paper!

I have been dangerously ill; about three weeks ago I got a chill, at least so the doctor said, and the result was inflammation of the bowels. I was in terrible agony for some days, and confined to bed for a week. I am still very feeble even for me; but there is no return of the miserable nervous illness, which kept me so ruined for more than a year. I cannot write much.

Give my thanks to Mrs. Duncan,[1] who seems a most kind, nice woman. I will write to her when I am a little more able. My kind regards to your husband.

Your own bairn,

JEANNIE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 297.

Seaforth (near Seaton, Devonshire) is the Dowager Lady Ashburton's pretty cottage, who waited for us at the station that Wednesday evening, and was kindness itself. It was Wednesday, March 8, 1865, when we made the journey. The day was dry and temperate; we had a carriage to ourselves, and she (though far weaker than I had the least idea of—stupid I!) made no complaint, nor, indeed, took any harm; though at the end (Lady Ashburton having brought an open carriage unfit for the coldish evening of a day so bright), we had to wrap our invalid in quite a heap of rugs and shawls, covering her very face and head; in which she patiently acquiesced, nor did she suffer by it afterwards.

I think we stayed above a month; and in spite of the noise, the exposure, etc., she did really well, slept wonderfully, and was charming in her cheerful weakness. She drove out almost or altogether daily. Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan were close neighbors, often fellow-guests. Sir Walter and I rode almost daily, on ponies; talk innocent, quasi-scientific even, but dull, dull! My days were heavy laden, but had in them something of hope. My darling's well-being helped much. Ah, me! ah, me! We drove to Exeter one day (Lady A., a Miss Dempster, and we two); how pretty and cheery her ways that day! Lady A. came up to London with us. From a newspaper we learned the death of Cobden (which may serve to date if needed).—T. C.

[1] Not known to me.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

Seaforth Lodge, Seaton, Devonshire: March 10, 1865.

Dearest,—I was to have written before I went on my travels, but adverse circumstances were too powerful. First, the nausea, which I think I complained of in my last letter, kept increasing, so that I had no heart to do anything that could be let alone till the last possible moment; and my last days were cramped full of shopping, and packing, and leave-taking, and settling with workmen about repairs, and white-washing to be done in my absence; so that any moment left me to bless myself in was devoted to lying quite down on the sofa, rather than letter-writing.

When we started on Wednesday morning, with, on my part, no sleep 'to speak of,' and five hours of railway before us, besides a carriage drive after, my mood was of the blackest. But George Cooke was at the station to look after our luggage; and, halfway, the sun broke out, and it was new country for me part of the way, and very beautiful. And the sheep, bless them, were not only white as milk, but had dear wee lambs skipping beside them! And the river, that falls into the sea near here, was not muddy and sluggish, like all the rivers (very few indeed) I had seen since I left dear Nith—but clear as crystal, and bright blue. And, at the end, such a lovely house, on a high cliff overlooking the bluest sea. And such a lovely and loveable hostess! So truly 'the latter end of that woman was better than the beginning.' I am glad to find the insane horror I conceived of the sea, all in one night at St. Leonards, has quite passed away. I love it again as I had always done till then; and rather regret that no sound of it reaches over the cliff.

But there is something I want to say to you, more interesting to me than the picturesque,—something that my

heart is set on—about your coming to see London. I know you would make no difficulty for my sake, if for nothing else. It is that calmly obstinate husband of yours, who carries his love of home to such excess, that is the 'lion in the way' for my imagination. Yet, if he knew how much good I expect to get of having you in London with me, and what efforts I will make to repay him for his efforts, he, who is so kind, so obliging to the poorest old women of the country-side, will surely not resist my entreaties. You are to understand that, besides the pleasure of the thing to me, your coming at the time I ask would be doing me a real service; Mr. C. is going on his travels shortly after our return to London from this place—some two or three weeks hence, if all goes right here, and I am to be left alone at Chelsea. Accompanying him would not suit me at all; indeed, several of the houses he is going to could not receive us both at a time, as we need two bedrooms. And then I should prefer doing my outing (as the Londoners call it) in autumn. So I shall be alone, needing company; and of all company, I should like best the Doctor's and yours. Then, when he is away, I have plenty of house-room, which is not the case when he is at home, seeing that he occupies two floors of the house 'all to himself!' And I have my time all to myself to show you about London, and my carriage to take you wherever you liked. Oh, my dear, it would be so nice! I have heard you say the Doctor could leave the bank [1] for a fortnight whenever he liked. Well! if he could not stay longer than a fortnight, he might bring you up; and see and do all that could be seen and done in one fortnight, and then leave you for a good while longer. You would have no difficulty in

[1] Dr. Russell's special employment for years back was superintendence of a country bank; but his gratis practice of *medicine*, and of every helpful thing in that region, continned and continnes (1869).

going back along the road you had come; or I might find someone going that direction to take charge of you; or, if you were very good, and stayed long enough, I would go and take charge of you myself, and stay, not three months next time (!) but a week or two. Oh, my darling, it would make me so glad! Surely, surely, you and the Doctor will not refuse me. Mr. Carlyle spoke of writing to you himself to press your staying with us till he returns.'

[*Not signed*] J. W. C.

LETTER 298.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row: May 4, 1865.

Darling,—When I came in to-day, and saw a letter from you on the table, I felt myself make as near an approximation to a blush as my sallow complexion is capable of. It was a little 'coal of fire' heaped on my head! For days back I had been thinking how neglectful I must seem to you, making no answer to that kindest of letters and of invitations, written, too, when you were ailing, and 'looking at the dark of things!' You had still managed to look at the bright of *me*, since you could believe that my presence would 'cheer you' instead of boring you. But it was not that I was really not caring to write, nor yet that I was giving way to physical languor (though that has been considerable). It was that for the last week or two I have been kept in a whirl of things which made it out of the question for me to sit down quietly, and make up my mind what to say.

Mr. C. has been sitting to Woolner for his bust; and it seems he 'is as difficult to catch a likeness of as a flash of lightning' is; so that it is a trying business for both sitter

[1] Alas! they never came.

and sculptor. I have had to drive up to Woolner's every two or three days, and climb steep endless stairs to tell what faults I see. And in connection with this bust, there has been such a sitting to photographers as never was heard of! Woolner wants a variety of photographs to work from, and the photographer wants a variety to sell! and Mr. Carlyle yields to their mutual entreaties. And then, when they have had their will of him, they insist on doing me (for my name's sake). And Mr. C. insists too, thinking always the new one may be more successful than former ones; so that, with one thing and another, I have been worried from morning till night, and postponed writing till I should have got leisure to think what was to be written. But I must not put off any longer, since you are getting uneasy about me.

I am not worse—indeed, as to the sickness and the sleeplessness I am rather better in both respects—but I am weak and languid, have little appetite, and am getting thinner. The best thing for me would be to get away; and away to you, rather than anywhere else! I know that well enough in both my heart and my head; but one cannot do just what one likes best, and even what is best for one. I could not go with Mr. C. for several reasons. First, having made up his mind to go off 'at his own sweet will,' and having understood that I was to stay behind, he would now find it a great incumbrance to take me with him. Second, I have invited Dr. B—— and Bessy to pay me a visit so soon as I have a bedroom for them; and they have promised to come for a few days.[1] About the end of May is the doctor's leisurest time at St. Leonards. Third, Mr. C. wants the dining-room papered, and fitted up with bookcases from the study at the top of the house; which is too long a climb for him now that 'Frederick' is done. That he expects me to 'see to' in

[1] They never came.

his absence. And how long it will take me to 'see to it' will depend on the workmen.

For the rest, I am uncertain how long he will be away; if 'months' (as he speaks of), there might still be time for me, after I had finished my business here, to rush off to Holm Hill, and stay as many weeks with you as I stayed *months* last year. I should so like it! And Mr. C. wouldn't object, though he would find it very absurd to be taking such a long journey so soon again. I put out a *feeler* the other night; Miss Dempster was pressing him to visit her when he should be in Forfarshire (he is going to Linlathen amongst other places), and I said: 'I shall perhaps be nearer you than he will be! Lady Airlie was pressing me so hard to-day to come to Cortachy Castle, that there is no saying but I will follow him north.' 'Indeed!' he said, not with a frown, but a smile. And I added, 'If he stays away long I may at least get the length of Dumfriesshire.' But till I get my workmen out of the house, and know something definite of Mr. C.'s plans, I can determine nothing. Will you let me leave it open? I like so ill to say positively, and absolutely, 'No, I cannot come this year!' Because, you see, having a character for standing by my word to keep up, I could not, after an absolute 'no' said now, avail myself of any facilities for going to you which may turn up later. So may I leave the question open?

How absurd! In telling you on the other sheet how I was bodily, I quite forgot to mention my most serious ailment for the last six weeks. My right arm has gone the way that my left went two years ago, gives me considerable pain, so that I cannot lie upon it, or make any effort (such as ringing a bell, opening a window, &c. &c.) with it; and if anyone shakes my hand heartily, I—shriek! Geraldine Jewsbury is always asking, 'Have you written to Dr. Russell yet about your arm?' But what could

anyone do before for the other arm? All that was tried was useless except quinine; and quinine destroys my sleep. I must just hope it will mend of itself as the other did. Your ever-attached friend,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 299.

To-day (August 9, 1866) I have discovered in drawers of pedestal these mournful letters of my darling in 1865. They had lain torn in my writing-case, till their covers were all lost, and there is now no correct dating of them. I have tried to save the sequence and be as correct as I could. Here are the cardinal dates. About May 20 I went to Dumfries, thence to the Gill; and she, here at home (courageous little soul!), began doing this room (the very beauty of which now pains and amazes me).

Beginning of May her right arm took ill, as her left had done last year, and she painfully went and came between Streatham and here for some time (perhaps near a fortnight), writing with her left hand. June 17, she passed me (little guessing of her in the rail) and went to Holm Hill; very ill then too, still left hand; and thence in July to Nithbank, and after about ten or twelve days (middle or farther of July) went home somewhat better; got her room done, recovered her right hand, and went to Folkstone to Miss Bromley's for a few days (which proved her last visit, little as I then anticipated). Her beautiful figure and presence welcoming me home (end of August) will never leave my memory more. —T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Hill, Dumfries.

5 Cheyne Row, Wednesday, May 24, 1865.

I wonder if you will get this letter to-morrow, should it be put in the pillar to-night? Dear! dear! should no word reach you till Friday morning, you will be 'vaixed,' and perhaps frightened besides.

The figure I cut on Monday morning was not encouraging. When I had cried a very little at being left by myself, I lay on the sofa till mid-day, not sleeping, but considering what to do for the best with this arm, which had got to a pitch, and was reducing me to the state of last year in

point of sleep. And the result of my considerations was, first, a note to Dr. B——, urging him and Bessy to keep their promise of spending a couple of days with me as soon as possible; and next, in the meantime, a call at Quilter's to order the old quinine pills and a bottle of castor oil. If I am to be kept awake all night at any rate by the pain, I may as well have recourse to the only prescription which did any good to the other arm—even at the cost of sleep. That first day I also called at the carpenter's, to *leer* himself, for he 'had great things to do.' Then on to luncheon at the Gomms'. Do you remember I was engaged to luncheon there? They have a beautiful, large, old-fashioned, cool house. And the luncheon was a sonnet done into dainties. I brought away Lord Lothian's book on America, but have not yet read a word of it, nor of anything else—not even of Mrs. Paulet's novel, nor my own 'Daily Telegraph.' On my return, I came upon Geraldine in Cheyne Row; and she 'could not leave me' till ten at night, I 'looked such a ghost.'

On Tuesday I had to take Mrs. Blunt to make calls at Fulham; and then I 'did the civil thing' to Mrs. F——. F—— was in, and talked much of your 'gentleness and tenderness of late,' and the 'much greater patience you had in speaking of everybody and everything.' And I thought to myself, 'If he had only heard you a few hours after that walk with him, in which you had made such a lamblike impression!' He expressed a wish to read Mrs. Paulet's novel, and I have sent it to him. A very curious, clever, 'excessively ridiculous, and perfectly unnecessary' book is Mrs. Paulet's novel, so far as I have read in the first volume. And Mrs Paulet herself I don't know what to make of, for I have seen her. In my saintly forgiveness and beautiful pity I left a card for her yesterday; and she came a few hours after; and Geraldine, too, came; and I was not left alone till half-past ten, when it was too late to write.

This morning (I don't know by what right) I expected a letter from you, which did not come till the afternoon. And positively I was almost well pleased there was no letter—to answer, for I had 'indulged in a cup' of castor oil, and was—oh, so sick; and besides, that matter had unexpectedly taken to 'culminating' again. Last night there had come from Jessie Hiddlestone a very nice letter, not accepting my rejection on the score of the 'situation' being 'too dull for her,' but assuring me that she would not 'be the least dull and discontented,' and 'altogether' throwing a quite different and rosier colour on the project. I will inclose the letter, and you will read it, and tell me if you think I was right in being moved thereby to engage her; for that is what I have done this forenoon, in the middle of my sorrows of castor oil!

For the rest I have no doubt you will get better, and do well there for a time. Perhaps I shall take flight myself if my terrible nights continue too long for endurance and this wearing pain lasts. It is pulling me down sadly; and neuralgia has such an effect on the spirits.

One thing I have to say, that I beg you will give ear to. I have not recovered yet the shock it was to me to find, after six months, all those weak, wretched letters I wrote you from Holm Hill 'dadding about' in the dining-room; and should you use my letters in that way again I shall know it by instinct, and not write to you at all! There!

Please return Jessie Hiddlestone's letter.

Your ever affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 300.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., The Hill, Dumfries.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Saturday, May 27, 1865.

I think, dear, you must have lost a day this week—must have—stop! No! I should have said—gained a day!

You bid me 'not bother myself writing to-morrow, but send a word on Saturday.' And the to-morrow is Saturday. This day on which I am not to 'bother myself writing' is Saturday. I posted a letter to you yesterday at the right time. That night post is later than you think. It was past nine when Fanny put in the pillar the letter you received the following evening at eight.

My quinine and castor oil have quite failed of doing the good to my right arm which they formerly did to my left. The pain gets more severe and more continuous from day to day. Last night it kept me almost entirely awake. I often wonder that I am able to keep on foot during the day, and take my three hours' drives, and talk to the people who come to relieve my loneliness, with that arm always in pain, as if a dog were gnawing and tearing at it! But anything rather than the old nervous misery, which was not to be called pain at all! positive natural pain I can bear as well as most people. But I wish Dr. B—— would come! Perhaps he can deal with a reality like this, though he could 'do nothing against hysterical mania!'[1] I got the thing he mentioned, Veratrine lineament, yesterday, from Quilter; and Geraldine rubbed it in for an hour last night. But, as I said, last night was the worst!

George Cooke said you desired him to 'come often, and look after me!' 'Perfectly unnecessary;' I mean the desiring! Couldn't you fetch up Noggs[2] to Dumfries. So much walking in such hot weather must be tiring.

All good be with you.

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

[1] His phrase to me one day at St. Leonards—in that desperate time.

[2] My saucy little Arab (gift of Lady Ashburton).

LETTER 301.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Thursday, June 1, 1865.

Dearest,—'You must excuse us the day.' I really cannot use my hand without extreme pain; and Geraldine has not come in to write for me.

I am just going off to Dr. Quain; since Dr. B—— is postponed into the vague. I have been quite wild with the pain, the last two nights and days. To-morrow I will go to these good Macmillans whom you sneered at as my 'distinguished visitors.' None of the more 'distinguished' have come to me with such practical help and sympathy. They are just the right distance off. I can have my carriage come and take me home any day to look after the house; and for a drive as usual.

I think you will be better at the Gill than the Hill, in spite of the grand house, if you can only sleep through the railway; and do not indulge too far in curds and cream for dinner.

God bless you.

Your lamed

GOODY.

LETTER 302.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Streatham Lane:[1] Saturday, June 3, 1865.

Dearest,—You are so good about writing that you deserve to be goodly done by; so I write a few lines to-day 'under difficulties,' though you gave me an excuse for putting off, in saying you could not hear till Tuesday. But I must study brevity, the soul of wit, for the cost of physical pain at which I write is something you can hardly conceive!

[1] Mr. Macmillan's house (fine old-fashioned suburban villa there).

When I got your letter telling me to hold my hand, it was too late! I had set my heart on doing one more stroke of work (my sort of work), fitting up one more room before I died!' It was all very well to say 'give the room a good cleaning.' But no amount of mere cleaning could give that room a clean look, with that *oory*, dingy paint and paper. To put clean paper without fresh paint would only have made the dirtiness of the paint more flagrant. And if the painting was not done whilst you were away, when was there a chance of doing it? I knew I couldn't sleep in wet paint; but I looked to finding a bed somewhere: and the offer of one here came most opportunely.

The day before leaving home I went to Dr. Quain, who did me at least the good of being extremely kind, and eager to help me. He said I had 'much fever;' and gave me a prescription for that, and two other prescriptions. And when I returned from here, I was to tell him, and he would 'run over.' I said to him that Dr. B—— had declared I had no organic disease, but only a strong predisposition to gout! 'Quite right,' he said, 'that is the fact.' 'Then,' I asked, 'perhaps this affair in my arm, so much more painful than what I had in the left arm, is gout?' 'I have not the least doubt that it is!!' was his answer. Pleasant!

Well! I came here about five yesterday; and the good simple people welcomed me most honestly; and Mr. Macmillan sang Scotch songs, which would have charmed you, all the evening, the governess playing an accompaniment. At eleven I retired to my beautiful bedroom, the largest, prettiest, freshest bedroom I ever was put to sleep in! And then they left me to the society of a watchdog, chained under my window!!! It barked and growled and howled in the maddest manner till they set it loose

[1] Alas, and this was it: often have I remembered that word.

at seven in the morning. Of course I never closed my eyes for one minute all the night! and I got up in the morning a sadder and a wiser woman! How to get away without hurting feelings? I was the wretchedest woman till I got it settled softly, that when the carriage comes for me to-day to take me home for an inspection of the work, it should not bring me back, but leave me to sleep or wake in my own quiet bed; and to come out to-morrow to spend the day, and sleep here or there after, as I liked best. The dog to be 'removed to a greater distance.' So address to Cheyne Row.

Dr. Quain said I must go as soon as possible to Scotland, 'as it had agreed so well with me last year.' I said I shuddered at the length of the journey; he reminded me that I had done it with impunity last year when I was weaker than now. I suppose it will come to that before long! I need have no doubt about my welcome.

Since you are not disturbed by that railway which drove me mad, you will do well at Mary's; she is so kind and unfussing. But you must not exceed in milk diet, &c.! 'You must have mutton!

And oh, take care with Noggs on these hilly roads! Oh, my dear, I am not up to more; my arm is just as if a dog had got it in its teeth, and were gnawing at it, and shaking at it furiously.

Love to Mary. Your ever affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 303.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Wednesday, June 7, 1865.

Dear Mr. Carlyle,—You will be disappointed to see my handwriting, instead of Jane's; but to-day it is not a matter of choice, but of necessity; for the pain and swelling in her hand and fingers make them entirely

helpless; and she has to feed herself with the left hand. She has just come in from Mrs. Macmillan's; and has been selecting a paper for the dining-room. She incloses the three patterns, which we all think the prettiest of those submitted to us; and she says, Will you please to say which of the three *you* like the best? I think Jane is a shade better than when she went last Friday; but still to-day she is very poorly, and pulled down by the pain, which seems to increase. She would sleep if it were not for that; she does manage to sleep a little. Everything, she says, is most charmingly comfortable; and the dog has been reduced to silence.

My great hope is in Scotland; and she seems to look forward to going, which in itself is a good thing. Please to address your next letter to Streatham Lane, as they are delayed by coming here first.

I am, dear Mr. Carlyle,
Yours very respectfully,
GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY.

LETTER 304.

In pencil, with the left hand, and already well done.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Streatham: Monday, June 12, 1865.

Dearest,—I will write before returning home. There will be neither peace nor time there. Thanks! I never needed more to be made much of. I must tell you about my hand: you think the swelling more important than it is; the two middle fingers were much as now for some weeks before you left, but with the thumb and forefinger I could still do much; now the forefinger is as powerless and pained as the other two; that is all the difference, but a conclusive one, for one can do nothing with only a thumb! I could sometimes sit down and cry. The pain —the chief pain—that which wakes me from my sleep is

in the shoulder and forearm. Even hopeful Dr. Quain does not tell me I shall soon get back my hand, only tells me blandly I must learn to write with my left; and it was he who told me to take a black-lead pencil. I went to him on Friday by appointment when I had finished the antifebrile powders. I think they have quieted me. He gave me a bumper of champagne; was kind as kind could be; desired me to try the quinine once more; said Dr. B——'s prescription was an 'admirable suggestion, and well worth my trying, but, as it would cause me a good deal of pain and feverishness, I had better wait till after my journey to Scotland.' He does me real good by his kindness.

My visit here has been a great success, so far as depended on my host and hostess; and I am certainly better in my general health for all the nourishing things they have put into me by day and by night. It is a place you might fly to in a bilious crisis. Quiet as heaven, when the dog is in the wash-house.

Bellona (my mare) has given me a fine fright. You would never believe she was not safe to be left. It has been the nearest miss of herself and the carriage being all smashed to pieces! She has escaped miraculously without scratch. The carriage has not been so fortunate. I am not up to writing the narrative to-day.

Love to my dear kind Mary.

Your loving but unfortunate

J. W. C.

LETTER 305.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Railway Hotel, Carlisle: Saturday, June 17, 1865.

Here I am! as well as could be expected, after travelling all night, choked in dust—an unprotected female with one arm! It is no sudden thought striking me!

My mind has been made up to 'try a change,' ever since my last interview with Dr. Quain, and to try it with as little delay as possible. But I would not tell you I was coming; because it was important that I should travel by night; and for you to meet me at Carlisle would have necessitated your sleeping there (an impossibility!) or else your starting from the Gill at an unearthly hour. Kindest not to place you in the dilemma!

Up to the last moment, I schemed about taking the Gill on my road to Dumfries and appointing you to meet me. But I was sure to be awfully tired, just every atom of strength needed to carry me on to Thornhill without increasing my fatigues by the smallest demand, or by any avoidable 'emotion of the mind.' To stay here a couple of hours, and have breakfast and rest; and then on past Cummertrees, with shut eyes, to the place of my destination, seemed the wisest course. To this, since my arrival here, has been added the sublime idea to throw out a note for you, and a sixpence at Cummertrees; as it had suddenly flashed on me that no letter from me could reach you by post till Tuesday. So soon as I am rested, I will make an appointment with you to meet at Dumfries, if you would rather not come on to Holm Hill.

To think that I shall fly past within a quarter of a mile of you presently; and you will have no perception of my nearness!

Yours ever.

A kiss to Mary.

J. W. C.

LETTER 306.

The 'Saturday' in this letter must refer to the visit she proposed making us at the Gill. Jamie of Scotsbrig particularly invited. Mournfully I ever recollect the day: bright and sunny; Jamie punctually there; I confidently expecting. Fool! I had not the

least conception of her utter feebleness, and that she was never to visit 'The Gill' more! Train passed. I hung about impatiently till the gig should return from Cummertrees Station—with her, I never doubted. It came with John instead, to say she had been obliged to stop at Dumfries, and I must come thither by the next train: 'be exact; there will be a two and a half or three hours for us there still.' I went (with John, Jamie regretfully turning home). She was so pleasant, beautifully cheerful, and quiet, I enjoyed my three hours without misgiving. Fool! fool!—and yet there was a strange infinitude of sorrow and pity encircling all things and persons for me—her beyond all others, though being really myself as if crushed flat after such a 'flight' of twelve or thirteen years, latterly on the Owen 'comatose' terms. I was stupefied into blindness! The time till her train should come was beautiful to me and everybody. Cab came for her, I escorting (the rest walked, for it was hardly five minutes off). Train was considerably too late. An old and good dumb 'Mr. Turner,' whom she recognised and remembered kindly after forty years, was brought forward at her desire by brother John. Her talk with Turner (by slate and pencil, I writing for her)—ah me! ah me! It was on the platform-seat, under an awning; she sat by me; the great, red, sinking sun flooding everything: day's last radiance, night's first silence. Grand, dumb, and unspeakable is that scene now to me. I sat by her in the railway carriage (empty otherwise) till the train gave its third signal, and she vanished from my eyes. —T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill.

Holm Hill: Wednesday, June 28, 1865.

I cannot make it Friday, dear—at least, could not without rudeness to a nice woman who has always been kind to me. I am engaged to dine with my sort of a cousin, Mrs. Hunter, on Friday, having been invited for Thursday, and asked to have the day changed to Friday. And last year, when she had got up a dinner for me, I had to send an excuse at the last hour, being too ill. To-morrow you will now be hardly expecting me. So let us say Saturday; if that does not suit there will be time to tell me. 'The wine I drink?' Oh, my! That it should be come

to that. But surely you ought not to be without wine, setting aside me.

Don't be bothering, making plans embracing me. The chief good of a holiday for a man is just that he should have shaken off home cares—the foremost of these a wife. Consider that, for the present summer, you have nothing to do with me, but write me nice daily letters, and pay my bills. I came on my own hook, and so will I continue, and so will I go! To be living *in family* in some country place is just like no holiday at all, but like living at home 'under difficulties.' Shall I ever forget 'the cares of meat' at Auchtertool House?[1] ever forget the maggots generated by the sun in loins of mutton on the road from Kirkcaldy, and all the other squalid miseries of that time, for which I, as housewife, was held responsible, and had my heart broken twenty times a day? Well, my worried arm is pain enough for the present, without recalling past griefs. To-day, however, I feel rather easier. And I had more and better sleep last night. Thanks to exhaustion! for the preceding night I had not closed my eyes at all.

It is such a pity but I could have a little bodily ease. For I was never more disposed to be content with 'things in general.' I could really feel 'happy,' if it were not for my arm, and the perfectly horrid nights it causes me.

Jessie Hiddlestone is in Thornhill, awaiting my orders —the most promising-looking servant we have had since her mother. I am greatly pleased with her, and so glad I had faith in breed and engaged her. Many were eager to have her. But she was 'prood to go back to the family.' 'The family?' Where are they?

My dear, your observation of handwritings is perfectly amazing. You take Geraldine's writing for mine, Mr. Macmillan's for Geraldine's. And now I send you a charming, witty, grateful little letter of Madame Ven-

[1] In 1859: 'Cares of bread.'—Mazzini's phrase.

turi's, with vignette ' of Venturi sawing ; and you seem to have taken it for Mrs. Paulet's. You could not possibly have read the letter, or you could not have made such a mistake ; so I advise you to read it now, with a key : ' The Gorilla ' means George Cooke, ' M ' stands for Mazzini, the sawer Venturi.

Since you wish to know, I have gone back to sherry. And now good-bye till Saturday, unless I hear to the contrary. My left hand had taken the cramp, so this is the writing of the housemaid, who takes the opportunity to assure you that she means to be a very good girl, and try to please you, for the sake of her mother, who liked you so well.

J. CARLYLE.

[Madame Venturi had been Miss Ashurst, of a well-known London parentage. She had (and has) fine faculties, a decidedly artistic turn, which led her much to Italy, &c. Venturi was a Tyrolese Venetian (ex-Austrian military cadet, and also Garibaldist to the bone, consequently in a bad Italian position), who had fallen in love at first sight, &c., &c. ; and was now fitting up a modest English house for wife and self. Within a year he died tragically—as will be seen.—T. C.]

LETTER 307.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Gill, Annan.

Nith Bank, Thornhill : Tuesday.

Dearest,—A regular wet day. No drive possible. Well, the image of driving you have just set before my imagination—you driving me with Noggs in London—is quite enough for one day. It melts the marrow in my bones ! Nor is there much relief in turning to that other picture—little Mary flying through the air in one of his ' explosions ' and breaking her skull ! If you were to put

[1] Maid's writing begins.

an advertisement in the newspapers that the horse of Thomas Carlyle was for sale, there would be competition for the possession of it.

The housemaid, while combing my hair this morning, fell to telling me of 'ever so many young drapers, an' the like,' that of her knowledge had 'run frae Thornhill to the station to get a bare look o' Mr. Carlyle! And when Mr. Morrison' (the minister of Durrisdeer) 'cam' to his dinner yesterday, the first word oot o' his heed, on the very door-steps, was: "Is Mrs. Carlyle still here?" He never asket for Mrs. Ewart or the ither ladies, but only for you, mem!' I endeavoured to inform her mind by telling her, 'Yes; people liked to see any lady much spoken of, whether for good or ill. If Dr. Pritchard[1] had been at the station, all Thornhill together would have run to see him.' 'Oddsake!' said the girl, 'I daresay they would; I daresay ye're richt; but I never thocht o' that afore.'

Geraldine writes that never was such 'emotion' excited by a speech as by this of Mill's. 'Public Opinion' came addressed to you at Nith Bank in Mrs. Warren's[2] hand. How she came to know the name Nith Bank I am puzzled to know.

I took the quinine and iron yesterday twice, and slept rather sounder than otherwise. But I had a badish headache all morning. Nevertheless I took another dose before breakfast, as Dr. Russell had ordered, and the headache is wearing off.

I adhere to the intention of Dumfries for Friday, if it suit you and Mary.

Affectionately,

JANE.

[1] Glasgow prisoner in those weeks.
[2] Servant here.

LETTER 308.

Monday, July 24.—Early in the forenoon I was waiting at Dumfries for her train Londonward; got into her carriage (empty otherwise), and sate talking and encouraging as I could to Annan (which would hardly be an hour). Servant Jessie was in the same train; also Jamie Aitken, junior, for Liverpool. I felt in secret extremely miserable; agitated she, no doubt, and even terrified, but resolute—and *the lid shut down.* I little thought it would be her last railway journey.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday, July 27, 1865.

All goes well still, dearest, and this time nothing serious is *manquing.* The second night, as I expected, I slept 'beautiful.' Three hours without a break, to begin with. When I woke from that, I not only didn't know where I was, but didn't know who I was! As I got out of bed (by force of habit) to look at my watch, I was saying to myself, 'It can't be me that has made this fine sleep. It must be somebody else.' It was a full minute, I am sure, before I could satisfy myself that I hadn't been changed into somebody else. Then I slept piecemeal till seven o'clock, when I was startled erect by what seemed the house falling. Jessie came at my call, looking very guilty, and explained that it was she, who had been coming downstairs very softly, for fear of waking me, and, having new shoes on, had 'slid and sossed down on her back,' just opposite my bed-head. Luckily she was none the worse for the fall. A greater contrast than that young woman is to Fanny cannot be figured. So quick, so willing, so intelligent; never needs to be told a thing twice; and so warmly human! My only fear about her is that she will be married up away from me. Mrs. Warren calls her 'my dear,' and they get on charmingly together.

The person who addressed the newspaper to you at 'Coming Trees' was Fanny, who had called to ask if I would 'see a lady' for her, and Mrs. Warren being busy asked her to address the newspaper.

On Tuesday Bellona, who had been warned a week before, came round at one; and after some shopping I called at Grosvenor Street, and found Miss Bromley at home—a satisfaction which I owed to the youngest of the three pugs, 'Jocky,' who was 'suffering from the heat.' She was delighted to see me; most anxious I should come to her at Folkestone; and told me, to my great joy, that Lady A. had not started on the 21st; wasn't going till Thursday (to-day); was staying at Bath House, but gone that morning to Bath for one day. I left a card and message at Bath House on the road home. Yesterday (Wednesday) I drove to Bath House, the first thing when I went out at one, and found the lady looking lovely in a spruce little half-mourning bonnet; and she would, 'if it was within the bounds of possibility,' come to me in the evening 'between ten and eleven;' and I went in her carriage with her (my own following) to Norfolk Street (Mrs. Anstruther's) to see baby, who is going with her mother to Germany after all. I left her there, and got into my own carriage, and went and bought my birthday present with the sovereign—at least, I paid out fifteen shillings of it. On what? My dear, the thing I bought was most appropriate, and rather touching. I drove to the great shop in Conduit Street, where the world is supplied with 'trusses,' 'laced stockings,' and mechanical appliances for every species of human derangement, and bought a dainty little sling for my arm. The mere ribbon round my neck hurt my neck, and drew my head down. This fastens across the back, and is altogether a superior contrivance. I don't believe in Dr. Russell's prediction any more than you do. At all rates, there was no call on him

to state so hopeless a view of the question when I was not asking his opinion at all. It could do no harm to leave me the consolation of hope. But I will hope in spite of him. Indeed, it seems to me that ever since he said I should never get the use of my hand, nor get rid of the pain there, that a spirit of protest and opposition has animated the poor hand, and set it on trying to do things it had for some time ceased from doing.

Lady A. did come last night—came at half after eleven, and stayed till near one! Mrs. Austruther was left sitting in the carriage, and sent up to say 'it was on the stroke of twelve;' and then, with Lady A.'s permission, I invited her up; and if it hadn't been for her I don't think Lady A. would have gone till daylight! She said in going, 'My regards—my—what shall I send to him?' (you). 'Oh,' I said, 'send him a kiss!' 'That is just what I should like,' she said; 'but would he not think it forward?' 'Oh, dear, not at all!' I said. So you are to consider yourself kissed. I am going up to Bath House now. She goes at night.

Lady Stanley writes to ask how I am, and to beg that you will come that way.

What a long letter! I ought to have said that all this did not give me a bad night. Of course I did not sleep as on the preceding night, but better than I ever did at Holm Hill; and the pain in my arm is really less since I came home.

Yours affectionately,
JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 309.

T. Carlyle, Esq.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Sunday, July 30, 1865.

I will write to-night, dearest, while the way is open to me. To-morrow I shall be busy from the time I get up

till Bellona comes for me; and after driving there is no time, as I take the three hours at least every day. It is such 'a privilege' (as Maria's mother would say) to have a carriage and a Bellona 'all to oneself,' independent of all agricultural operations. I don't feel it too warm a bit when I haven't to walk on the hot pavement, though they are celebrating the thermometer at 85° in the shade. But anyhow Miss Bromley is irresistibly pressing; and I have promised to go to her about the twelfth, whether my work here is done or not. She will write to you, to urge your joining me, which you will do—won't you?—if I, on surveying the premises, can promise you a tolerably quiet bedroom. Of course I shall take Jessie, as I can't put my clothes off and on yet without help. I think of staying about a fortnight.

I am sorry you gave up the sailing and Thurso. Sailing agrees with you, and you had good sleep at Thurso. 'The good, the beautiful, and the true' came last evening, to inquire how I was after my journey, and to tell me, who knew nothing and cared less, how he had written letters of introduction for Dr. Carlyle, and sent them to the captain of some steamer, &c. &c., and how his wife had set her heart on having a lock of your hair and mine set in a brooch, and he had promised her to try and complete her wishes. And it ended—for happily everything does end—in his begging and receiving the last pen you used, to be kept under a glass case. I have seldom seen a foolisher hero-worshipper. But the greatest testimony to your fame seems to me to be the fact of my photograph—the whole three, two of them very ugly (Watkins's)—stuck up in Macmichael's shop-window. Did you ever hear anything so preposterous in your life? And what impertinence on the part of Watkins! He must have sent my three along with your nine to the wholesale man in Soho Square, without leave asked.

But it proves the interest or curiosity you excite; for being neither a 'distinguished authoress,' nor 'a celebrated murderess,' nor an actress, nor a 'Skittles' (the four classes of women promoted to the shop-windows), it can only be as Mrs. Carlyle that they offer me for sale.

I continue to sleep on the improved principle, and my arm continues less painful, and my hand, if not more capable, is at least more venturesome.

I saw Dr. Quain on Saturday, and he 'approved highly of my present course of treatment—that is, taking neither quinine nor anything else.' I told him what Dr. Russell had said, and his answer was, 'How could he know? That is what nobody could say but God Almighty.'

I drove to Streatham Lane to-day, and saw the Macmillans; also Mr. and Mrs. George Craik.[1] Mr. Macmillan is greatly delighted with him as a junior partner. They did not look at all ill-matched. His physical sufferings have made up in looks the ten years of difference. He has got an excellent imitation leg, and walks on it much better than American James.

God keep you.

Your affectionate

JANE.

LETTER 310.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row, Aug. 7, 1865.

Dearest,—Just a line to say that all goes well with my health. I continue to sleep better—almost to sleep well; and the pain is greatly gone out of my arm, and I use my hand a little; this charming penmanship is from my right hand.

But I have no time for elaborate writing. I was never busier in my life; about three thousand volumes have

[1] Miss Mulock once, now a current authoress of *John Halifax*, &c. &c.

had to pass through my hands, and be arranged on the shelves by myself; nobody else could help me. The new room is getting finished, and will strike Mr. C. dumb with admiration when he comes.

Yours affectionately,
JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 311.

Brother John and I, as I now recollect, were in and about Edinburgh, Stowe, Newbattle (I *solus* for a call); then Linlathen both, for some days; whence to Stirling of Keir (dreary rail journey, dreary all, though in itself beautiful and kind); thence to Edinburgh (John's bad lodging there, &c.), after which back to Dumfriesshire—to Scotsbrig, I suppose. Before this I had been three days at Keswick with my valued old friend, T. Spedding; walked to *Bassenthwaite Ha's*. (Seen five-and-forty years ago and not recognisable!) Nothing could exceed my private weariness, sadness, misery, and depression. Little thought it was, within few months, to be all sharpened into poignancy and tenderest woe, and remain with me in that far exceeding if somewhat nobler form.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Friday, Aug. 12, 1865.

Dearest,—It all came of yon being moving, and me sitting still! I didn't know exactly when and where a letter would find yon, and was occupied enough to avail myself of the shabby excuse for spending no time in writing. Besides, the time is always much longer for the person on his travels than for the one at home. And your right address did not reach me in time for that day's post. It came to hand at tea-time, as did yesterday's newspaper. So I could only answer at night to be ready for the post of yesterday. To-day I send a line or two, remembering that Sunday you can get nothing.

Jessie and I are alone just now, Mrs. Warren having petitioned for 'her holiday.' No age exempts people

here from the appetite for holidays. She left on Wednesday afternoon, and does not return till Sunday, in time to see me off on Monday. As that new journey comes near, I shudder at it considerably. '*Stava bene!*'

If you cannot be at the trouble to go out to Betty's, do send her a line, telling where and when she can come to you. She will read in the newspapers that you are in Edinburgh, and break her poor old heart over it if she gets no sight of you.' She has already had one bad disappointment in not seeing me when I was so near.

We had a great thunderstorm last evening, and the air to-day is delightfully fresh. I had poor little Madame Reichenbach at tea with me, and her husband came late to take her home; and the thunder burst, and the rain fell; and the lamp was burning dim; and the dingy little countess from time to time made little moaning speeches in English—unintelligible, 'upon my honour!'—and Reichenbach, as usual, sat with crossed arms, and knitted brows, silent as the tombs! And to let them walk home in such pouring wet seemed too cruel; and they had no shilling to take a cab; and I would gladly have paid a cab for them, but, of course, dared not! And, 'altogether, the situation was rather exquisite!'[2]

And now I must conclude, and prepare for Bellona. That poor beast behaves quite well at present. Of course, old Silvester never quits the box. I couldn't have the heart to complain about his having grown old.

I will send my address—or stop! 'Tuesday next!'—perhaps better send it now:

'Care of Miss Davenport Bromley,
'4 Langhorne Gardens, West Cliff, Folkestone.'

Yours lovingly,
JANE CARLYLE.

[1] I did go.

[2] 'Pang which was exquisite.' Foolish phrase of Godwin's in his *Life of Mary Wollstonecraft.*

LETTER 312.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

Folkestone: Saturday, Aug. 19, 1865.

Dearest,—It will be surest to direct to Scotsbrig; one might easily fail of hitting you on the wing at Edinburgh! But I wish you could have brought yourself to go for a few days to the Lothians;[1] their patience and perseverance in asking you deserved a visit! And it is rather perverse, this sudden haste to get home while I am not there to receive you! Don't you think it is? For your own sake, however, I do entreat you to break the long journey by either stopping at Alderley, or making out that visit to Foxton.[2] Alderley, which you know, and are sure of a fine quiet bedroom at, would be best. It is such a pity to arrive at home entirely fevered, and knocked up with that journey, as always happens; and then you take it to be 'London' that is making you ill!

Then, if you stayed a few days at Alderley, I could stay out the fortnight I undertook for here, and be home in time to give you welcome. I should go home on Monday week (Monday, 28th) in the course of nature. I suppose this place is good for me; I have slept so much—more than in any other week for the last three years! But I don't feel stronger for all this sleep, nor more able to eat, or to walk. One day that I tried walking, about as far as from Cheyne Row to the hospital, I had to come home ignominiously in a donkey-cart. But the drives don't tire me, especially since Miss Bromley has had her own carriage and horses sent down. Nor need there be any reflections for want of 'simmering stagnation!' There is not a human creature to speak to out of our own house;

[1] To Newbattle, where I spent a day.

[2] Frederic, my old German fellow-tourist: his cottage 'near Rhayader' was of route too intricate for me.

and in it, the pugs have the greatest share of the conversation to themselves!

I cannot forgive Thomas Erskine for taking up and keeping up with such a woman as that Mrs. ——. Letting you be driven out by Mrs. ——!

I am so glad you went to see dear Betty; it will be something good for her to think of for a year to come!

Do write distinctly the when, and the how, of your home-coming. What do you think? I have exactly two sovereigns in the world! enough to pay the servants here, and my railway fare home, and no more!! Yet I have not been extravagant that I am aware of. I had to pay Silvester before I went to Scotland sixteen pounds eleven shillings and four pence; and to ditto after my return five pounds seventeen shillings. And Freure[1] couldn't get on without 'something towards the work;' and I paid him ten pounds.

£	*s.*	*d.*
16	11	4
10	0	0
5	17	0
32	8	4

making up in all one half of my house-money. Then your being away makes no difference in the rent, taxes, servants' wages, keep, &c. And for my being away myself, I certainly have to pay to other people's servants more than it would cost me for individual 'living's cares!'

I had indeed, besides the house-money, my own fifteen pounds, of which the two sovereigns above mentioned are the sad remains. But, when these pounds came to hand, I owed for my summer bonnet and cloak; and I had some little presents to buy, to take with me to Scotland,

[1] The Chelsea carpenter.

besides a gown for myself. The only part of my own money I can be said to have spent needlessly was a guinea and a half for—you would never guess what!—for a miniature of you!! Such a beauty! Everyone who sees it screams with rapture over it—even Ruskin!

But my hand will do no more.

Miss Bromley bids me say, 'that fourfooted animal sends his respects' ('and put that in inverted commas, please!'). She is good as possible to me.

Yours lovingly,
JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 313.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

4 Langhorne Gardens, Folkestone: Aug. 23, 1865.

I am going to make an attempt at putting on paper the letter that has been in my head for you, dear, ever since I came to this place. I had even begun to write it two or three days ago, when at the first words my conscience gave me a smart box on the ear, reminding me that I hadn't written one word to Mrs. Ewart since I left her, after all her kindness to me, whereas to you I had written once and again; so my pen formed, quite unexpectedly for myself, the words 'Dear Mrs. Ewart,' instead of 'Dearest Mary.' To be sure there have been leisure hours enough since. Life here is made up of 'leisure hours'; but just the less one does, as I long ago observed, the less one can find time to do. I get up at nine, and it takes me a whole mortal hour to dress, without assistance. At ten we sit down to breakfast, and talk over it till eleven. Then I have to write my letter to Mr. Carlyle; then I make a feeble attempt at walking on the cliff by the shore, which never fails to weary me dreadfully, so that I can do nothing after, till the first dinner

(called luncheon), which comes off at two o'clock; then between three and four we go out for a drive in an open barouche, with a pair of swift horses, and explore the country for three or four hours. On coming home we have a cup of tea, then rest, and dress for the second dinner at eight (nominally, but in reality half-past eight). At eleven we go to bed, very sleepy generally with so much open air. There is not a soul to speak to from without. But Miss Bromley and I never bore one another: when we find nothing of mutual interest to talk about, we have the gift, both of us, of being able to sit silent together without the least embarrassment. She is adorably kind to me, that 'fine lady!' and in such an unconscious way, always looking and talking as if it were I that was kind to her, and she the one benefited by our intimacy. And then she has something in her face, and movements, and ways, that always reminds me of my mother at her age.

I am sorry that Mr. Carlyle, after all his objections to my returning to London in August, should have taken it in his head to return to London in August himself. I find it so pleasant here; and am sleeping so wonderfully, that I feel no disposition to go back to Chelsea already; Miss Bromley having taken her house for five weeks, and being heartily desirous I should stay and keep her company. But a demon of impatience seems to have taken possession of Mr. C., and he has been rushing through his promised visits as if the furies were chasing him. Everything right, seemingly, wherever he went; the people all kindness for him; the bedrooms quiet and airy; horses and carriages at his command; and, behold, it was impossible to persuade him to stay longer than three days with Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen; ditto with Stirling, of Keir; and just three hours (for luncheon) at Newbattle with the Lothians; and by this time he is back at Scotsbrig (if all

have gone right), to stay 'one day or at most two,' preparatory for starting for Chelsea. It is really so unreasonable, this sudden haste—after so much dawdling—that I do not feel it my duty to rush home 'promiscuously' to receive him. I promised to stay here a fortnight at the least, and the fortnight does not complete itself till Monday next; so I have written to him that I will be home on Monday—not sooner—and begging him to break the journey, and amuse himself for a couple of days at Alderley Park, and then he would find me at home to receive him; since he won't do as Miss Bromley and I wish—come here for a little sea-bathing to finish off with.

It really is miraculous how soundly I have slept here, though I take two glasses of champagne, besides Manzanilla, every day at the late dinner. It couldn't have been sound, that champagne of poor, kind Mrs. ——'s, or it wouldn't have so disagreed with me. Here it always does me good. And the pain is entirely gone out of my arm; I can't move it any better yet, but that is small matter in comparison. I can do many things with my hand: write (as you see)—knit—I have knitted myself a pair of garters—I can play on the piano a little, and do a few stitches with a very coarse needle.

Kindest love to the Doctor.

Your ever affectionate
JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 314.

To Miss Welsh, Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Monday: Oct. 1865.

My dear Elizabeth,—I am very glad indeed of the photograph, and grateful to you for having had it done at last, knowing how all such little operations bore you. It is very satisfactory as a portrait too—very like and a

pleasant likeness—'handsome and ladylike' (the epithets that used to be bestowed on you in old times). Photography is apt to be cruel on women out of their teens; but this one is neither old-looking nor cross-looking. So thank you again with all my heart.

We have had a severe time of it with heat since our return to London. Plenty of people found it 'delicious,' but Mr. C. and I—and, indeed, the whole household, not excepting the cat—suffered in our stomachs, and even more in our tempers. It was quite curious to hear the cat squabbling with her cat companions in the garden—just as the cook and housemaid squabbled in the kitchen, or Mr. C. and I in the 'up stairs;' a general overflow of bile producing the usual results of irritability and disagreement. Now the weather is again favourable to the growth of the domestic virtues, and also, sad to say, to the development of rheumatism.

I paid a visit the other day, which interested me, to 'Queen Emma.' She is still in the house of Lady Franklin (the widow of that 'Sir John' that everybody used to sail away to 'seek'). When Lady Franklin made a journey to the Sandwich Islands, amongst other out-of-the-way places, she was received with great kindness by the 'royal family,' and is now repaying it by having 'the Queen' and her retinue to live with her; though *our* Queen has placed *her* apartments at Clarges' Hotel at the Sandwich Island Queen's disposition. We (Geraldine Jewsbury and I) were taken by Lady Franklin into the garden where the Queen was sitting writing, and 'much scandalized to receive us in a little hat, instead of her widow's cap,' which she offered to go in and put on. She is a charming young woman, in spite of the tinge of black—or rather green. Large black, beautiful eyes, a lovely smile, great intelligence, both of face and manner, a musical, true voice, a perfect English accent. Lady

Franklin introduced me as 'the wife of Mr. Carlyle, a celebrated author of our country.' 'I know him, I have read all about him, and read things he has written,' answered the Queen of the Sandwich Islands! In fact, the young woman seemed remarkably informed on 'things in general.' The funniest part of the interview, for me, was to hear Geraldine addressing Queen Emma always as 'Your Majesty,' in a tone as free and easy as one would have adopted to one's cat.

Do you remember Joseph Turner who was deaf and dumb? I saw him on the platform at Dumfries and spoke to him, and he has written to me—such a nice letter. I will send it when I have answered it. I cannot conceive how he should have known my father, he was too young.

I hope Ann has gone or is going to Dumfriesshire. It always does her good, that trip; and many people are glad of her coming. I saw her old friend Mrs. Gilchrist at Thornhill. How changed from the time she helped me to make woollen mattresses at Craigenputtock! The history she gave me of her accidents was most pitiful. I didn't like the daughter's looks much; but she had the room as clean as a pin, and spoke kindly enough, though roughly, to her mother.

Good-bye, dear Elizabeth!

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 315.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row: Wednesday, Oct. 11, 1865.

My dear little woman,—It is 'a black and a burning shame' that I should not have told you before now that the butter is good, very good! And Mr. C. eats it to his oat-cakes in preference to the Addiscombe fresh butter,

which is the best in the world. The girl—or I should say young woman (her age being thirty)—whom I brought from Thornhill is an admirable hand at oat-cakes, and is fond of being praised, as most of us are when we can get it! so is willing to do the cake-making of the family, though it isn't 'in her work.' And I seldom eat loaf-bread now, having taken it into my head that the oat-cakes do instead of rhubarb pills. She is a capital servant, that Jessie; and pleases Mr. Carlyle supremely, attending to all his little 'fykes and manœuvres' (as she calls it in her private mind) with a zeal and punctuality that leaves him nothing to wish. But to me she leaves a good deal to wish. Not in her work: she is clever and active, and has an excellent memory; but, as a woman, I might wish her different in some respects. With a face that captivates everyone by its 'brightness and sweetness,' she is, I find, what the elergyman at Morton, who had known her from a child, told me she was, and I would not believe him till I tried, 'a—*vixen*.' And when Mrs. Russell told me she was—'Oh, well, about that, I should say she was as truthful as the generality of servants nowadays!' even that mild account was stretching a point in her favour. But as long as Mr. C. finds her all right, the rest don't signify. He has been off his sleep again, listening for 'railway whistles,' which have been just audible—nothing more—for years back; but he never discovered them till his experiences at Dumfries made him morbidly sensitive to that sound. The last week he has slept better; and in other respects he is better, I think, than before he went to Scotland; can walk further, and looks stronger.

For me, my neuralgia continues in abeyance—no pain in my arm, or hand, or anywhere. And though a certain stiffness remains, I can do myself, without help, almost everything I need to do, and some things not needed. For example, I made myself yesterday a lovely bonnet! My

sleep has been greatly improved ever since my return from Scotland; for the bad nights I have had lately were not my own fault, but produced by listening to Mr. C. jumping up to smoke, to thump at his bed, and so on.'

God bless you, dear. Kind regards to them all.

Your affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 316.

Some wretched people who had settled next door had brought poultry and other base disturbances; against which, for my sake, the noble soul heroically started up (not to be forbidden), and with all her old skill and energy gained victory, complete once more. For me—for me! and it was her last. The thought is cuttingly painful while I live.

The omnibus at Charing Cross. Oh, shocking! How well do I remember all this, and how easily might I have avoided it!—T. C.

To Mrs. Austin, The Gill, Annan.

5 Cheyne Row: Wednesday, Dec., 1865.

Oh, my dear! I am so vexed that you should not have had your kind sending acknowledged sooner. It arrived when I was under a cloud, last Saturday, confined to bed in a perfect agony of sick headache!

I had had nothing of that sort for many years, and it was really strange to me, the thought, how many such days I had passed formerly without being killed by them! But I am sure I couldn't live through many such at the present date. The headache and sickness lasted only one day and night, but the effects of it have not yet passed. I am as weak and nervous as if I had just come through a course of mercury! And that is why I have let several posts pass without returning you our thanks; but expressing them meanwhile in an approving consumption of the eggs and fowls. One was boiled on Monday (excellent!), the other is

Alas, alas; watchful for two! How sad, sad that now is to me!

to be roasted to-day, according to my views about variety of food being requisite to the welfare of the human stomach —a consideration which Mr. C. makes light of, but exemplifies in his own person very convincingly the truth of.

I could very well account for that crisis the other day; several things had conspired to throw me on my back. First, my black mare, who enjoys the most perfect health generally, got her foot hurt by a runaway cart, and has had to remain in the stable for more than a week, in a state of continual poultices! Not choosing to pay for another horse, I agreed to go for exercise in an omnibus with Mr. C.—the first time I had entered an omnibus since the evening I had my fall—the beginning of all my woes! I felt very nervous at the notion, but I was to go to the end of the line and sit still while the horses were changed, and then come back again, so as to avoid any walking or hanging about in the streets. But Mr. C., as usual, dawdled till we found ourselves too late for going the whole way, and I had to get down at Charing Cross in a busy thoroughfare—and Mr. C. had to run after omnibuses to stop them—and I was like to cry with nervousness to find myself left alone in an open street—and couldn't run after him as he kept calling to me to do—couldn't run at all! and was besides paralysed at the sight of carriages so near me, so that I was terribly flurried, and felt quite ill when I had to go out to dinner with Mr. C. the same evening. Then I am sure the champagne they gave us was bad—that is, poisonous; and for two nights before, I had had next to no sleep, owing to a terrible secret on my mind. One morning, when I looked out of my dressing-room window to see what sort of day it was, imagine the spectacle that met my eyes: a rubbishy hen-hutch, erected over night, in the garden next to ours—next! think of that!—and nine large hens and one very large cock sauntering under our win-

dows!!! I should have fainted where I stood had I been in the habit of fainting; but that I never was. As Mr. C. said nothing, I could not guess whether he had made the discovery or not. The crowing which occurred several times during the night, as well as abundantly in the morning, certainly did not awake him, his mind being, at present, intent on 'railway whistles.' But when he should have once opened his eyes to the thing, and as the days should lengthen, the crowing would increase. Ah! my heaven, what then?—no wonder that I lay awake thinking 'What then?' I have not time to give a detailed account of all that followed. Enough to say the poultry is all to evacuate the premises at Christmas, and meanwhile the cock is shut up in a dark cellar from darkening till after our breakfast. And Mr. C. clasped me in his arms and called me his 'guardian angel;' and all I have to pay for this restoration of peace and quietness is giving a lesson three times a week, in syllables of two letters, to a small Irish boy! Rhyme that if you can!

Excuse this ill-written letter. I am not quite recovered from the crush of that poultry affair on my mind, although the secret load is removed.

I will write soon when more up to writing. This is merely thanks and a kiss for the fowls and eggs. Oh, if one never saw a fowl but like these—dead!

Love to them all. Your ever affectionate

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Jessie, the Thornhill girl, is going on quite satisfactorily, since I ceased treating her too kindly—snubbing, and riding with a curb-bridle, is what she needs. All her former mistresses warned me of that, but I wouldn't believe them, the girl looked so sweet and affectionate—the humbug! Mercifully, Mr. C. sees no fault in her.

[*Remainder, a small fragment, is lost.*]

LETTER 317.

Nothing nobler was ever done to me in my life than the unseen nobleness recorded in this letter. When I look out on that garden, all so trim and quiet now (old rubbish tenants gone forever), and think what she looked out on, and resolved to do—oh, these are facts that go beyond words! Praise to thee, darling! praise in my heart at least, so long as I continue to exist.—T. C.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row: Dec. 25, 1865.

Dearest Mary,—I was unwilling to leave your husband's letter unanswered for a single day, or I wouldn't have chosen Friday morning for writing to him, when I was busy packing your box, and had besides to write a business letter to the Haddington lawyer,[1] and to give a lesson in syllables of two letters to a small boy,[2] all before one o'clock, when I should go for my drive. After my return, between four and five, there is no time to catch the general post, which closes for Chelsea at half-past four. So, having so much to do in haste, I could only do it all badly.

Then you may be perplexed by the four pieces of cork. My dear, Mr. Carlyle has admirers of all sorts and trades; and one of them, a very ardent admirer, is by trade a cork-cutter, and he sent me, as a tribute of admiration, a box containing some dozens of bottle-corks, large and small, and half-a-dozen pairs of cork soles, to put into my shoes, when shaped with a sharp knife. It is not by many, or any, chances that I have to wet my feet; so there is small generosity in bestowing two pairs on you or the Doctor.

[1] About some trifle of legacy from poor 'Jackie Welsh,' I think (*supra*).

[2] Part of her task with those new neighbours, and their noises and paltrinesses. Good Heaven!

I hope you read that tale going on in the 'Fortnightly' —'The Belton Estate' (by Anthony Trollope). It is charming, like all he writes; I quite weary for the next number, for the sake of that one thing; the rest is wonderfully stupid.

When I wrote to the Doctor, 'my interior' (as Mr. C. would say) was in wild agitation, not severe but annoying, and reminding me of the inflammatory attack I had last winter. Nevertheless, I took my daily three hours' drive, and some tea after, and put on my black velvet gown, and went to 'Lady William's'[1] eight o'clock dinner. I hadn't dined with her for some three weeks, so I must be getting better when I could muster spirit for such a thing. Rolled up in fur, and both windows up, and warm water to my feet, I caught no cold, and it is always pleasant there, and I always sleep well after. I met the man who is said to have made the Crimean war, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and found him a most just-looking, courteous, agreeable, white-headed, old gentleman.

When I told you I had been off my sleep, I told you—did I not?—that I had been worried off it. Better when one can put one's finger on the cause of one's sleeplessness. The cause this time, or rather the causes, were: first, a bilious fit on the part of Mr. Carlyle, who was for some days 'neither to hold nor to bind'—a condition which keeps my heart jumping into my mouth when it should be composing itself to rest. Then it happened that in these nervous days I had Agnes Veitch, my old Haddington playmate (Mrs. Grahame) coming to dinner, and seeing that he had made up his mind to find her dreadfully in his way, I ordered my brougham at eight o'clock to take her home to St. John's Wood, and that she mightn't think it was sending her off too early, I went along with her, to give her another hour of my company.

[1] Lady William Russell, who much liked and admired her.

Prettily imagined, you will allow. Having deposited her safely at her own door, I was on my way back, crossing Oxford Street, when I saw a mad or drunk cart bearing down upon me at a furious rate, and swerving from side to side, so that there was no escaping. My old coachman is a most cautious, as well as skilful driver; but this was too much. I shut my eyes, and crossed my arms tight, and awaited the collision. Instead of, as I expected, running into the carriage, the wild thing ran into the black mare, threw her round with a jerk that broke part of the harness, and then rushed on. Men gathered round, and Silvester descended from his box, to knot up the broken straps; my beautiful Bellona (so named for her imputed warlike disposition) standing the while as quiet as a lamb. Then we went on our way again, thanking God it was no worse. But it was found, on reaching the stables, that poor Bellona had got her foot badly hurt. The mad wheel seemed to have bruised it and snipped out a piece of skin. She was not at all lame, and was quite willing to go out with me next day; but the next again, her leg was much swelled, and for more than a fortnight she had to be attended by the veterinary surgeon, who forbade her going out, and said if the bruise had been an inch nearer the hoof she would have been a ruined Bellona. Also, he said, 'a more sweet-natured horse he had never handled!' After much poulticing, the inward suppuration came outward; and she is now all right, being of an admirable constitution, this one; never, even through the poulticing time, losing her excellent appetite and excellent spirits. But it was worrying to not know when she could be taken out, and meanwhile to be putting Mr. C. to the cost of a livery-horse as well.

But the grand worry of all, that which perfected my sleeplessness, was an importation of nine hens, and a magnificent cock, into the adjoining garden! For years

back there has reigned over all these gardens a heavenly quiet—thanks to my heroic exertions in exterminating nuisances of every description. But I no longer felt the hope or the energy in me requisite for such achievements. Figure then my horror, my despair, on being waked one dark morning with the crowing of a cock, that seemed to issue from under my bed! I leapt up, and rushed up to my dressing-room window, but it was still all darkness. I lay with my heart in my mouth, listening to the cock crowing hoarsely from time to time, and listening for Mr. C.'s foot stamping frantically, as of old, on the floor above. But, strangely enough, he gave no sign of having heard his enemy, his whole attentions having been, ever since his visit to Mrs. Aitken, morbidly devoted to—railway whistles. So soon as it was daylight I looked out again, and there was a sight to see—a ragged, Irish-looking hen-house, run up over night, and sauntering to and fro nine goodly hens, and a stunning cock! I didn't know whether Mr. C. remained really deaf as well as blind to these new neighbours, or whether he was only magnanimously resolved to observe silence about them; but it is a fact, that for a whole week he said no word to enlighten me, while I expected and expected the crisis which would surely come, and shuddered at every cock-crow, and counted the number of times he crowed in a night—at two! at three! at four! at five! at six! at seven! Oh, terribly at seven!

For a whole week I bore my hideous secret in my breast, and slept 'none to speak of.' At the week's end I fell into one of my old sick headaches. I used always to find a sick headache had a fine effect in clearing the wits. So, even this time, I rose from a day's agony with a scheme of operation in my head, and a sense of ability to 'carry it out.' It would be too long to go into details—enough to say my negotiations with 'next door' ended

in an agreement that the cock should be shut up in the cellar, inside the owner's own house, from three in the afternoon till ten in the morning; and, in return, I give the small boy of the house a lesson every morning in his 'Reading made Easy,' the small boy being 'too excitable' for being sent to school! It is a house full of mysteries —No. 6! I have thoughts of writing a novel about it. Meanwhile, Mr. C. declares me to be his 'guardian angel.' No sinecure, I can tell him. So I might fall to sleeping again if I could. But I couldn't all at once. Getting back to even that much sleep I had been having must be gradual, like the building of Rome.

Jessie is going on quite well since I decided to take the upper hand with her, and keep it. I don't think Mrs. Warren likes her any better, but I ask no questions. Best 'let sleeping dogs lie.' She (Jessie) is much more attentive to me since I showed myself quite indifferent to her attentions, and particular only as to the performance of her work. She is even kindly and sensitive with me occasionally. But she can't come over me ever again with that dodge. She let me see too clearly into her hard, vain nature that I should place reliance or affection on her again. I do not regret having taken her—not at all. As a servant, she is better than the average; as a woman, I do not think ill of her; but I mistook her entirely at the first, and see less good in her than perhaps there is, because I began by seeing far more good in her than she had the least pretension to. At my age, and with my experience, it would have well beseemed me to be less romantic. I have paid for it in the disappointment of the heartfelt hopes I had invested in my hereditary housemaid.

Good-bye, dear!

Your ever affectionate
JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 318.

Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Saturday, Dec. 30, 1865.

Just a line, dearest, to inclose the poor little money-order. I have no time for a letter—indeed, my hurry is indescribable, for I have been fit for nothing this week, and all my New Year writing is choked into the last day of it.

Wrap up five shillings, please, and address it to John Hiddlestone, and give it or transmit it to Margaret, who will save you the trouble of seeking out himself. And you remember there was to be five shillings to that unlucky Mrs. Gilchrist—into her own hand. The other ten shillings please give where you see it most needed.

A woman who had had something from me through you (an old post-woman, Jessie said) came to Jessy, when she was coming away, and begged her to tell me that 'she had been sometimes at Templand, and had once taken tea with Mrs. Welsh in her own parlour, and if I would do something more for her, that being the case!' Jessie had properly told her that it was no business of hers to interfere, and that she could tell myself. No; I do not recognise the claim. Let her have what she has been used to have, and no more. She ought to have appealed to me through you, not through my prospective servant.

My sickness and my sleeplessness have culminated in a violent cold or influenza. Blue pill, castor oil, morphia—I have not been idle, I assure you; and now the evil thing is blowing over, and I expect to be able to keep my engagement to dine with Dr. Quain on the 3rd of January!

I hope you got my long letter—that it was not confiscated for the sake of the buttons! Will you tell me how

you manage to get baskets all the way to our door without a farthing to pay? Nobody else can manage it. Even when the carriage is paid, there is still porterage from the station to the place of delivery, which cannot be prepaid —sixpence, or eightpence, or a shilling, according to the bulk. I really want to understand. Had you any porterage, from the station to Holm Hill, to pay for my box? A good New Year to the Doctor. I would be his 'first foot' if I had a 'wishing carpet.'

Tell me how poor little Mrs. Ewart is.

Your ever affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 319.

To Miss Grace Welsh, Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Jan. 23, 1866.

My dear Grace,—Have you any more news of Robert?[1] I weary to hear how he is, though without hope of hearing he is better. From the first mention of his illness, I have felt that it was all over with the poor lad for this life!

One thinks it so sad that one's family should die out! And yet, perhaps, it is best (nay, of course it is best, since God has so ordered it!) that a family lying under the doom of a hereditary, deadly malady should die out, and leave its room in the universe to healthier and happier people! But, again, hereditary maladies are not the only maladies that kill; and plenty of mothers have, like Mrs. George and Mrs. Robert, seen their children, one after another, swept from the earth without consumption having anything to do with it. It is hard, hard to tell by what death, slow or swift, one would prefer to lose one's dearest ones, when lose them one must!

[1] Uncle Robert's only surviving son, who had returned from sea in a dangerous state of health.

Figure what has just befallen that dear, kind Dr. B——, who saved my life (I shall always consider) by taking me under his care at St. Leonards. Of all his sons, the most promising was Captain P—— B——, risen to be naval captain while still very young. Oh, such a handsome, kindly, gallant fellow! He had married a beautiful girl with a little fortune, and they were the happiest pair! A year ago he was made 'Commander'—a signal honour for so young a man! and just three weeks ago his wife was confined of her second baby, in her mother's house at St. Leonards, the captain being away to bring home a ship from somewhere in the West Indies. Well! four days ago, in reading his morning newspaper, Dr. B—— read the 'Death of that distinguished officer, Captain P—— B——, from fever, after three days' illness!' It is too terrible to try to conceive the feelings of a warm-hearted, proud father under a shock like that! Not a word of warning!

I think that going down of the 'London' has sent all the blood from my heart! Ever since I read its touching details I have felt in a maze of sadness, have had no affinity for any but sorrowful things, and can find in my whole mind no morsel of cheerful news to tell you! Perhaps I am even more stupid than sad; and no shame to me, with a cold in my head, dating from before Christmas! It is the only illness I have had to complain of this winter, and is no illness 'to speak of;' but, none the less, it makes me very sodden and abject; and, instead of having thoughts in my head, it (my head) feels to be filled with wool! Fuzzly is the word for how I feel, all through! But I continue to take my three hours' drive daily, all the same. Since I returned from Folkestone in September, I have only missed two days! the days of the snowstorm a fortnight ago; when it was so dangerous for horses to travel, that the very omnibuses struck work. And

besides the forenoon drive, I occasionally, with this wool in my head, go out to dinner!!! With a hot bottle at my feet, and wrapt in fur, I take no hurt, and the talk stirs me up. Dr. Quain told me I 'couldn't take a better remedy, if only I drank plenty of champagne'—a condition which I, for one, never find any difficulty in complying with!

My chief intimates have been away all this winter, which has made my life less pleasant—Lady Ashburton on the Continent, and Miss Davenport Bromley waiting in the country till the new paint smell should have gone out of her house. But there are always nice people to take the place of those absent. It made me laugh, dear, that Edinburgh notion, that because Mr. C. had been made Rector of the University, an office purely honorary, we should immediately proceed to tear ourselves up by the roots, and transplant ourselves there!

After thirty years of London, and with such society as we have in London, to bundle ourselves off to Edinburgh, to live out the poor remnant of our lives in a new and perfectly uncongenial sphere, with no consolations that I know of but your three selves, and dear old Betty! *Ach!* 'A wishing carpet' on which I could sit down, and be transported to Craigenvilla, for an hour's talk with you all, two or three times a week, and—back again!—would be a most welcome fairy gift to me! But no 'villa at Morningside' tempts me, except your villa! And for Edinburgh people—those I knew are mostly dead and gone; and the new ones would astonish me much if they afforded any shadow of compensation for the people I should leave here! No, my dear, we shall certainly not go 'to live in Edinburgh;' I only wish Mr. C. hadn't to go to deliver a speech in it, for it will tear him to tatters.

Love to you all. Affectionately,

J. W. C.

LETTER 320.

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill.

5 Cheyne Row: January 29, 1866.

The town is no longer 'empty.' All my most intimate friends are come back, except Lady Ashburton, who, alas! will still remain on the Continent, and give no certain promise of return. Her rheumatism is better; but there are family reasons for her avoiding England at present, which she considers imperative, though her friends find them chimerical enough. Miss Davenport Bromley is back; the Alderley Stanleys, the Airlies, the Froudes, &c. &c. We were much surprised by the Lothians coming to London some two or three weeks ago. They had not stirred from Newbattle Abbey for two years! The poor young Marquis came the whole journey in one day. Some hope of electricity had been put into his head, and they had been trying it on him. He said he 'did not think it had done him any harm as yet; but that was the most he could say.' He is the saddest spectacle I have seen for long. His body more than half dead, his face so worn with suffering, and the soul looking out of him as bright as in his best days. I had not seen him since before my own illness; and I was shocked with the change, especially in his voice, which, from being most musical, had become harsh and husky. She, poor soul, bears up wonderfully; but is so white and sad, that I cannot look at her without dreading for her the fate of her mother.

The house (ours) goes on peaceably enough on the whole; not without cries of ill temper, of course. But I have got Jessie pretty well in hand now. It is mortifying, after all my romantic hopes of her, to find that kindness goes for nothing with her, and that she is only amenable to good sharp snubbing. Well, she shall have it! At the

same time, I make a point of being just to her and being kind to her, as a *mistress* to a *servant*. So she got the 'nice dress' at Christmas, along with Mrs. Warren; but I put no affection into anything I do for her, and let her see that I don't. It was a lucky Christmas for her. Mr. Ruskin always gives my servants a sovereign apiece at that season. 'The like had never happened to her before,' she was obliged to confess. She went to the theatre one night with some Fergussons, and has acquaintances enough. So I hope she is happy, though I don't like her.

Has the Doctor seen young Corson, who had to leave Swan and Edgar's with a bad knee? He came here several times to see Jessie. Love to the Doctor.

Yours ever,

J. C.

How is Mrs. Ewart?

LETTER 321.

Miss Ann Welsh, Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row: Monday, March 27, 1866.

My dear Aunts,—It is long since I have written, and I have not leisure for a satisfactory letter even now; but I want you to have these two admissions in good time, in case you desire to hear poor Mr. C.'s address, and don't know how to manage it. If you don't care about it, or can't for any other reason use the admissions, or either of them, please return them to me forthwith; for the thing[1] comes off this day week and there is a great demand for them.

Mr. C. was too modest, when asked by the University people how many admissions he wished reserved for himself, and required only twenty for men and six for women, or, as I suppose they would say in Edinburgh, 'ladies.'

[1] Carlyle's address to the students as Lord Rector.—J. A. F.

Four have been given away to ladies who have shown him great kindness at one time or other; and the two left he sends to you, in preference to some dozen other ladies who have applied for them directly or indirectly. So you see the propriety of my request to have one or both returned if you are prevented from using them yourselves.

I am afraid, and he himself is certain, his address will be a sad break-down to human expectation. He has had no practice in public speaking—hating it with all his heart. And then he does *speak;* does not merely read or repeat from memory a composition elaborately prepared—in fact, as in the case of his predecessors, printed before it was 'delivered'!

I wish him well through it, for I am very fearful the worry and flurry of the thing will make him ill. After speculating all winter about going myself, my heart failed me as the time drew near, and I realised more clearly the nervousness and pain in my back that so much fuss was sure to bring on. I did not dread the bodily fatigue, but the mental. We were to have broken the journey by stopping a few days at Lord Houghton's, in Yorkshire; and after giving up Edinburgh, I thought for a while I would still go as far as the Houghtons', and wait there till Mr. C. returned. But that part of the business I also decided against, only two days since, preferring to reserve Yorkshire till summer, and till I was in a more tranquil frame of mind.

Mr. C. is going to stay while in Edinburgh at Thomas Erskine's, our dear old friend; not, however, because of liking him better than anyone else there, but because of his being most out of the way of—railway whistles! It was worth while, however, to have talked of accompanying Mr. C., to have given so much enthusiastic hospitality an opportunity for displaying itself.

One of the letters of invitation I had quite surprised me by its warmth and eagerness, being from a quarter where I hardly believed myself remembered—David Aitken and Eliza Stoddart! They had both grown into sticks, I was thinking. But I have no time to gossip.

Do send me soon some word of Robert,[1] though I know too well there can no good news come.

Affectionately yours,
J. W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 322.

T. Carlyle, Esq., T. Erskine, Esq., Edinburgh.

Cheyne Row: Good Friday, March 30, 1866.

Dearest,—What with your being on the road, and what with the regulations of Good Friday, I don't know when this will reach you. Indeed I don't know anything about anything. I feel quite stupefied. I should have liked to have seen your handwriting this morning, though none the less obliged to Mr. Tyndall, who makes the best of your having had a bad night. What a dear, warm-hearted darling he is! I should like to kiss him! I did sleep *some* last night—the first wink since the night before you left. Last evening I felt quite smashed, so willingly availed myself of the feeble pen of Maggie,[2] who had walked in 'quite promiscuous.' She was back at Agnes Baird's, and had fixed to leave for Liverpool on Saturday. For decency's sake I asked her to come here instead and stay over Sunday, which she agreed to do. She will be company to James.[3] He didn't come back to sleep last night, having accepted an invitation from somebody (McGeorge?) at Islington, with whom he was going to spend Good Friday out of town somewhere. He had 'not quite' concluded about his office—'all but;' had

[1] Her dying cousin. [2] Maggie Welsh.
[3] Aitken, now attempting business in the City.

failed in all attempts to find a lodging, but this McGeorge 'would help him in looking,' he thought. I pressed him to keep his bed here till he was suited, but he 'would be nearer his office at McGeorge's.' He is to come on Sunday morning, however, to spend the day; and I promised to take him to Richmond Park or somewhere before dinner. At parting, for the present, he tried to make a good little speech about 'my kindness to him.' Pity he is so dreadfully inarticulate, for his meaning is modest and affectionate, poor fellow.

The sudden intimation of Venturi's death, sleepless as I was at the time, stunned me for the rest of the day like a blow on the head. He was taken ill in the night at the house of Herbert Taylor,[1] but would not allow his wife to raise anyone, or to make any disturbance, and at five in the morning he was dead. There was an examination, that satisfied the doctors he had died of heart disease, and that he must have been suffering a great deal, while De Musset and other doctors of his acquaintance had treated any complaint of illness he made as 'imaginary, the result of his unsatisfactory life.' Poor Emilie is, as you may imagine, 'like death.' Mr. Ashurst was trying to prevent a coroner's inquest, but he feared it would have to be—to-day.

Good-bye! Keep up your heart the first three minutes, and after that it will be all plain sailing.

Ever yours,
J. C.

LETTER 323.

T. Carlyle, Esq., T. Erskine's, Esq., Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: April 2, 1866.

Dearest,—By the time you get this you will be out of your trouble, better or worse, but out of it, please God. And if ever you let yourself be led or driven into such a horrid thing again, I will never forgive you—never!

[1] John Mill's *step*son-in-law.

What I have been suffering, vicariously, of late days is not to be told. If you had been to be hanged I don't see that I could have taken it more to heart. This morning, after about two hours of off-and-on sleep, I awoke, long before daylight, to sleep no more. While drinking a glass of wine and eating a biscuit at five in the morning, it came into my mind, 'What is *he* doing, I wonder, at this moment?' And then, instead of picturing you sitting smoking up the stranger-chimney, or anything else that was likely to be, I found myself always dropping off into details of a regular execution!—Now they will be telling him it is time! now they will be pinioning his arms and saying last words! Oh, mercy! was I dreaming or waking? was I mad or sane? Upon my word, I hardly know now. Only that I have been having next to no sleep all the week, and that at the best of times I have a too 'fertile imagination,' like 'oor David.'[1] When the thing is over I shall be content, however it have gone as to making a good 'appearance' or a bad one. That you have made your 'address,' and are alive, that is what I long to hear, and, please God! shall hear in a few hours. My 'imagination' has gone the length of representing you getting up to speak before an awful crowd of people, and, what with fuss, and 'bad air,' and confusion, dropping down dead.

Why on earth did you ever get into this galley?

J. W. C.

LETTER 324.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Tuesday, April 3, 1866.

I made so sure of a letter this morning from some of you—and 'nothing but a double letter for Miss Welsh.'

[1] A lying boy at Haddington, whom his mother excused in that way.

Perhaps I should—that is, ought to—have contented myself with Tyndall's adorable telegram, which reached me at Cheyne Row five minutes after six last evening, considering the sensation it made.

Mrs. Warren and Maggie were helping to dress me for Forster's birthday, when the telegraph boy gave his double-knock. 'There it is!' I said. 'I am afraid, cousin, it is only the postman,' said Maggie. Jessie rushed up with the telegram. I tore it open and read, 'From John Tyndall' (Oh, God bless John Tyndall in this world and the next!) 'to Mrs. Carlyle.' 'A perfect triumph!' I read it to myself, and then read it aloud to the gaping chorus. And chorus all began to dance and clap their hands. 'Eh, Mrs. Carlyle! Eh, hear to that!' cried Jessie. 'I told you, ma'am,' cried Mrs. Warren, 'I told you how it would be.' 'I'm so glad, cousin! you'll be all right now, cousin,' twittered Maggie, executing a sort of leap-frog round me. And they went on clapping their hands, till there arose among them a sudden cry for brandy! 'Get her some brandy!' 'Do, ma'am, swallow this spoonful of brandy; just a spoonful! For, you see, the sudden solution of the nervous tension with which I have been holding in my anxieties for days—nay, weeks, past—threw me into as pretty a little fit of hysterics as you ever saw.

I went to Forster's nevertheless, with my telegram in my hand, and 'John Tyndall' in the core of my heart! And it was pleasant to see with what hearty good-will all there—Dickens and Wilkie Collins as well as Fuz—received the news; and we drank your health with great glee. Maggie came in the evening; and Fuz, in his joy over you, sent out a glass of brandy to Silvester! Poor Silvester, by-the by, showed as much glad emotion as anybody on my telling him you had got well through it.

Did you remember Craik's paper? I am going to take

Maggie to the railway for Liverpool. I suppose I shall now calm down and get sleep again by degrees. I am smashed for the present.

J. W. C.

LETTER 325.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Wednesday, April 4, 1866.

Well! I do think you might have sent me a 'Scotsman' this morning, or ordered one to be sent! I was up and dressed at seven; and it seemed such an interminable time till a quarter after nine, when the postman came, bringing only a note about—Cheltenham, from Geraldine! The letter I had from Tyndall yesterday might have satisfied any ordinary man or woman, you would have said. But I don't pretend to be an ordinary man or woman; I am perfectly extraordinary, especially in the power I possess of fretting and worrying myself into one fever after another, without any cause to speak of! What do you suppose I am worrying about now?—because of the 'Scotsman' not having come! That there may be in it something about your having fallen ill, which you wished me not to see! this I am capable of fancying at moments; though last evening I saw a man who had seen you 'smoking very quietly at Masson's;' and had heard your speech, and—what was more to the purpose (his semi-articulateness taken into account)—brought me, what he said was as good an account of it as any *he* could give, already in 'The Pall Mall Gazette,' written by a hearty admirer of long standing evidently. It was so kind of Macmillan to come to me before he had slept. He had gone in the morning straight from the railway to his shop and work. He seemed still under the emotion of the thing;—tears starting to his black eyes every time he mentioned any moving part!!

Now just look at that! If here isn't, at half after eleven, when nobody looks for the Edinburgh post, your letter, two newspapers, and letters from my aunt Anne, Thomas Erskine, and 'David Aitken besides.' I have only as yet read your letter. The rest will keep now. I had a nice letter from Henry Davidson yesterday, as good as a newspaper critic. What pleases me most in this business—I mean the business of your success—is the hearty personal affection towards you that comes out on all hands. These men at Forster's with their cheering—our own people—even old Silvester turning as white as a sheet, and his lips quivering when he tried to express his gladness over the telegraph: all that is positively delightful, and makes the success 'a good joy' to me. No appearance of envy or grudging in anybody; but one general, loving, heartfelt throwing up of caps with young and old, male and female! If we could only sleep, dear, and what you call *digest*, wouldn't it be nice?

Now I must go; I promised to try and get Madame Venturi out with me for a little air. She has been at her brother's, quite near Forster's, since the funeral. The history she herself gave me of the night of his death was quite excruciating. He took these spasms which killed him, soon after they went to bed; and till five in the morning the two poor souls were struggling on, he positively forbidding her to give an alarm. Mrs. Taylor had a child just recovering from scarlet fever, and sent from home for fear of infecting the others. When Emilie would have gone to the Taylors' bedroom to tell them, he said, 'Consider the poor mother! If you rouse her suddenly, she will think there has come bad news of her child! It might do her great harm.' 'And I thought, dear, there was no danger,' she said to me. 'The doctors had so constantly said he had no ailment but indigestion.' It was soon after this that he 'threw up his arms as if he

had been shot; and fixed his eyes with a strange wondering look, as if he saw something beautiful and surprising; and then fell to the floor dead!' I am so glad she likes me to come to her, for it shows she is not desperate.

Oh, dear, I wish you had been coming straight back![1] for it would be so quiet for you here just now: there isn't a soul left in London but Lady William, whom I haven't seen since the day you left. I am afraid she is unwell.

Good-bye! We have the sweeps to-day in the drawing-room, and elsewhere.

Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 326.

Read near Cleughbrae, on the road to Scotsbrig. Came thither, Saturday, April 7.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

5 Cheyne Row: Friday, April 6, 1866.

Dearest,—Scotsbrig, I fancy, will be the direction now. I am just getting ready to start for Windsor, to stay a day and night, or two nights if the first be successful, with Mrs. Oliphant. Even that much 'change of air' and 'schane'[2] may, perhaps, break the spell of sleeplessness that has overtaken me. It is easier to go off one's sleep than to go on to it. I did rather better last night, however, after an eight o'clock dinner with the Lothians. The American, Mason, was there—a queer, fine old fellow, with a touch of my grandfather Walter in him. Both Lord and Lady, and the beauty, Lady Adelaide, were so kind to me. It made me like to 'go off,' to hear the young Marquis declaring 'how much he wished he could have heard your speech.' He looked perfectly lovely yesterday, much more

[1] Oh, that I had—alas, alas!

[2] Old grandfather Walter's 'vaary the schane.'

cheerful and bright than I have seen him since he came to London. They seemed to take the most affectionate interest in the business.

Lady William, too, charged me with a long message I haven't time for here. I found her in bed in the middle of newspapers, which she had been 'reading and comparing all the morning; and had discovered certain variations in!' I am to dine with her on Sunday, after my return from Windsor. Miss Bromley is come back; she came yesterday, and I am to dine with her on Tuesday. I needn't be dull, you see, unless I like!

Will you tell Jamie the astonishing fact that I have eaten up all the meal he sent me, and cannot live without cakes. *Ergo!* Also take good care of Betty's tablecloth![1] She writes me it was her mother's *spening.* She was awfully pleased at your visit. 'What am i, O der me, to be so vesated!' Here is an exuberant letter from Charles Kingsley. Exuberant letters, more of them than I can ever hope to answer. Lady Airlie offers to come and drink tea with me on Sunday night. 'Can't be done'—must write in this hurry to put her off. Even I have my hurries, you see. Kind love to Jamie and the rest.

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

LETTER 327.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

5 Cheyne Row: Tuesday, April 10, 1866.

Alas, I missed Tyndall's call! and was 'vaixed!' He left word with Jessie that you were 'looking well; and every body worshipping you!' and I thought to myself, 'A pity if he have taken the habit of being worshipped, for he may find some difficulty in keeping it up here!'

[1] A gift of poor Betty's—never to arrive.

Finding the first night at Windsor (Friday night) a great success, I gladly stayed a second night; and only arrived at Cheyne Row in time for Lady William's Sunday dinner. It couldn't be 'quiet' that helped me to sleep so well at Mrs. Oliphant's; for all day long I was in the presence of fellow-creatures. The first evening, besides two Miss Tullochs living in the house, there arrived to tea and supper (!) a family of Hawtreys, to the number of seven!—seven grown-up brothers and sisters!! The eldest, 'Mr. Stephen,' with very white hair and beard, is Master of Mathematics at Eton; and has a pet school of his own—tradesmen's sons, and the like—on which he lays out three hundred a year of his own money. He complimented me on your 'excellent address,' which he said 'We read aloud to our boys.' I asked Mrs. Oliphant after, what boys he meant? She said it would be the boys of his hobby school; they were the only boys in the world for Mr. Stephen! On the following day arrived Principal Tulloch, and wife, on a long visit. Mrs. Oliphant seems to me to be eaten up with long visitors. He (the Principal) had been at the 'Address,' and seen you walking in your wideawake with your brother, just as himself was leaving Edinburgh.

Frederick Elliot and Hayward (!) were at Lady William's. Hayward was raging against the Jamaica business—would have had Eyre cut into small pieces, and eaten raw. He told me *women* might patronize Eyre—that women were naturally cruel, and rather liked to look on while horrors were perpetrated. But no *man* living could stand up for Eyre now! 'I hope Mr. Carlyle does,' I said. 'I haven't had an opportunity of asking him; but I should be surprised and grieved if I found him sentimentalising over a pack of black brutes!' After staring at me a moment: 'Mr. Carlyle!' said Hayward. 'Oh, yes! Mr. *Carlyle!* one cannot indeed swear

what he will *not* say! His great aim and philosophy of life being "The smallest happiness of the fewest number!"'

I slept very ill again, that night of my return; but last night was better, having gone to bed dead weary of such a tea-party as you will say could have entered into no human head but mine! Sartosina,[1] Count Reichenbach, and James Aitken!! there was to have been also Lady Airlie!!! You have no idea how well Reichenbach and James suit each other! They make each other quite animated, by the delight each seems to feel in finding a man more inarticulate than himself! They got towards the end into little outbursts of laughter, of a very peculiar kind!

Yours ever,
JANE CARLYLE.

Send me a proof[2] as soon as you can.

LETTER 328.

I still in Edinburgh on that fated visit. I called on Mrs. Stirling; the last time I have seen her. This letter was dated only ten days before the utter *finis*.

The sudden death mentioned here, minutely and sympathetically described in a letter to me, was that of Madame Venturi's (born Ashurst's) Italian husband,[3] with both of whom she was familiar. —T. C.

To Mrs. Stirling, Hill Street, Edinburgh.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Wednesday, April 11, 1866.

My dear Susan Hunter,—No change of modern times would have surprised me more disagreeably than your

[1] A tailor's daughter, in the Kensington region, a modest yet ardent admirer, whom, liking the tone of her letter, she drove to see, and liked, and continued to like.

[2] *Correcting* to the Edinburgh printer of the Address. A London pirate quite *forestalled* me and it.

[3] See page 377.

addressing me in any other style than the old one. The delight of you is just the faith one has—has always had—in your constancy. One mayn't see you for twenty years, but one would go to you at the end with perfect certainty of being kissed as warmly and made as much of as when we were together in the age of enthusiasm.

I was strongly tempted to accompany Mr. C. to Edinburgh and see you all once more. But, looked at near hand, my strength, or rather my courage, failed me in presence of the prospective demand on my 'finer sensibilities.' Since my long, terrible illness, I have had to quite leave off seeking emotions, and cultivating them. I had done a great deal too much of that sort of work in my time. Even at this distance I lost my sleep, and was tattered to fiddle-strings for a week by that flare-up of popularity in Edinburgh. To be sure the sudden death of an apparently healthy young man, husband of one of my most intimate friends, had shocked me into an unusually morbid mood; to say nothing of poor Craik struck down whilst opening his mouth to reprove a pupil. I had got it into my head that the previous sleeplessness and fatigue, and the fuss and closeness of a crowded room, and the novelty of the whole thing, would take such effect on Mr. C. that when he stood up to speak he would probably drop down dead! When at six o'clock I got a telegram from Professor Tyndall to tell me it was over, and well over, the relief was so sudden and complete, that I (what my cook called) 'went off'—that is, took a violent fit of crying, and had brandy given me.

I am very busy and cannot write a long letter; but a short one, containing the old love and a kiss, will be better than 'silence,' however 'golden.'

Your very affectionate

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 329.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

5 Cheyne Row: Thursday, April 12, 1866.

Dearest,—I sent you better than a letter yesterday—a charming 'Punch,' which I hope you received in due course; but Geraldine undertook the posting of it, and, as Ann said of her long ago, 'Miss can write books, but I'm sure it's the only thing she's fit for.' Well, there only wanted to complete your celebrity that you should be in the chief place of 'Punch';[1] and there you are, cape and wideawake, making a really creditable appearance. I must repeat what I said before—that the best part of this success is the general feeling of personal goodwill that pervades all they say and write about you. Even 'Punch' cuddles you, and purrs over you, as if you were his favourite son. From 'Punch' to Terry the greengrocer is a good step, but, let me tell you, he (Terry) asked Mrs. Warren—'Was Mr. Carlyle the person they wrote of as Lord Rector?' and Mrs. Warren having answered in her stage voice, 'The very same!' Terry shouted out ('Quite shouted it, ma'm!'), 'I never was so glad of anything! By George, I am glad!' Both Mrs. Warren and Jessie rushed out and bought 'Punches' to send to their families; and, in the fervour of their mutual enthusiasm, they have actually ceased hostilities—for the present. It seems to me that on every new compliment paid you these women run and fry something, such savoury smells reach me upstairs.

Lady Lothian was here the day before yesterday with a remarkably silly Mrs. L——. I was to tell you that she (Lady L.) was very impatient for your return—'missed

[1] It came to Scotsbrig, with this letter, late at night; how merry it made us all: oh, Heaven! 'merry!'

you dreadfully.' I was to 'come some day before luncheon, and then we could go—somewhere.' To Miss Evans[1] is where we should go still, if you would let us.

Don't forget my oatmeal.

There is a large sheet from the Pall Mall Bank, acknowledging the receipt of seventy pounds 'only.' I don't forward any nonsense letters come to you. This one inclosed has sex and youth to plead for it—so,

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

My kindest regards to Mary,[2] for whom I have made a cap, you may tell her, but couldn't get it finished before you left.

LETTER 330.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

5 Cheyne Row: Friday, April 13, 1866.

Oh, what a pity, dear, and what a stupidity I must say! After coming safely through so many fatigues and dangers to go and sprain your ankle, off your own feet! And such treatment the sprain will get! Out you will go with it morning and night, along the roughest roads, and keep up the swelling Heaven knows how long! The only comfort is that 'Providence is kind to women, fools, and drunk people,' and in the matter of taking care of yourself you come under the category of 'fools,' if ever any wise man did.

There came a note for you last night that will surprise you at this date as much as it did me, though I daresay it won't make you start and give a little scream as it did me.[3] It—such a note!—is hardly more friendly than

[1] Famous 'George Eliot' (or some such pseudonym).

[2] Sister.

[3] A note from John Mill—response about some trifle, after long delay.

silence, but it is more polite. I wish I hadn't sent him that kind message. Virtue (forgiveness of wrong, 'milk of human kindness,' and all that sort of 'damned thing') being 'ever its own reward, unless something particular occurs to prevent,' which it almost invariably does.

There! I must get ready for that blessed carriage. I have been *redding up* all morning.

Ever yours,
J. W. CARLYLE.

It would be good to send back Mill's letter, that Reichenbach might tell Löwe[1] of it.

LETTER 331.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

5 Cheyne Row: Tuesday, April 17, 1866.

Oh, my dear, these women are too tiresome! Time after time I have sworn to send on none of their nonsense, but to burn it or let it lie, as I do all about '——,' and there is always 'a something' that touches me on their behalf. Here is this Trimnell! She was doomed, and should have been cast into outer darkness (of the cupboard) but for that poor little phrase, 'as much as my weak brains will permit.' And the Caroline C—— (who the deuce is she that writes such a scratchy, illegible hand?) sends her love to Mrs. Carlyle, and proposes to 'talk to her about Amisfield and Haddington.' 'Encouraged by your brother to beg,' &c. &c., complicates the question still further. Yes, it is the mixing up of things that is 'the great bad.'[2]

I called at the Royal Institution yesterday to ask if Tyndall had returned. He was there; and I sat some

[1] Löwe (German, unknown to me) wanted to translate something of Mill's, and had applied, through Reichenbach, to me on the matter.

[2] Reichenbach's phrase.

time with him in his room hearing the minutest details of your doings and sufferings on the journey. It is *the* event of Tyndall's life! Crossing the hall, I noticed for the first time that officials were hurrying about; and I asked the one nearest me, 'Is there to be lecturing here to-day?' The man gave me such a look, as if I was *deeranged*, and people going up the stairs turned and looked at me as if I was *deeranged*. Neuberg ran down to me and asked, 'Wouldn't I hear the lecture?' And by simply going out when everyone else was going in I made myself an object of general interest. As I looked back from the carriage window I saw all heads in the hall and on the stairs turned towards me.

I called at Miss Bromley's after. She had dined at Marochetti's on Saturday, being to go with them to some spectacle after. The spectacle which she saw without any going was a great fire of Marochetti's studio—furnaces overheated in casting Landseer's 'great lion.'

How dreadful that poor woman's[1] suicide! What a deal of misery it must take to drive a working-woman to make away with her life! What does Dr. Carlyle make of such a case as that? No idleness, nor luxury, nor novel-reading to make it all plain.[2]

Ever yours,
J. W. C.

LETTER 332.

T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Thursday, April 19, 1866.

I read the Memoir[3] 'first' yesterday morning, having indeed read the 'Address' the evening before, and read

[1] A poor neuralgic woman, near Scotsbrig—a daughter of old Betty Smail's (mentioned already ?—'head like a *mall*,' &c.).

[2] Alas! that was a blind, hasty, and *cruel* speech of poor, good John's!

[3] By London *pirate*.

it some three times in different newspapers. If you call that 'laudatory,' you must be easily pleased. I never read such stupid, vulgar janners.[1] The last of calumnies that I should ever have expected to hear uttered about you was this of your going about 'filling the laps of dirty children with comfits.' Idiot! My half-pound of barley-sugar made into such a legend! The wretch has even failed to put the right number to the sketch of the house —'No. 7!' A luck, since he was going to blunder, that he didn't call it No. 6, with its present traditions. It is prettily enough done, the house. I recollect looking over the blind one morning and seeing a young man doing it. 'What can he be doing?' I said to Jessie. 'Oh, counting the windows for the taxes,' she answered quite confidently; and I was satisfied.

I saw Frederick Chapman yesterday, and he was very angry. He had 'frightened the fellow out of advertising,' he said; and he had gone round all the booksellers who had subscribed largely for the spurious Address, and required them to withdraw their orders. By what right, I wonder? Difficulty of procuring it will only make it the more sought after, I should think. 'By making it felony, ma'am, yourselves have raised the price of getting your dogs back.'[2]

I didn't write yesterday because, in the first place I was very sick, and in the second place I got a moral shock,[3] that stunned me *pro tempore*. No time to tell you about that just now, but another day.

I have put the women to sleep in your bed to air it. It seems so long since you went away.

Imagine the tea party I am to have on Saturday[4] night. Mrs. Oliphant, Principal Tulloch and wife and

[1] Capital Scotch word.

[2] London dog-stealers pleaded so, on the Act passed against them.

[3] What I could never guess.

[4] Oh, Heaven!

two grown-up daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Froude, Mr. and Mrs. Spottiswoode!

Did you give 'Jane the things I sent?'[1] When one sends a thing one likes to know if it has been received safe.

Yours ever,
J. W. C.

LETTER 333.

The last words her hand ever wrote. Why should I tear my heart by reading them so often? They reached me at Dumfries, Sunday, April 22, fifteen hours after the fatal telegram had come. Bright weather this, and the day before I was crippling out Terregles way, among the silent green meadows, at the moment when she left this earth.

Spottiswoodes, King's Printer people. I durst never see them since. Miss Wynne, I hear, is dead of cancer six months ago.

'Very equal,' a thrifty Annandale phrase.

'Scende da carrozza' (Degli Antoni).

'Picture of Frederick.' I sent for it on the Tuesday following, directly on getting to Chelsea. It still hangs there; a poor enough Potsdam print, but to me priceless.

I am at Addiscombe in the room that was long 'Lady Harriet's;' day and house altogether silent, Thursday, August 5, 1869, while I finish this unspeakable revisal (reperusal and study of all her letters left to me). Task of about eleven months, and sad and strange as a pilgrimage through Hades.—T. C.

T. Carlyle, Esq., The Hill, Dumfries.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Saturday, April 21, 1866.

Dearest,—It seems 'just a consuming of time' to write to-day, when you are coming the day after to-morrow. But 'if there were nothing else in it' (your phrase) such a piece of liberality as letting one have letters on Sunday, if called for, should be honoured at least by avail-

[1] I did, and told her so in the letter *she* never received. Why should *I* ever read this again! (*Note of* 1866.)

ing oneself of it! All long stories, however, may be postponed till next week. Indeed, I have neither long stories nor short ones to tell this morning. To-morrow, after the tea-party, I may have more to say, provided I survive it! Though how I am to entertain, 'on my own basis,' eleven people in a hot night 'without refreshment' (to speak of) is more than I 'see my way' through! Even as to cups—there are only ten cups of company-china; and eleven are coming, myself making twelve! 'After all,' said Jessie, 'you had once eight at tea—three mair won't kill us!' I'm not so sure of that. Let us hope the motive will sanctify the end; being 'the welfare of others!' an unselfish desire to 'make two Ba-ings happy:' Principal Tulloch and Froude, who have a great liking for one another! The Spottiswoodes were added in the same philanthropic spirit. We met in a shop, and they begged permission to come again; so I thought it would be clever to get them over (handsomely with Froude and Mrs. Oliphant) before you came. Miss Wynne offered herself, by accident, for that same night.

The Marchioness was here yesterday, twice; called at four when I hadn't returned, and called at five. She brought with her yesterday a charming old Miss Talbot, with a palsied head, but the most loveable babyish old face! She seemed to take to me, as I did to her; and Lady Lothian stayed behind a minute, to ask if I would go with her some day to see this Miss Talbot, who had a house full of the finest pictures. You should have sent the Address to Lord Lothian or Lady. I see several names on the list less worthy of such attention.

Chapman is furious at Hotten; no wonder! When he went round to the booksellers, he found that everywhere Hotten had got the start of him. Smith and Elder had bought five hundred copies from Hotten! And poor Frederick did not receive his copies from Edinburgh till

he had 'telegraphed,' six-and-thirty hours after I had received mine.

I saw in an old furniture-shop window at Richmond a copy of the Frederick picture that was lent you—not bad; coarsely painted, but the likeness well preserved. Would you like to have it? I will, if so, make you a present of it, being to be had 'very equal.' I 'descended from the carriage,' and asked, 'What was that?' (meaning what price was it). The broker told me impressively, 'That, ma'am, is Peter the Great.' 'Indeed! and what is the price?' 'Seven-and-sixpence.' I offered five shillings on the spot, but he would only come down to six shillings. I will go back for it if you like, and can find a place for it on my wall. Yours ever,

J. W. C.

On the afternoon of the day on which the preceding letter was written, Mrs. Carlyle died suddenly in her carriage in Hyde Park. A letter of Miss Jewsbury's relating the circumstances which attended and followed her death has been already published in the 'Reminiscences.' I reprint it here as a fit close to this book.—J. A. F.

To Thomas Carlyle.

'43 Markham Square, Chelsea: May 26, 1866.

'Dear Mr. Carlyle,—I think it better to write than to speak on the miserable subject about which you told me to inquire of Mr. Silvester.[1] I saw him to-day. He said that it would be about twenty minutes after three o'clock or thereabouts when they left Mr. Forster's house; that he then drove through the Queen's Gate, close by Kensington Gardens, that there, at the uppermost gate, she got out, and walked along the side of the Gardens very slowly, about two hundred paces, with the little dog running, until she came to the Serpentine Bridge, at the southern end of which she got into the carriage again, and he drove on till they came to a quiet place on the Tyburnia side, near Victoria Gate, and then she put out the little dog to run along. When they came opposite

[1] Mrs. Carlyle's coachman.

to Albion Street, Stanhope Place (lowest thoroughfare of Park towards Marble Arch), a brougham coming along upset the dog, which lay on its back screaming for a while, and then she pulled the check-string; and he turned round and pulled up at the side of the footpath, and there the dog was (he had got up out of the road and gone there). Almost before the carriage stopped she was out of it. The lady whose brougham had caused the accident got out also, and several other ladies who were walking had stopped round the dog. The lady spoke to her; but he could not hear what she said, and the other ladies spoke. She then lifted the dog into the carriage, and got in herself. He asked if the little dog was hurt; but he thinks she did not hear him, as carriages were passing. He heard the dog squeak as if she had been feeling it (nothing but a toe was hurt); this was the last sound or sigh he ever heard from her place of fate. He went on towards Hyde Park Corner, turned there and drove past the Duke of Wellington's Achilles figure, up the drive to the Serpentine and past it, and came round by the road where the dog was hurt, past the Duke of Wellington's house and past the gate opposite St. George's. Getting no sign (noticing only the two hands laid on the lap, palm uppermost the right hand, reverso way the left, and all motionless), he turned into the Serpentine drive again; but after a few yards, feeling a little surprised, he looked back, and, seeing her in the same posture, became alarmed, made for the streetward entrance into the Park a few yards westward of gatekeeper's lodge, and asked a lady to look in; and she said what we know, and she addressed a gentleman who confirmed her fears. It was then fully a quarter past four; going on to twenty minutes (but nearer the quarter); of this he is quite certain. She was leaning back in one corner of the carriage, rugs spread over her knees; her eyes were closed, and her upper lip slightly, slightly opened. Those who saw her at the hospital and when in the carriage speak of the beautiful expression upon her face.

'On that miserable night, when we were preparing to receive her, Mrs. Warren [1] came to me and said, that one time, when she was very ill, she said to her, that when the last had come, she was to go upstairs into the closet of the spare room and there she would find two wax candles wrapt in paper, and that those were to be lighted and burned. She said that after she came to live in London she wanted to give a party; her mother wished everything

[1] The housekeeper in Cheyne Row.

to be very nice, and went out and bought candles and confectionery, and set out a table, and lighted the room quite splendidly, and called her to come and see it when all was prepared. She was angry; she said people would say she was extravagant, and would ruin her husband. She took away two of the candles and some of the cakes. Her mother was hurt and began to weep. She was pained at once at what she had done; she tried to comfort her, and was dreadfully sorry. She took the candles and wrapped them up, and put them where they could be easily found. We found them and lighted them, and did as she desired.

'G. E. J.'

What a strange, beautiful, sublime and almost terrible little action; silently resolved on, and kept silent from all the earth for perhaps twenty-four years! I never heard a whisper of it, and yet see it to be true. The visit must have been about 1837; I remember the soirée right well; the resolution, bright as with heavenly tears and lightning, was probably formed on her mother's death, February 1842.—T. C.

Mrs. Carlyle was buried by the side of her father, in the choir of Haddington Church. These words follow on the tombstone after her father's name:—

HERE LIKEWISE NOW RESTS

JANE WELSH CARLYLE,

SPOUSE OF THOMAS CARLYLE, CHELSEA, LONDON.

SHE WAS BORN AT HADDINGTON, 14TH JULY, 1801, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE ABOVE JOHN WELSH, AND OF GRACE WELSH, CAPLEGILL, DUMFRIESSHIRE, HIS WIFE. IN HER BRIGHT EXISTENCE SHE HAD MORE SORROWS THAN ARE COMMON; BUT ALSO A SOFT INVINCIBILITY, A CLEARNESS OF DISCERNMENT, AND A NOBLE LOYALTY OF HEART, WHICH ARE RARE. FOR FORTY YEARS SHE WAS THE TRUE AND EVER-LOVING HELPMATE OF HER HUSBAND, AND BY ACT AND WORD UNWEARIEDLY FORWARDED HIM, AS NONE ELSE COULD, IN ALL OF WORTHY, THAT HE DID OR ATTEMPTED. SHE DIED AT LONDON, 21ST APRIL, 1866; SUDDENLY SNATCHED AWAY FROM HIM, AND THE LIGHT OF HIS LIFE, AS IF GONE OUT.

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